

HENRY HERBERT.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. --(Continued.)

BY MRS. CLIFTON.

CHAPTER V.

Home—A picture—Aunt Eleanor—A strange story—Meeting—Conviction—Return—Disappointment.

WHEN Mrs. Herbert recovered from her long and deathlike swoon, her eyes opened upon familiar and well remembered objects. She was lying upon a large old fashioned bed, rich and massive with antique carving and gilding. The curtains both to the bed and windows were of blue damask, richly lined, and secured with heavy cords and tassels. Stiff upright chairs draped with the same material were ranged around the room, and looked almost too heavy to be removed from their appointed places. The high wainscoting of dark polished oak, carved into a thousand grotesque and fantastic forms, brought back an equal number of childish imaginings. An old Chinese cabinet which she well remembered as the repository of many of her youthful treasures, still kept its place upon the gilt and claw footed table which had always supported it; and as she glanced round the chamber, she could almost fancy that no article of furniture had been touched since she left it. Upon a massive marble mantle-piece opposite the bed, burned a solitary wax taper dimly lighting the large room, but appearing to throw its concentrated radiance upon a small painting which hung immediately above it. Upon this picture her eyes had rested when first awakening ever since her early childhood. There was a strange fascination about it,—in truth it was a painting by one of those almost divine masters,

Who like a second and more lovely nature,
By the sweet mystery of arts and colors,
Changed the blank canvass to a magic mirror,
That made the absent present, and to shadows
Gave light, depth, substance, bloom, yea *thought* and
motion.

The figure represented in this little picture was that of a nun, not very young perhaps, indeed the age could scarcely be guessed at, so artful was the arrangement of light and shade, together with the almost deathlike drapery by which she was surrounded. In fact this chilling and deathlike coldness, so strangely contrasted with a beauty which could only have existed in the mind of an

highly imaginative artist, formed the chief mystery and charm of the painting. The apparel, the close fitting cap and mufflers, were such as might have become the dead, and the marble rigidity of features pencilled into an outline scarcely life-like in its exceeding beauty, spoke of one dead to the concerns of this world. The figure knelt, the attitude seemed one which that nun must continually have retained; the thin white hands were clasped before a crucifix, towards which the clear deep blue eyes were turned with an expression of such earnest supplication, of such reverential awe that it could not fail to awaken corresponding feelings of devotion in the mind of its most careless observer. Then too, the curved upper lip, curved with a passion untainted by the gross alloy of earthly mould, resting on the full, rich, almost quivering lip below, seemed to reveal a life beyond that of earth, a life purified, exalted, disincarnated. No wonder that those who formerly prayed *through* such images, gradually, insensibly perhaps, fell into the error of praying to them. Helen gazed long and earnestly upon this picture; the old thoughts and reminiscences which it stirred up, rendered her almost insensible to the life's changes which had taken place since she had last seen it. Nothing for awhile occurred to change the current of her thoughts,—her little boy breathed softly beside her—the crickets chirped dolefully upon the hearth, and the night owls made the woods vocal with their screams, while the distant sound of music in the lower rooms, and the occasional opening and shutting of a door, showed how insensible her friends generally, were to her proximity. Presently the door opened and a stiff, upright, elderly servant entered, and approaching the bed side, revealed to the lady the form and features of her mother's waiting maid. Aunt Eleanor she well remembered was a most respectable colored woman, who may be held as the type and representative of many of her class,—a class of servants by no means yet extinct. The old lady, as she called herself, (a title by the bye, which was richly earned by a rigid and undeviating propriety of behavior,) entered with a noiseless step. She was a small mulatto woman about fifty. Her many colored handkerchief was braided over her grey hair, with a particularity which

showed that she had ample time to spend in personal adornment; a black dress finished with a white muslin cape and apron, made Aunt Eleanor as tidy a little person as could well have been found. She took a seat by the bed-side and employed herself in smoothing the pillows, arranging the lady's long damp hair, and performing many such little offices which showed her heart was with her task, meditating meanwhile a slight reproof to her young mistress for her former desertion of home,—a step which in her mind could admit of no possible palliation. Aunt Eleanor was one of the best creatures in the world, not a little vain and conceited in consequence of long indulgence; but sincerely attached to *her* family, as she called it; by the bye we usually find old family servants the greatest of all aristocrats. They learn to identify their own importance with that of the family they serve, which, not having very extended views on such subjects, they are apt to consider as among the greatest if not the very greatest in the world. The younger members of the family, she considered rather under her protection and management, consequently treated them with a patronising manner, and felt that towards them she was a sort of moral governess or confidential adviser. The possibility of the young ladies acting for themselves had never for a moment occurred to her mind, and thus she had been greatly shocked by the delinquency of her favorite, Miss Helen. She was meditating therefore how she might broach the subject, so as to convey a sufficient reproach without wounding the feelings of her quondam charge, when the young lady raised her eyes, and smiled so sweetly in the old nurse's face as to banish all recollection of the intended reproof.

"Oh Miss Helen! 'tis impossible to say how much you alarmed me," was the first exclamation, "and Uncle Ralph too; he turned as white as a sheet when you came in upon us, all so unbeknowning and unexpected."

"Does Mamma know that I am here?" asked the lady tremulously.

"She has some idea of it," replied Aunt Eleanor, "but she is much regaged down stairs, and wont be able to come up for an hour or two. Oh, Miss Helen, these public affairs are terrible things for us private families, 'ticularly sich of us as have much to lose. They do say that your father will lose a great deal by General Arnold's coming here; and he poor gentleman! had neither part nor lot in the matter—and its not only in a recuniary point of view that I look at the thing, but Master and Missis are so returnally taken up with sich matters marm, that they have no eyes to observe Major Irwin and Miss Kate."

"Well, what of them?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Why, Marm, you could not be 'spected to hear of these family matters in sich an out of the way place as Williamsburg; so says I to Uncle Ralph, says I, you may be sure Miss Helen has little enough idea of what's going on here, or she'd have been down long ago to talk to her mother about it; she's the only person that ever could talk freely to Misses yet, says I,—and then to night when you come in upon us so providential like, jist as if you had dropped from the clouds, then, says I, this is a God send you may depend upon it Uncle Ralph. Miss Helen was always the onliest one in the house, that could talk to her mother 'actly as she wanted, and never stand back from telling the truth for any awe or fear. It's a God send, says I certainly, for she can tell her mother all about it as soon as I 'lighten her you know."

"And what do you know on the subject?" asked Helen anxiously.

"Know? ah! it's too much I know Miss Helen," replied Aunt Eleanor mysteriously.

"Too much I know about that man's private character. I know him to be the hardheartedest cruellest, wickedest, onnaturallest cretur that ever disfigured God's earth."

"How do you know all this?"

"I will tell you marm both my 'thority, and my sorces of 'thority," replied Aunt Eleanor pompously; "and then leave you to judge whether this man is a fit companion for Miss Catharine Lee." Then drawing her chair closer to the bed-side, she commenced in a low mysterious tone the following strange narrative which more than once caused her auditor's blood to course chillingly through her veins. We will give the story pretty much in the old woman's own words, only taking the liberty occasionally to modify her peculiar phraseology.

"This story," said she, "was told me by my daughter, Amy herself. You remember Amy—a tall, genteel, good looking girl! She always took after me more than any of my children.—Well, soon after you left us marm, Amy was married to James Barker, a respectable blacksmith as any in the country, consequently the match was quite agreeable to me, except for the separation from Amy, who was obliged to go to Richmond to live, as James' master didn't find it convenient to let him come down here. So Amy was hired out in Richmond to Mrs. Harman, an old acquaintance marm of the family, and as respectable and genteel an old lady as any in Virginia. Her husband died I believe in the year '76. Well, Amy was hired there for a cook, and James worked at his trade; so they were as prosperous and happy as a couple need be. The only trouble she had, was that the British soldiers would every

now and then, come to James with great promises of what they would do for him, if he would only join their army. He was a likely able bodied and useful man, and they were very anxious to persuade him to go on board of their ships. They promised him his freedom,—as much money as he wanted,—that he should go and live in England like a gentleman, and have his own dogs and horses and servants. All these were great temptations, and at first James was such a simpleton as to believe that they really meant what they said, and was mighty full of joining them, but Amy is a real sensible woman. I brought her up myself marm, under my own eye; and she had heard when she was down here, what was the real state of the case, so says she to James, says she, “you had better let well alone, our masters and mistresses are as kind to us” says she, “as they can be, so have nothing to do with these English people,” for Amy had heard that when the soldiers enticed young men away, they made slaves of them instead of soldiers, and treated them worse than dogs; so she gave him this good advice, and he very properly and sensibly listened to her as a man should always do, you know Miss Helen. The scripture says a wife must teach at home in silence, &c. I don’t remember the words exactly; so things went on very smoothly for awhile, until rather more than a year ago it seems that Major Irwin arrived in Richmond; he did not come on with General Arnold, though he has since joined him. Indeed there is no knowing where he came from, or what he came for. They did not even know at that time that he was a soldier; for he only wore plain gentleman’s clothes; but it was suspected that he came off with Lord Dunmore’s fleet, and was waiting there to stir up the colored people against their natural protectors. James however, knew all about him, as he had good reason to do, poor fellow! He boarded in the house of Mrs. Harman, where Amy was hired. You remember Miss Mary Harman? Yes, I was sure you could not forget her. She was the most beautiful creature out of our family, that my old eyes ever rested upon; her complexion was so clear, and her eyes so large and dark and bright, they seemed to go right through a person’s heart. And her hair. I remember one day Miss Helen, that I counted five different shades of brown in her long-thick hair, and it all sparkled like gold in the sunlight. Ah me! ah me! to think that so much beauty should be lost to the world forever—old and withered as I am, it makes my heart sink down like a dead weight to think of her.”

“What! is she dead?” exclaimed Helen who had hitherto listened in silence to Aunt Eleanor’s rambling narration. “Dead! no not dead,”

was the reply, “but a thousand, thousand times worse than dead—better to lay in a quiet grave poor thing! with her head to the setting, and her feet to the rising sun—better, oh! a great deal better it would have been for her, if she could have perished in her youth and beauty, and left friends to love her, and think kindly of her. Alas! she was not so fortunate,—poor young woman! she is not blessed with such a peaceful home as the grave. Oh Miss Helen, the poorest, meanest worm that crawls upon that damp churchyard, is more to be envied than that beautiful creature. But let me go on with my story. Major Irwin took lodgings in Mrs. Harman’s house, and there he hired James to wait on him. He was so generous with his money and promises, that he succeeded in persuading poor James to leave his master and trade altogether, and agree to go with him wherever he went, promising that he would make a gentleman of him whenever he left this country. The poor young man could not stand this—so he hired himself to Major Irwin for a sort of body servant, and being quick and handy he made out very well in his new situation. Amy says she never liked the looks of things after Major Irwin came; he put on so many airs and behaved just as if he had been the master of every thing about him. But she felt particularly sorry for Miss Mary Harman—from being one of the merriest, lightest hearted, gayest young creatures in the country, all of a sudden she became pale and melancholy, for all the world like some beautiful flower that had been bruised and crushed and would never hold up its head again. Nobody could think what was the matter; instead of associating with the other young ladies as she used to do; for no one was ever fonder of company or more admired than she was; instead of being full of smiles and merriment as formerly, she would stay by herself continually, and Amy says she has often met her suddenly when her face was perfectly wet with tears. Mrs. Harman’s house is situated a little way out of town in a thick grove of oaks and locusts; it is a pretty, white, cottage looking place, and just behind the house is a heavy hedge of Altheas, which conceal the kitchen and woodpile. Along this hedge, one evening not many months ago, Amy saw the young lady walking. She was wrapped up in a large shawl, and every now and then stooped down as if she was examining something on the ground.

“It will be a happy fate,” said she. Amy heard the words distinctly.

“Oh my God,” said she, “would that I had been consigned to a similar one, nineteen years ago.”

Amy said she could never forget those words,

if she lived to be a hundred years old. She spoke them so slowly and solemnly.

"Would," said she, "I had been consigned to a similar one, nineteen years ago."

Then she threw herself down upon the bare cold ground, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Amy said she felt sure that something dreadful was the matter, and she could not sleep that night for thinking of the young lady's strange behavior; she could not sleep, and kept wishing and wishing for day light. At last she thought she saw the first streak of day, and so she waked James and told him it was time to go to work. Accordingly he got up, and went round to the woodpile, but finding it was too dark for him to see to work, he sat down for awhile upon a log of wood. The house was dark and quite still as might be expected at that hour, but he was surprised to see a light burning in Miss Mary's chamber, and one or two persons moving about; he rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was wide awake, for the figures moving so strangely and silently backwards and forwards at such a time and place, seemed to him like people in a dream. Presently he heard, (for he could only see very indistinctly in the dim morning light,) the house door open very softly, then footsteps upon the gravel walk,—then the yard gate was swung open, and a man came close to where he was sitting—so close that he almost touched him. He felt sure directly that this man was Major Irwin. Oh! Miss Helen! I can never look at him without feeling my blood run cold. And to think that he should associate familiarly with our sweet, lovely, innocent Miss Kate. Oh, it is horrible—too horrible. The man stopped. The light was just then beginning to glimmer in the East, and James could see that he had something like a large basket in his hand; he laid the basket on the ground, and lifted a log aside—he then took something white out of the basket, and laid it on the place from which he had moved the log, and placed the log itself back where it had stood before. But James felt as sure as if a voice from another world had told him, that something too horrible for human nature to witness was there. His hair seemed to rise upon his head, and the blood in his veins to run as cold as ice. He began to fancy that it had been the prince of darkness himself who is sometimes allowed to go to and fro on the earth, and to walk up and down in it—and so many horrible ideas crowded before him in that glimmering uncertain light, that he covered his face with his hands, and for a long time it seemed as if he had not strength to draw them away—when he ventured to look up it was day light; the yard was lonely and still as death, but he could not move nor speak; he felt as if he had been chained to

the place where he sat, neither could he take his eyes from the spot which he was convinced contained some horrible mystery. There he sat, like one in a dream, stupified and immovable from apprehension. He heard Amy call him, but he could not answer, and when she came up and shook him, he could only point to that fatal spot. At last he made her understand that she must go and remove the log, and when she did so, she revealed the very sight which he had dreaded and expected. It was a new born baby. The tiniest creature, Amy said she ever saw, and a beautiful child it was, although very much crushed by the heavy log; and perfectly dead,—as stiff and cold as the stone upon which it lay. Then she said, the truth flashed across her mind like lightning, and she remembered and understood what she had heard Mary Harman say the evening before. "That it would have a happy fate, much happier than its unfortunate mother." Amy herself was much attached to Miss Mary—she said her heart seemed like a piece of lead in her bosom when she saw that fearful evidence against her, and as far as she was concerned, nobody else would ever know it; but wicked deeds cannot be hid, if you bury them in the ground ever so deep, they will spring up again and again to sting you. Five weeks after that time, Mary Harman was tried for her life. Yes, that bright, beautiful creature, who looked as if she were too pure for the sun to shine, or the winds to blow upon her, had to appear in the court-house upon the dreadful accusation of child murder, and there to hold up her hand as a common criminal."

"And her sentence?"

"Why, they all thought her guilty, but they say the laws aint very strict now, so she was let off."

"What has become of her?"

"That is what no mortal knows, I expect—as soon as she was acquitted she went away, and God only knows whether the poor creature has ever found a shelter from the cold."

Helen clasped her hands before her eyes, and wept bitterly for the horrible fate that had befallen one whom she recollected, she had greatly admired. At length she asked,

"But why was not Major Irwin tried?"

"There was no testimony against him but James, and that would not be received. The matter was a good deal hushed up at the time; but Major Irwin is as much detested as if he had been convicted of murder."

"But why did you not tell Kate all this?"

"Oh! marm, I have tried over and over again, but she would never listen to me. She called me marm, a silly old woman. Think of that marm to your mother's maid. One that has served the

family for forty years, and would for forty more if she could."

"I am well aware of that; but the poor mother, how did she bear it?"

"Why, she has been almost deranged ever since. She would go to the world's end to look for her daughter, but she has never met with any trace of her. Amy still lives there, and poor James! but I am afraid he is disabled for life."

"How was that?"

"Major Irwin again, marm—James' testimony against him greatly resented him, and I am afraid he has made him a cripple for life, after all his fine promises. So much for trusting to——"

At that moment the door was again opened, and the rustling of a rich brocade announced to Aunt Eleanor's practised ear, the approach of her mistress. She immediately rose and dropping a quaint, old fashioned courtesy, left the room. Mrs. Lee entered with her usual stately and queen-like step, and stood beside her pale and weeping daughter. Her whole appearance and mien, were as usual, rather calculated to produce admiration than affection, yet Helen well knew that beneath that strictly cold and dignified manner, were the concealed treasures of a mother's love, and she did not hesitate to throw herself in her mother's arms and weep there. But she had a painful task still to perform, and she hastened to the occasion of her coming, greatly stimulated in her anxiety, by the melancholy story she had just heard. Mrs. Lee listened to her in silence, and when she had concluded, remained for awhile absorbed by painful reflection, then rising suddenly and silently, she motioned her daughter to follow. Helen arose weak and dizzy from fatigue, and trembling with undefined emotions, she followed her mother through the large upstairs passage, lighted only by an immense northern window through which the moonbeams sparkling and quivering, found their way to the floor, and revealed upon the side of the wall, a wide expanse of waving tapestry, whereon King Saul seemed starting into existence, as he unceasingly hurled the sharp javelin against the life of the sweet singer of Israel, while the ghost-like attendants around, glimmering in the pale moonlight, seemed to Helen's disturbed imagination like shadowy spectres mocking her vain attempt to save the happiness of her beloved sister. Shudderingly she followed through the immense passage and down the vast staircase, between walls from each side of which portraits of mail clad warriors frowned grimly upon her. They stood within the front door and looked out upon the cool lawn shaded here and there, with magnificent old trees through the boughs of which the moonbeams glided, and danced like fairies, upon the green swart.

"Where did you see them?" whispered Mrs. Lee, but the question was several times hoarsely repeated, before the younger lady remembered that it was incumbent on her to answer.

"Where? Oh there by the honey suckle hedge; but some hours have passed since I saw them."

Mrs. Lee still looked rather incredulous, as they re-entered the house however, they saw a light still beaming within the music room, they instantly approached the door which was partly opened. A light step just then bounded past them up stairs. Within the room Major Irwin was seated with his back towards the door, and alone; but the vacant chair beside him, the opened music book, and the fading boquet on the table showed that he had lately had a companion. Still Mrs. Lee doubted, wavered, but just then her daughter's quick eye discerned upon the floor a crushed note; she took it up and the following pencilled lines removed all further doubt and hesitation from Mrs. Lee's mind,

"Meet me this evening love, beside the honey suckle hedge, where we can make all necessary arrangements."

This billet brought conclusive evidence, and placing it in her mother's hand, Helen withdrew silently to seek the rest she now so much needed. She half smiled at her position when alone; at her eagerness to save her sister from following her own example; but she then remembered how utterly different were their respective situations, and rejoiced that she had been instrumental in saving her from a fate which appeared doubly horrible since she had been made more surely acquainted with Major Irwin's real character, and conduct. A deep sleep for some hours greatly refreshed her, and when she was awakened by the merry tones of the child, she found that day-light was streaming in richly across her bed, reminding her that it was time to leave the home now no longer her own. Noiselessly quitting the chamber, she left the house before any of the family except the servants were astir. These unchanging friends were again loud in their recognition and expressions of affection.

"I told you Uncle Ralph, I told you that Miss Helen's coming was a perfect God send."

"And did I not regree with you Aunt Eleanor," replied Ralph, making one of his most polished bows, a feat on which he particularly prided himself. "Didn't I perfectly regree with you—Miss Helen was always one of the flowers of the family, and little Massa is a chip of the old block."

"And sich a family, you may add Uncle Ralph, as aint to be found every where," returned Aunt Eleanor; who never lost an opportunity of putting in a word on her favorite subject—family honors,

"Not sich another," chimed in Uncle Ralph,

"not such another is to be found in these United States of Virginnny. Not to my knowing," he continued triumphantly, "and I can boast as many acquaintances as any man of my color in this country."

Helen bade a hasty adieu to her clamorous friends. She longed to see her mother once more, and again to hear the sound of her voice, however cold the accents might be; but she was obliged to depart with the desire ungratified. She little knew how the heart of that stern and haughty mother yearned towards her dearest child. And her father! not one kind message from him! No token of recognition to show that he still remembered his daughter—it was very hard to bear. Hope! Hope! That seemed the only friend then left her. It was a trial too, to leave home without seeing her sister,—confessing all that she had done, and supplicating her by the dear love of their early childhood, to view the matter in the same light that she did. But she had chosen her own destiny, and with no unreluctant step, she went her way. She had now, she remembered, other and still dearer ties,—her first earthly duty and affection were elsewhere centred. Mrs. Herbert, and her little boy then re-entered the Hero, which seemed perfectly unconscious of the dangers of the preceding night. With a fresh morning breeze, a favorable current, and a light heart, the journey was readily performed. She rejoiced to remember that the painful task was accomplished. She rejoiced that she could now explain every thing, and clear away the clouds which she feared had gathered upon the brow of affection. Her husband could not blame her as rash and imprudent when he was fully acquainted with her motives, and although her visit did seem as short and unsatisfactory as it well could be, yet it had already brought a world of sweet hope to her heart.

Musing thus, she approached the humbler home of her married life—the child clung closely to her side, screaming with childish delight at returning to the familiar objects, from which it seems to his infant imagination, that he had already long been absent. At length his joyful gambols were suddenly interrupted, and stopping abruptly, he exclaimed, "Papa—horsy—all gone."

"God forbid," exclaimed the mother, hastening into the house, but here she received confirmation of her worst fears. Her husband had been ordered to Richmond with his company. No one could tell for what length of time.

CHAPTER VI.

Doubts — Distress — Unexpected assistance — Manœuvring.

The time had now arrived when Virginia was destined to become the principal field of action in

that long and doubtful, but sternly contested struggle.

Arnold and Phillips from the north, had already spread the desolating effects of their enmity, far and wide through the country; and Lord Cornwallis triumphing in his southern conquests, now determined to subject Virginia to his power, and thus gain a footing in the rebellious States, which he felt would secure victory to his royal master. To the Marquis De La Fayette, had been intrusted the important charge of securing and bringing to justice the arch-traitor Arnold, and it was with a view of joining that illustrious commander, that Captain Herbert with his company had proceeded to Richmond. The abrupt disappearance of his wife and child, on the preceding evening, had given him no little surprise and uneasiness, for in the hurry of his own departure he had failed to observe her note of explanation. It was therefore with no enviable state of mind, that he found himself obliged to proceed immediately into active and necessary service. He found the Marquis actively employed in arrangements for effecting his purpose. A portion of his force joined the French fleet, which hovering near the mouth of James river, might intercept any attempt of the enemy to escape by water. Captain Herbert was posted not far from Richmond, near the junction of the Appomattox with the James; with directions to keep a sharp look out in that quarter. Days passed on, and no enemy appeared; but a more serious danger threatened his company in the form of famine. The surrounding country had been so entirely devastated, that it was impossible to procure the food necessary to support life, and the dread of actual starvation had already begun to weaken the courage and depress the spirits of many of his men.

It was a bright evening,—that on which Captain Herbert paced slowly backwards and forwards upon the beach which bordered that noble, beautiful river. The evening was bright, and the air came balmily up from the clear rippling water, which danced musically over the small shells and pebbles at his feet, but there was no feeling in his mind in unison with beauty and music, or aught which usually brings pleasure most surely into the human heart. He neither saw the gay clouds, nor the cloud tinted waves,—nor heard the music of the birds and waters—nor felt the sweet influence of the perfumed air, for his mind was fully and painfully occupied. Even should the enemy approach, he felt that he would be scarcely in a situation to cope with them, and, that the prospect was hourly and daily growing worse. Then too, an unexplained mystery weighed heavily upon his spirits, to which his mind would continually recur—the sudden and unaccountable absence of

his lovely young wife. At times he would believe some friendly visit had drawn her away from home even at such an unusual hour; but in times of despondency a dread of some un conjectured danger to those whom he loved so dearly, would fill his mind and darken around him with a sense of impending evil. On the present occasion these various causes greatly oppressed him, and he had already fallen into that mood of mind, too common to persons of ardent temperament, which almost makes us fancy that we are irretrievably unfortunate and given up to the influence of all the powers which work evil to our race, when his attention was attracted by a small boat pulled only by two hands, which just then came in sight.

Opposite the river from the place where the officer stood, was a small promontary of green land which had hitherto concealed the little boat that now approached the shore where he stood,—bearing he thought something singularly familiar to him in its aspect. The recognition was still more decided, as the tiny vessel bounding like a ball, among the billows, approached nearer, and when the foremost figure sprang upon the beach beside him,—the dusky visage and whitened locks of Jack Hopper, who occupied the distinguished station of husband to Aunt Eleanor, and the still more enviable post of chief miller at Elmsdale—this same dusky visage appeared to the disconsolate officer as welcome as the form of an angel of light.

“Why Jack Hopper, my good friend, what has brought you here?”

“Well, you see mass Herbert, I hearn you was mighty bad off, and I tought you would be a good customer.”

“With all my heart good Jack.”

“So sur, you sees I have brought you down some grist from the mill. Here Jim just han up them bags.”

Jim complied, and the wished for assistance was most welcome to the eyes of the hungry officer.

“I suppose this is your perquisite;” he remarked as he counted out several pieces of silver into the mammoth hand extended to receive them.

“Yes sur, them there is my perklesites, and you know I had a right to do what I pleased with them.”

“Yours is a lucrative office I believe friend Jack?”

“A what sir?”

“A profitable business that of a miller—eh?”

“Why it scarce ken be called so at all times, and seasons. Gemmans of my color, don’t always find folks so willin to pay as you is mass Herbert. Day buys my flour willin nough sur, but dis here, de payin part don’t just come so easy and natural like—but you sur was always one of a tousand.”

“And how did you come to find out that I was here?”

“Oh, we all hearn that some days ago—fore mass Arnold tuk his depart.”

“What Arnold gone!”

“Ees sur, and he put out in a difrent rection from what he tentioned, when he hearn how close he was watched. I know’d you must be in want of pervisions here, so I cummed up as soon as he got out of sight.”

“Arnold’ escaped!”

“Ees indeed massa, and blessed scape for us to git rid of him an his train, that was eaten us out of house and home, and wheatfield, and mill to boot—an I hope sur Miss Helen got home safe and sound sur.”

“What! when did you see her?”

“See her sur! why she was down at our house splainen to misses how things was gwine on, an what a bad man mass Irwin was, that every body said was gwine to marry Miss Kate; but thanks to goodness he’s gone too,—so we’s now quite clear of the Englishers. Mass Herbert ’tis my liberate opinion that these Englishers is the devil—I knowed one to take a man up and give him a hundred lashes because he tried to fend his master’s property”—how much longer the old miller’s harangue lasted, Captain Herbert neither knew nor cared. The information he had given on the subject of his wife’s movements was far more interesting than any other he could afford, and finding that he had told all the news he knew upon that subject, he dismissed him almost as gladly as he had welcomed him.

Arnold had indeed escaped, but important duties thickened around the Marquis La Fayette and the brave hearts which sustained him. News was brought of the rapid approach of the redoubtable Lord Cornwallis and his sanguinary force. They crossed the Roanoke, advanced farther into the State, and now the whole powers of the Marquis were solely turned to the one point—that of defeating the daring hopes of his lordship.

In spite of the opposition made to the progress of the British Army by the small and untrained companies opposed to them, it advanced to Petersburg in the course of the Spring, and was here reinforced by the division under General Phillips. The Marquis immediately threw his small force into the town of Richmond, then a situation of immense importance from the magazines and military stores with which it was filled. These the Americans at length succeeded in removing to Albermarle Court-house. The English advanced to the old Court-house, and in two days more would have held possession of these important provisions for continuing the war, had not another road been opened by the address of the American

troops, who thus saved these valuable deposits. Meanwhile Colonel Tarleton, who had been despatched to Charlottesville on a similar errand, proved more successful, and effected a great destruction among the stores in that quarter. Lord Cornwallis then advanced to Richmond and thence proceeded to Williamsburg, while the comparatively small force under La Fayette, could only dog his footsteps and note his proceedings.

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A THUNDER STORM.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage. There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with a brow of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piecemeal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness—I have called pride to my aid—I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but it avails me nothing—at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, gasps, and dies within me.

My involuntary dread of thunder, had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin—a girl of the same age with myself, who had been the constant companion of my childhood. Strange, that, after the lapse of almost a score of years, that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can see the bright young creature—her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the rising gale, and her cheeks glowing like a ruby through wreathes of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and joyousness of a bird's, and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clasping her little hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful and happy like her.

It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censor of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, and the waters of the bay had forgotten their adulations, the flowers were bending their heads as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such a soft luxurious sweetness, that it seemed a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hands of a Peri from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad

in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear, sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the tones of a favorite bird, or found some strange and lovely flower in her frolic wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquillity of the day continued until nearly noon. Then, for the first time, the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and, at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was as calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane.

To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. Here we remained, and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshalling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so fearful that the young creature, who stood by me, shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm and shrieked as if her very heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl raised her finger toward the precipice, that towered above us. I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its gray peaks; and the next moment, the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like the groan of a Universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown, I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible, I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds dying in the tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud coming in fainter murmurs from the eastern hills. I arose, and looked trembling almost deliriously around. She was there—the dear idol of my infant love—stretched out upon the wet, green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony, and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow. The look of terror had faded from her lips, and an infant smile was pictured beautifully there, the

red rose tinge upon her cheek was lovely as in life, and as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed—I only know, that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was then taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters.

Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times, with terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead, and its hollow trunk, looking upwards to the sky, as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by-gone years came mournfully back to me, thoughts of the little innocent being, who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring, rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered—and oh there was joy in the memory—that she had gone where no lightnings slumber in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

My readers will understand why I shrink in terror from the thunder. Even the consciousness of security is no relief to me—my fear has assumed the nature of an instinct, and seems indeed a part of my existence.

ADVENTURES OF A QUIET MAN.

THERE are men who, from no error of their own, find themselves placed through life in a false position. They are, therefore, always uncomfortable, and frequently ridiculous, merely from the awkward exertion of their very best efforts to perform the parts assigned them.

My case was peculiarly unfortunate; for, being by nature timid and of gentle habits, I was permitted to walk the milky way of life until my manhood; and then, after being involuntarily united to a very fine woman, I was forced into situations utterly unsuited to my habits, and became at length an involuntary volunteer. I do not hesitate to make public the result of an arrangement so incongruous; there was a manifest contradiction in the very name, the adjective being so completely opposed to the sense of the noun. My wife's main object in life was to conceal my deficiencies, always seeming to consider me a man of valor; and when my timid reserve and nervous apprehension were on any occasion becoming too apparent, she would praise me (*before people*) for my considerate forbearance, and speak of me as a lion in repose.

"When his energies are once aroused," said she, "he is formidable! you, who only see Sir Peter Tremor in the calm repose of domesticity, can little imagine what he is in the heat of political argument or the storm of indignant anger."

This was all very well in its way, for it kept people from quarrelling with me; and as the sword of war seemed likely to slumber during my time, I did not anticipate that I should ever have the formidable qualities imputed to me by my wife put to test. But, though nobody quarrelled with me, my reputation for valor induced all who did quarrel among themselves to refer their grievances to my arbitration, and when one man called out another, the one that happened to be acquainted with me was sure to call upon me as his "friend," insisting that I should act as his second. In such cases I generally took to my bed, leaving my wife to tell fibs about the state of my health. But occasionally I was taken by surprise, and obliged to have oral communication with the desperate challenger; I then astonished him by my pacific tendencies, always exhibiting nothing of valor save its better part, DISCRETION. In many instances I was the happy means of preventing bloodshed, bringing about a cessation of hostilities in ways never suspected by my indignant principal, for I never scrupled at compromising his dignity in secret, making unauthorized apologies and concessions on his part; and thus I have made persons shake hands who would, had they known all, have continued to shake fists.

And surely I was right; my way of cementing cracked friendships is the very best that could be adopted; 'tis true that an exchange of shots often produces a reconciliation, always provided the principals are not eternally separated by death. "Exchange" is proverbially "no robbery," but an exchange of shots is apt to rob one of the combatants of life. My peaceful plan was therefore far preferable; I went forth authorized to utter irritating language; but as I invariably substituted the bland accent of apology and conciliation, I brought the opposing parties together in an amicable way, each being led to suppose that the other was the man who knocked under and made concessions. To be sure, I now and then narrowly escaped a serious misunderstanding with the second of the opposite party, and had to tell several fibs to extricate myself; but what are fibs compared with the effusion of human blood? I shudder as I write the words, and am certain that all peaceably inclined persons will applaud my conduct. Once, however, my tender regard for the welfare of others very nearly brought about my own destruction; and thus it happened:

George Slipslop, my wife's brother, "the cornet," in due course of time became a captain; and Caroline, prouder of him than ever, frequently invited him, when on leave, to visit us in Dorsetshire. His visits were to me any thing but agreeable; he was loud in his talk, martial in his appearance, and so peremptory in the utterance of his opinions, that he was perpetually either giving or taking offence.

"Give and take," is one of my favorite maxims. But I am no advocate for giving offence or taking it under any circumstances.

Unfortunately for me, my brother-in-law the captain gave a man the lie direct, and took from him a blow in the face with so bad a grace that a challenge was the immediate result. He selected me as his second; in vain I pleaded and expostulated, my wife took his part, and I was compelled to acquiesce.

It was a desperate case and I was resolved to resort to a desperate remedy, much as I disliked the very look of a

pistol, always sympathizing with the lady, who asserted "that, loaded or not loaded, it might go off of itself." I minutely examined the brace which were to be used by the contending parties, and with some difficulty I procured a pair by the same maker, precisely similar in every respect. These were primed and loaded according to my notions of expediency in such matters; and on the eventful morning I sallied forth with them carefully concealed under my cloak. The morning was thick and misty, and there was a drizzling rain. The other second was cloaked like myself; every thing favored the manœuvre which I had projected, and with a palpitating heart and trembling hand I substituted the weapons which I had brought with me for those already provided for the conflict.

The ground was measured and the combatants had taken their positions; I looked on, dreading nothing but the noise of the report; I shut my eyes, as I always do when near exploding fire-arms, and when I looked up again my brother-in-law the captain was sprawling on his back, with his face covered with blood.

It was not his own blood, however, nor was it the blood of any human being; it had been procured by me from a poulterer; and though the bladder in which it had been secured, and which had been inserted in the muzzle of the pistol, coming with force against the head of Captain Slipslop, had caused him to fall on his back; and though, when prostrate, the sanguinary effusion made him believe himself half dead, yet no real harm had been done; and the agitated opponent, who knelt over him, inwardly resolving that he would fly the country as soon as the vital spark was extinct, soon saw the captain rise and shake himself, declaring that, though covered with blood, he was, strange to say, in a whole skin! There had evidently been a hoax practised upon them! They were immediately friends, and both ungratefully vowed vengeance against the scoundrel, whoever he might be, who had saved one or both of their lives.

As soon as I heard the turn which the conversation was taking, I slunk away, and took to my heels; suspicion had already fallen upon me, and my abrupt departure was considered proof positive of my delinquency.

I suffered severely on this occasion. I was called out; not that *that* much signified, for, of course, I would not go. I got severely horsewhipped before I could prevail on my dear Caroline to interfere in my behalf; and even when she did become my champion, she overwhelmed me with contemptuous abuse, and for a long time rendered my home any thing but agreeable.

Misfortune follows some men with astonishing perseverance, and I have not yet finished my detail of secondary troubles. We left Dorchester shortly after the event which I have narrated; my wife declared that I had rendered myself the laughing-stock of the neighborhood; and her word being the law of the house, we removed to a very pretty villa in the New Forest. My amiable Caroline was fond of yachting; and having formed an intimacy with a gentleman of the Yacht-Club, who made Southampton his summer head-quarters, she had frequent opportunities for the indulgence of her taste. I never joined the party; not that I am sea-sick, but there seems to me so much danger in play-thing ships, with amateur sailors, on the *real* vasty deep. I therefore used to ramble listlessly through the shadowy and unfrequented paths of the New Forest; and there I once met with an adventure which nearly frightened me to death.

In the midst of a dark and gloomy thicket I one day came suddenly upon three coarse-looking men, who eyed me suspiciously, and then asked me the nearest way to Southampton. I believe I trembled from head to foot, whilst I gave a civil but incoherent reply. They allowed me to pass, and then, though they had previously appeared on the most friendly and confidential terms, they spoke loudly and with vehement gestures, and one of them, to my horror, quitted his companions, and coming to my side, thus most courteously addressed me:

"I am quite sure that I am addressing a gentleman."

I made no reply, but I thought that my last hour was approaching.

"I am certain," he continued, "that one who is evidently accustomed to the usages of the best society will not suffer me to want a friend on the most important occasion of my life."

"A friend, sir!" said I.

"Yes, a friend; friendship, in its general acceptation, is not to be kindled in an hour, but in the sense in which I now use the word friend, you *can*, and I feel quite sure you *will* assist me; nay, sir, you *must*."

I took a long breath and thought I should have fainted.

"Excuse me for my vehemence," he added, "for I am a desperate man, and it is in your power to prevent the commission of murder."

"Murder!"

"Yes, murder; for to fight duels without seconds is decided murder."

"Duels!"

"Yes,—to be brief—that gentleman you see there in the sailor's jacket and trousers—"

"Gentleman!"

"Yes, sir, *gentleman*! Do you presume to suppose, sir, that had he been any thing else I should have done him the honor and pleasure of accepting his challenge? Are you not aware, sir, that the lords and gentlemen of the Yacht Club wear that costume?"

"I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"Pardon, sir!—never; that is, never unless you accede to my proposal."

"Any thing!—name it!"

"That gentleman has brought his second with him, mine has disappointed me—you must take his place."

"I take his place!"

"Yes—I have already said that you *must* do so, and I will hear of no refusal. Are you well acquainted with this part of the forest?"

"Y—y—es," I stammered.

"Are we near any road at present?"

"Not very far."

"Then lead us to an unfrequented spot, where even the report of pistols would be unheard. Do you refuse!" cried my new friend furiously.

"Oh dear no," I answered; and, more dead than alive, I led the way. He gave a signal to his opponent, who with his second followed us. I silently led them to a very remote sequestered spot, and intimated that I had obeyed orders merely by standing stock-still.

"Are you certain that we are not likely to be interrupted?"

"Quite," I replied.

"Then here we will remain until the others join us."

They soon came up, and then the gentleman in the blue jacket, whose face and manners were even rougher than his dress, said, "Well, you sir, are you cock-sure nobody will come upon us?"

"Certain, sir," I replied.

"This is a *very* out of the way place, is it?" said his second.

"Uncommonly so," I answered.

"They can't even hear the pop of a pistol, hey, from the road?" inquired my friend.

"Impossible," I responded.

"Then," continued he, "you chicken-hearted son of a Tom-Tit, give us your watch and your money, or we'll blow your brains out."

They all vociferously surrounded me, taking from me every farthing I possessed, my watch and seals, and a valuable *guard-chain*, (what a misnomer,) a diamond ring, a torquoise pin, my coat and waistcoat, and my hat. They then wished me a good morning; my friend, the moment my back was turned, gave me a violent kick, and as I ran as fast as my legs could carry me through the forest I heard their loud laughter wafted on the breeze.

Original.

ANNA LESLIE.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

"Why don't you marry, Ned?" said Frank Wilson, a dashing young dandy, to his more dignified and intellectual-looking friend, Edward Harley. "The loveliest girls in the world greet you with their brightest glances, and yet your icy heart never melts beneath the genial influence. And what is more, that young and beautiful heiress, Emma Clay, always welcomes your approach with a smile of delight, and yet you return her civilities with as stately a bow, and as cold a tone, as you would those of the most portionless girl in creation. Now do tell me, Ned, why you are thus proof against the united attractions of youth, beauty and wealth?"

"Merely," was the reply, "because youth, beauty, and wealth, are not, in my estimation, so *very* irresistible. If I am not fortunate enough to find a woman with more than these to recommend her, depend upon it, Frank, I shall live and die a bachelor."

"But what more could you expect—what more could you desire?" asked Frank, with a look of astonishment.

"I should desire one endowed with a soul."

"A soul! Why, how strangely you talk, Ned. I positively never heard any thing so shocking! Are you a Mahomedan, that you dare for a moment harbor such a monstrous idea? Now who ever saw a pretty woman destitute of a soul?"

"I have, often," replied Harley. "I see such miracles every day. Many of those lovely girls you speak of, who spend their days in fluttering around the shrine of fashion, seem to me as destitute of souls, as the butterflies that flit around a summer flower. Even that Miss Clay, whom you deem so bewitching, is not gifted by nature with the necessary appendage."

"That cannot be, Ned. Does she not play and sing divinely? Does she not dance and waltz exquisitely? Does she not enter and leave a room with a most fascinating grace? Does she not dress more fashionably than any woman you ever saw? In short, does she not captivate all hearts, and are not these qualifications evidences of a soul—a soul of the most brilliant and bewitching kind?"

"I think not," said Harley, very quietly. "Miss C's acquirements appear brilliant to you, no doubt, because you look through the shining medium of her gold, but in my estimation, they are very superficial, and no more indications of a soul, than the hues of a flower are the promise of its fragrance. Why, it was only a few days since, that I heard her tell a female friend, she wondered how people could read Shakespeare; that she had often attempted it, but his writings always had the effect of putting her immediately to sleep! Talk of such a woman having a soul! Why, you might as well tell me that a sunbeam could emanate from a clod of earth! No, no, Frank, you have often bantered me about that lady, and I now tell you, once for all, that I would not marry her, were she ten times richer than

report says, and a hundred times more beautiful than Nature has made her."

"Well, I am glad to hear you say that, Ned, for I have long had thoughts of offering myself to the lady, but did not like to make the attempt while I considered you a devotee at her shrine. It would not have been altogether generous, seeing you have done me many a good turn, to attempt to carry off a prize which you had marked as your own."

"No doubt you feel certain that success would have crowned your efforts," said the other, smiling.

"Oh, yes. I was always a prodigious favorite with the ladies, God bless them for their good taste. It is true I never received any *very* particular marks of favor from Miss Clay, but that was only because I never brought all my powers of attraction to bear against the citadel of her heart. I have heretofore avoided, when in her presence, making use of those nameless little attentions which are so fascinating to the ladies, and which I was afraid might injure your prospects with the fair one. But as I am now at perfect liberty to act, you shall soon see what a conqueror I am in the campaigns of Love. I shall be off to commence the attack immediately, so farewell. But one word more, Ned—how am I looking this morning? Are not my whiskers a thought too much curled, and my neckcloth a shade too dark?"

"No, no," said the other, "you are perfectly irresistible. The lady will never be able to withstand your powers of attraction. Success be with you. Good morning."

The above conversation may give the reader some knowledge of the characters of the two young men, but lest it should not, we will describe them in as few words as possible.

Frank Wilson was one of those anomalies in creation, called exquisites, who, with the ordinary attributes of humanity, seem a degree below mankind, and are, probably, designed for a connecting link in the great chain of being. He had passed his days, exclusively, in a city; his mind had become as narrow as the contracted street in which he dwelt, and his thoughts never soared beyond the dull atmosphere which surrounded him. He lived but in the world of fashion. He had no ambition beyond it, and no hope, or dream, or thought of any other realm. It must be confessed that he made himself "a bright particular star" in his own hemisphere, and that all less perfect exquisites had to "hide their diminished heads" when he chose to shine forth in his glory. His apparel was ever of the finest material, and made in the most approved style. His hand was delicate, and jewelled like a lady's. His gloves were of the softest texture and neatest fit. His neckcloth was ever arranged in the most perfect manner, and his snowy pocket kerchief always fragrant with the costliest perfumes. In short, his whole person would have served as a model for a modern tailor. But his whiskers—patron saint of dandyism, pardon us for neglecting them so long!—his whiskers were his

peculiar pride and ornament. Indeed, it might almost be said—

"In them he lived, and moved, and had his being."

They were his first care in the morning, and his last consideration at night. Even in his dreams they had a "local habitation," and every midnight, vision was brightened with some new discovery for the improvement and embellishment of these cherished appendages. One hour in the morning was devoted to the pleasing task of combing, curling, and arranging them in "killing style," and another at night, to the important duty of embalming them in some odoriferous compound, which was to preserve their pristine freshness and beauty. Such was Frank Wilson.

His companion, whom we erroneously styled friend, was as different a person as it is possible to imagine. Endowed by nature with a fine mind and an excellent heart, his education had been such as to strengthen all the energies of the one, and to foster all the lofty emotions of the other. He had read much, and his memory was stored with the treasures of literature; he had travelled a great deal, and his mind had gathered a knowledge of all that was beautiful in nature and art. He had mingled often in society, and his manners had acquired a polish and refinement which rendered them peculiarly attractive. He was devotedly fond of intellectual pursuits, but circumstances rendered it necessary that he should, to a certain degree, be a participator in the gay scenes of fashionable life. He was a lawyer, and his profession obliged him to make some sacrifices, and, as he was desirous to become rich, that he might live according to his taste, he was willing to endure what he considered present evil, for future good.

It will be asked how such a man could be on terms of intimacy with one like Wilson. His own father and Frank's had been collegio companions, and life-long friends. When children, he and Frank had been almost constantly together, and shared each other's joys and petty griefs. It was the remembrance of this early friendship, and a belief that beneath the dross of fopishness some sterling worth existed, that induced the high-minded Harley to tolerate the company of the exquisite. But in his intercourse with Frank, his mind was a "sealed book." He listened to the dandy's soft nothings with seeming interest, and sometimes replied in the same strain. Habit had rendered it easy to appear the thing he was not, and to seem, to a casual observer, a fitting companion for one like Frank. Thus the latter had learned to think his "friend Ned," as he called Harley, a being of the same class with himself, and, judging him by his own characteristics, he wondered much that he should neglect the many favorable opportunities he had of marrying a rich wife.

It is true Harley was admired and flattered by the wealthiest and the most beautiful fair ones of his acquaintance, but notwithstanding all these temptations, his thirtieth birth-day had found him still a bachelor. This was not owing to a preference for a single life, for no man had a more ardent desire for the quiet of domestic happiness, but his standard of female excellence was so elevated, that he had never yet found one approach-

ing his ideal. He had sometimes met, in the gay circles he frequented, radiant young beings, whose beauty awakened his admiration, and almost fascinated his heart, but when he had sought the companionship of mind, the illusion had vanished like mist before the morning sun, and he had turned from the beguilers with a feeling akin to pity. So often had he been disappointed in this way, that he resolved to spend his days in celibacy, and seek no more for a being, such as he began to think existed only in his imagination. But the time was coming when this stoical resolution was to be broken.

One morning, in going from his lodgings to his place of business he met a fair young girl (or rather woman, for she had passed the age of girlhood,) whose appearance attracted his attention. She was dressed in a plain and humble suit of mourning. She had a timid and modest air, which pleased our hero, and he noticed her particularly. The next morning, at the same hour, he met her again—the following day was also marked by the same event, and so for a number of days in succession. At length Harley began to feel a singular interest in the unknown. She was not beautiful, if regularity of features constitute the charm of beauty, but her countenance had that mingled expression of sweetness and mournfulness which we often see in the beings who visit us in dreams, and who render the hours of sleep so radiant, that we regret the waking which follows. Her's was one of those faces which seen once, cannot be forgotten, but becomes, ever afterwards, in imagination, the standard of beauty. Her cheek was pale, and her form slender, but this rather added to the charm of her appearance, and rendered the spiritual style of her loveliness more perfect.

Day after day, as Harley caught a passing glance at the fair stranger, his admiration increased. Who could she be, and what business could take her in that same direction at the same hour every morning. She was very punctual to the time. If her admirer was a few moments earlier or later in his walk to his office, he was sure to miss of seeing her. The first intimation he had of the deep interest he felt in the unknown, was the disappointment he experienced whenever this was the case, and his invariable practice, afterwards, to leave his lodgings exactly at the moment which would ensure the meeting. At first, the young lady had shrunk from his gaze as she did from all others, seeming embarrassed and pained by notice, but, by degrees, she became accustomed to his respectful look, and returned it with a timid glance.

Months passed away in this manner, and then Harley had become so fascinated by the fair stranger, that the idea of meeting her seemed now the chief pleasure of his life. If any unexpected circumstance prevented his walk at the usual hour, he would feel the keenest pang of disappointment, and await the return of that hour the next day, with an anxiety and impatience which he could not control, and which influenced his every thought.

He had never asked himself where this affair would end, nor what would be the result of his singular infat-

ation. He knew that his heart was entwining itself about one whose name, residence, and character, were totally unknown to him, and yet he strove not to break the spell that was every day binding him in more enduring bonds. The love, (for it was plain he *did* love the stranger,) which had dawned upon his spirit, was the brightest sunbeam that had ever flashed across his pathway, and he dared not call reflection to his aid, lest that new-born radiance should be dispelled.

At length he saw her no more. Regularly as ever, he went forth at the accustomed hour, but the star that had so long illumined his path, shone not. Each morning awakened a new hope that she would come to-morrow, and every to-morrow brought its bitter disappointment. Then fears, which he strove long to keep away, came and darkened his heart. She was ill—perhaps dead. How much anguish that thought awakened, and how bitterly he reproached himself for not having sought an opportunity of addressing the stranger, and learning her name and residence. But that opportunity was now lost for ever.

So long and so constantly did Harley brood over these sad reflections, that he became moody and unhappy. He neglected his business, deserted his friends, and avoided society.

One day, while sitting alone in his office, indulging a train of gloomy thoughts, he was suddenly aroused from his reverie by a low rap. Without looking up, or changing his position, he called, "Come in." Slowly and softly the door opened; a light timid step advanced, and then stopped in the middle of the apartment. Harley raised his eyes, and beheld the object of his thoughts. What a moment! He could have knelt to thank his visitor for dispelling his gloomy fears. He could have greeted her with words of fondness, like a long-lost and long-loved friend. The lady's face was paler than ever, her brow wore the shadow of care, and her manner was timid and agitated. She sought to speak, but her trembling lips refused their office, and would only utter sounds that did not syllable themselves into words. With as much calmness as he could command, Harley requested her to be seated, and, in the gentlest tones, begged her to wait until she was composed, ere she communicated her business. His manner seemed to re-assure her, and in a low sweet voice, she began to unfold the purport of her visit.

"You may think it very singular, sir, that a young female, who is totally unknown to you, should apply to you for professional advice, but circumstances have rendered it necessary that I should seek the assistance of some one, and being a stranger in this place, I have taken the liberty to appeal to one whose kind and benevolent face had interested me, and awakened my confidence."

This compliment, from the artless girl, was almost too much for the stoical resolutions of our hero. He lost his presence of mind, and gazed with such an expression of love and admiration at his fair visitor, that her cheek reddened, and her eye sunk beneath his ardent look, as a delicate flower would droop beneath the glowing ray of a summer sun. There was a momen-

tary pause, and when she raised her eyes again, they were filled with tears, and her voice was sorrowful as she said, "I hope, sir, you will not abuse the confidence I have manifested, or misconstrue my motives, and render the task I have undertaken more difficult and disagreeable than even my fears had pictured it."

This recalled Harley to his senses. How he despised himself for the shadow of disrespect he had unintentionally shown. He hastened to retrieve his conduct—thanked his visitor for the confidence she had reposed in him—assured her it was not misplaced, and entreated her to proceed. With a little more dignity and coldness than she had first manifested, the young lady continued—

"My name is Leslie. I am dependent upon my own exertions for support. The only relative, friend or acquaintance I have in this city, is an invalid mother. About six months since, we left my native village, and came here to reside, that I might have the benefit of good medical advice for my parent. Immediately after our arrival, I hired apartments suited to our humble circumstances, in a quiet and respectable part of the city. As the small amount of money we possessed would only insure us the bare necessities of life, I was desirous of obtaining some employment, that I might have the means of bestowing more comforts upon my mother. It seemed scarcely probable that my desire would be gratified, but when I had been here a few days, I saw, in a daily paper, an advertisement for an assistant teacher in a small school. I applied for this situation. They asked me for reference. I told my circumstances in a few words—they hesitated, at first, about taking a stranger with no recommendation, but after awhile they began to investigate my qualifications. The result was satisfactory, and by singular good fortune, I secured the situation. The compensation was moderate, but to persons accustomed to live economically, it was a very desirable acquisition. It was a trial to me to be obliged to leave my invalid parent alone for so many hours, but her illness was of such a nature, that she did not require constant nursing, and by being careful to arrange every thing for her comfort until my return, I was able to attend regularly to my duties. Thus we lived—and when the first three months of our residence here had passed away, I arranged with our landlord for his rooms three months longer. This last term expires to-morrow, and to-day, without any previous warning, he came and told us that he had rented our rooms to other persons, and we must make preparations for departure. I was pained to hear this, for I knew my mother, though slowly improving, was still too ill to be removed with safety, and beside, I knew not where to seek another habitation. I besought the landlord to rent me the rooms three months longer—said I would pay him in advance—give him a higher price than he asked, and tried every inducement to make him change his purpose. But he replied that he had made the bargain with the other tenants, that it would cause him much trouble if he did not keep his word, and that we *must* leave. I represented the cruelty of removing my sick parent, and entreated him,

with tears, not to rob two friendless females of their home: but my entreaties were vain; he said if we did not leave the rooms by to-morrow, at noon-day, he would be under the necessity of putting our furniture into the street, and sending us after it. These were his very words—and now, sir, to bring my long story to a close, I desire to know of you whether this man can put his threat in execution?"

Was ever lawyer blest with so fair a client, and so plain a case? During the latter part of the narrative, Harley had felt a strong desire to express his indignation at the landlord, but fearful of losing one tone of that sweet voice, he had restrained himself, and kept silent to the close. He then hastened to assure the lady that she need give herself no more uneasiness, that, as she had not had legal notice, she was not obliged to remove, and that he would immediately see the landlord, and arrange the matter with him. While it was possible to do so, Harley prolonged his fair client's stay, by asking her numerous questions relative to her statement, but at length, even with her slight knowledge of law, she perceived that it could not be necessary for him to learn more, and she rose to depart. As he attended her to the door, Harley again asked her address, saying he would call in the evening, and inform her of the result of his interview with the landlord.

For many minutes after the lady's departure, our legal hero stood gazing upon the spot where she had disappeared, his mind lost in thought, and his face radiant with hope and happiness. He then went back to his desk, seated himself, and endeavored to compose his thoughts, so as to proceed with some business that required his attention; but he felt such an expansion of heart, and loftiness of spirit, it seemed impossible for the narrow bounds of his office to contain him. Obeying the impulse that controlled him, he arose, and set out for a walk. As he emerged into the open air, he seemed under the influence of some strange and delightful spell. Could it be that he was treading upon the same senseless stones he had plodded over so often, and breathing the same dull atmosphere which had so long surrounded him? No! he was moving over a buoyant medium that lifted him above the common earth, and inhaling an air, pure and fragrant as that which wandered over the first flowers of Eden. And could it be, that the light which fell around him, was only the common sunlight that he had seen and felt so often? Oh, no, it was the smile of universal love, brightening and beautifying the earth, and awakening the hearts of her children to delight!

Thoughts something like these flitted across the mind of Harley, as he darted through the busy streets, heedless alike of friend or foe, and unconscious of all that surrounded him. So deep was his reverie, that he passed through the crowd smiling and moving his lips, as though he was holding a very pleasant conversation with some invisible being. It was fortunate for him that he finished his walk without having met any intimate friends, as such persons, alarmed at his singular conduct, would doubtless have thought him under the influence of a sudden fit of insanity, and insisted upon

seeing him safely at home. This would have broken one of the most delightful reveries that ever blessed the spirit of man.

In the evening of that day, Harley, after paying far more attention than usual to the duties of his toilet, and looking at his watch impatiently for a number of times, found the desired hour had at last arrived. With rapid steps he proceeded towards the residence of his new client, and in a marvellous short space of time, arrived at the place he sought. The house was in the gloomiest part of a gloomy street, and, as our hero was ushered through a low, dark hall, and up a steep, unlighted stairway, he began to fear that Miss Leslie had a home very unworthy of her own fair self. But when he entered that beautiful girl's apartment, and received her graceful greeting, those fears were all dispelled, and he felt as if suddenly transported to a fairy region. It is true there were no evidences of luxury, and few of comfort, and true that quiet home was *very* humble, but to the eyes of Harley, every thing wore a bright and beautiful appearance. This might have been owing to the sudden change from a dark street and a gloomy hall, into a lighted apartment, or it might possibly have been, that Anna Leslie's radiant eyes had some share in diffusing around the place such a cheerful and smiling aspect.

Mrs. Leslie, the invalid mother, was reclining in an easy chair in one corner of the room. After being introduced by the daughter, Harley gave Mrs. L. an account of his interview with the landlord, and said he had made an arrangement with him, by which the ladies were to remain in their present home so long as they chose. Both mother and daughter were happy to hear this, and expressed their grateful acknowledgments in such a manner, that our legal friend felt himself more richly repaid for his professional services than he had ever been before. After the "business matters" were all talked over, Harley still found many subjects for conversation, and many good reasons for prolonging his stay. He was not slow to perceive that the mother was a very lady-like and agreeable woman, and that the daughter's naturally good mind had been improved and cultivated by an excellent education. It is true she had not quite so many accomplishments as it is now the fashion to bestow upon a young lady, but of these, she was not entirely destitute. A few exquisite landscapes ornamented the room, and a guitar, with some music books lay upon a side-table. Harley learned with delight, that the former were the productions of Miss L., and that, upon the instrument just mentioned, she could "discourse most excellent music." He was not surprised at these evidences of taste and refinement, when he came to hear that it was only since the death of Mr. Leslie, which happened two years before, that the mother and daughter had been in such reduced circumstances.

Mrs. L., with the pride that most unfortunate persons retain in their altered and humbler condition, related the history of their "better days." "We were not wealthy, sir," said she, "but we had enough to render life comfortable and pleasant, and to bestow upon our only child an education such as we desired she should possess. She had grown up all we could wish her, and

we were so happy. But, alas! it is ever at such moments we should expect a change. My poor husband, by some unfortunate understanding, lost his little property, and we were reduced to poverty. And when I had just begun to learn that want and privation were no ills, so long as the treasures of the heart remained, my revered partner was taken away, and we were indeed miserable. It was a sad, sad trial, when first my gentle Anna, she whom the 'winds of summer had never visited too roughly' in our season of prosperity, was obliged to go forth among cold hearted strangers, to earn the means of supporting that life which had become almost a burthen. But even this I have at length learned to bear with fortitude and resignation, and now, so long as my excellent child is spared to me, pain and poverty have no power to afflict."

How deeply was Harley affected by this little narrative, and how he longed to offer, at that very moment, both mother and daughter, a home. But fearing such a precipitate measure might mar his plans for the future, he restrained his enthusiastic feelings of benevolence, and after a little more conversation, finding it was getting late, he rose to depart. In taking leave of the ladies, he asked permission to call again, and entreated them, if they had any more difficulties of any kind, to accept his advice and assistance. Warm were the thanks he received, and pleasant were his thoughts as he wended his way homeward.

It is needless to say that our hero found frequent occasions for visiting the widow and her daughter. At first he always had some good excuse, such as a book for Anna's perusal, that he might have her opinion respecting it, or a piece of music which he was very anxious to hear, or something equally important, but by degrees he began to go without any excuse at all, and, strange to say, at this, no one seemed at all surprised! Weeks passed delightfully away in this manner, and then, Harley becoming satisfied that the attachment so romantically awakened in his heart, was pure, ardent and enduring, as any that ever warmed the spirit of man, declared that attachment to its fair object, and received a promise of return. At his earnest solicitation, an early day was appointed for the marriage, and then his visions of happiness were unclouded.

Returning home one evening just after this important era in his life, Harley found Frank Wilson at his lodgings, waiting to see him on business. The dandy had not changed in any respect since we first introduced him to our readers, and consequently they will not be surprised to learn that his "business" with Harley was merely the account of his rapidly increasing favor in the eyes of the beautiful Miss Clay. After expatiating largely upon his "privileges," as he styled them, of being allowed to pick up the lady's handkerchief, adjust a stray ringlet, or carry her well-filled purse upon her shopping excursions, he said, "And now, Ned, in the name of all that's wonderful what have you been about of late."

Like all other persons when their hearts are brimful of happiness, our hero was just in the frame of mind to

be communicative. For the want of a better hearer, he determined to make a confidant of Frank, and entrust him with the secret of his approaching marriage. This may appear rather singular, but the reader must recollect that there are certain subjects upon which the wisest lose their wisdom, and the most learned are as ignorant as possible. Love is one of these.

Harley revealed all—his meeting with Anna Leslie, his love for her even as a stranger, her application to him, his visits to her humble home, and finally, his determination to marry her as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. To all this, Wilson listened with the greatest astonishment, and at the close of the recital, he broke forth in a strain of exclamations like the following: "Who would have dreamed it? A poor girl, country bred, working for a living, and knowing nothing of fashion and refinement! Well, Ned, you have the strangest taste in the world!" But after he had, in this characteristic manner, expressed his surprise, he sincerely and warmly congratulated the other upon his prospects of happiness. Harley enjoined the strictest secrecy respecting it, which Frank, as he took his leave, promised faithfully to observe, at the same time feeling a great desire to impart the astonishing information, in a confidential manner, to Miss C.

This Miss Clay was the only child of very wealthy parents. She had been spoiled by indulgence in her childhood, and she had grown up haughty and imperious, and as unlovely in mind as she was beautiful in person. Caressed and flattered by all who surrounded her, she was accustomed to look upon herself as an immaculate being, and to consider her will a law as immutable as that of the Medes and Persians. But despite her bad qualities of heart, her beauty and wealth attracted a host of admirers, on all of whom she smiled just sufficiently to keep them followers in her "train attendant." Among all of those who offered homage at the shrine of her gold or her beauty, not one interested her heart. But there was one individual who had awakened in her bosom as much affection as she was capable of feeling. That individual was Edward Harley; and when the proud beauty found her fascinations powerless over the only heart she cared to win, she suffered a pang of disappointment and mortification which none but those who have been accustomed to have every desire gratified can experience. This pang was rendered more sharp and severe by the reflection that she had once, when Harley paid her some trifling attentions, manifested her preference in such a striking manner that he could not fail to read the feelings of her heart. These tokens of partiality, instead of being met in the way she anticipated, were received with demonstrations of the most perfect indifference, and the haughty fair one had never forgotten or forgiven the affront. Often had she brooded over it, and solemnly had she vowed to have revenge. There is nothing more fearful and more determined than a slighted woman's vengeance. If the love that once warmed her heart turns to hate, it is a hate of the most bitter and dreadful kind. Years may roll away, and every thing else change, but that feeling of animosity lives on for ever the same, and sooner or later it will cross

the path of its object, and seek to destroy every flower of happiness that blossoms in his heart.

With such feelings as these, it is not surprising that Emma Clay watched with interest every important event in the life of Harley. It happened one day, soon after our hero's last conversation with Wilson, that she questioned the latter respecting his "stately friend." The answer that Frank gave to this question was a betrayal of the confidence that had been reposed in him. Without any fixed principles of right, he thought he had done all that was required of him when he revealed Harley's secret in the confidential manner in which he heard it, and enjoined upon Miss C. the necessity of confining the knowledge to her own bosom. As she listened to the relation, the lady's eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy, and the color of her cheek changed rapidly and repeatedly. For a few moments she seemed under great excitement of feeling, but by the time her admirer had exhausted his store of information, she was calm and collected. The first words she spoke were,

"And Edward Harley, the elegant, the fascinating, and the gifted will marry this low-born, illiterate, and portionless creature?"

"Even so," said Wilson, "he told me the thing was settled. He spoke with exultation of her beauty and gentleness, and is all impatience for the happy day."

Miss Clay's brow was a shade paler than it had been yet during the conversation, and her lip trembled slightly as she said, "That day shall never come."

Then with a sudden and almost startling change in her manner, she turned to her companion, bent her head to his ear and whispered,

"Wilson, you have haunted me for months with a devotion and servility that deserve some recompense. Aid me immediately in a design that I have formed, and you shall be rewarded with my hand and my fortune."

"What aid do you require?" said Frank, startled by her serious earnestness of manner to such a degree that he scarcely noticed the latter part of her speech. "What can I do to serve you, Miss Emma? Any thing within the code of honor I will readily do for one whom I have so long adored."

"Nonsense about the code of honor," said the lady, "all I require of you is to use some stratagem to induce Harley to tear himself from his plebeian charmer, and absent himself from the city for a few days. Do this, and leave the rest to me."

There was some trace of real feeling on Wilson's usually artificial face, as he said, "But Harley is a noble fellow; he has done many a good deed for me, and it will be a severe task to practice deceit to one so open and so generous; will Miss Clay condescend to inform me why his absence is necessary to her plans?"

"No!" was the reply, "if you do not act as I require promptly and perfectly, I will banish you from my presence and never look upon you again."

This threat had the desired effect. The dandy's fickle mind was won to the lady's purpose, and all his effeminacy of manner returned, as he said, "Will Miss Emma

please repeat the promise she so graciously made a few moments since."

"Yes," said the lady, with energy, "I solemnly promise to be yours as soon as this affair is ended to my satisfaction; now leave me."

Obsequiously the fop kissed the hand she coldly extended, and then reluctantly retired.

That same evening as Harley returned at a late hour from the home of his betrothed, he found upon his writing desk a letter, in a strange hand, informing him that his mother, who resided some distance from the city, was lying ill—so ill that her life was despaired of. The letter purported to be from her attending physician, and entreated him, if he had a desire to see his parent again in life to hasten with all possible speed to her bedside.

Poor Harley was shocked beyond description at this intelligence. He loved his mother with the fondest affection, and the news of her approaching dissolution was so sudden and unexpected that it almost deprived him of reason. For a time he sat with the letter in his hand, his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his face pale as marble. As soon as he regained his presence of mind he began to reflect what it was best to do. He could not commence the journey 'till dawn, as the steamboat by which he should have to go to the place of his mother's residence did not start until that hour. Perhaps his revered parent would be dead before he could reach her, the thought was agonizing. And Anna, his beloved, he must leave her without saying farewell! It was too late to think of seeing her again that night, and he must content himself with writing a few lines, to explain the cause of his sudden departure. He seized a pen and rapidly traced the following:

MY DEAREST ANNA:

Intelligence of the most painful nature compels me to leave you, and to leave you without even the blessed privilege of saying farewell! My mother, my only remaining parent, lies at the point of death. I must hasten to her bedside to receive her last blessing, and close her dying eyes. I am distressed beyond measure at this intelligence, and deeply afflicted at thoughts of parting with you. I shall return as soon as fate permits. Until then may all good angels watch over and preserve you to

Your faithful and devoted

EDWARD.

When Harley had finished this letter he began to reflect upon the best means of sending it. As Wilson was acquainted with all the circumstances respecting his approaching marriage, he determined to enclose Anna's letter in one to him, with a request that he would see it safely delivered. After he had done this Harley proceeded more calmly to prepare for his journey. He had a number of arrangements to make, and by the time they were all completed it was dawn. He departed immediately for the boat, which he reached in season, and which soon bore him rapidly from the city. His thoughts were sad enough as he looked back to the fast fading home of his beloved, and forward to the scene of grief that awaited him.

A few hours after Harley's departure, Wilson entered the stately habitation of Miss C. to inform her of the success of his stratagem, and to show her the letter he had been commissioned to deliver to Miss Leslie; what more passed at that interview it is not necessary to mention, but about twilight in the evening of that day the proud heiress, wrapped in a large coarse shawl and wearing a close bonnet, stole from her elegant mansion and hurried swiftly away. With trembling and unsteady steps she sped along until she came to the head of a dark, narrow street, and then casting a timid glance around, as though fearful of being observed, she darted down the lane and was lost to view.

Harley reached the house of his parent, and his surprise may be better imagined than described, when he found her in excellent health, and learned that she had been so for months past. He could scarce believe the evidence of his senses when he found himself clasped in her arms in the heartiest manner, and receiving from her demonstrations of delight at his sudden appearance, that assured him of her health and strength. He tried again and again to convince himself that he was not in a dream, and asked a multitude of questions without waiting for an answer to any of them. At length he was made to understand that his mother had not been ill at all, that there had been no letter dispatched to him for a number of weeks past, and that, in short, he had been most cruelly and shamefully deceived. As soon as he became satisfied of this he began to feel much alarm and anxiety respecting Anna. He could not doubt that some enemy had sought to do him an injury, and he had an indefinite fear that some misfortune was about to befall his betrothed. Influenced by this fear, he determined to return immediately. His poor mother, who had scarcely had time to rejoice at his sudden arrival ere she was called upon to bid him farewell, used all a mother's eloquence to induce him to remain long enough to take food and rest, but her entreaties were vain, and he departed without delay.

After three days absence, Harley found himself again in the city. He proceeded directly to that part of the town where Anna resided. It was evening and the weather extremely oppressive. He had been in a state of nervous excitement all day, and as he turned down the street which led to the well-known dwelling, he took off his hat and wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow. The night air seemed to cool his feverish brain and calm his turbulent thoughts. He slackened his rapid pace and moved in a more deliberate manner. "I am weak minded," said he "to allow myself to be governed by these fearful apprehensions. But three days have elapsed since I saw her, surely nothing evil could have happened in that short space of time." Ah! how he deceived himself; many changes can take place in "that short space of time." Mighty things have been done,—revolutions have been accomplished,—kings dethroned, and empires overthrown in the short space of three days. It is a term of time long enough to destroy the hopes of the happiest mortal that ever lived!

Harley reached the house; he fancied it wore a darker and gloomier aspect than usual; he entered and bounded

up the well-known stairway; with a rap not much more audible than the beating of his own heart, he knocked at the door which had so often admitted him to happiness. He paused,—no sound greeted his ear, no ray of light met his anxious gaze; he rapped again, louder than before; a dull, mournful echo like that from sounds made in an empty room was the only response. He tried the door, it yielded to his touch, but all was darkness within the apartment which had ever before been to him more radiant than the day. In a voice husky with apprehension, he called the name of Anna several times, but there was no answer save the same mournful echo, which sounded now to his excited imagination like a knell for the departed. Unable longer to endure his feelings of suspense, he flew up the stairs which led to the second story of the dwelling, to ascertain, if possible, from the other tenants what had become of his friends. There was a merry party of humble persons assembled in the room to which he proceeded, and their merriment changed to alarm when a strange pale face was thrust suddenly in at the door. But Harley soon made known his business, and asked in the most earnest manner, what had become of the ladies who so recently occupied the lower part of the house. They could only tell him that they had left the day previous, and gone, they knew not whither.

"Then," said Harley, breathing a little more freely, "there was no sickness, no death—you are sure there was no death?"

"Oh, yes, sir, quite sure!" replied a woman who lived in the house, "I saw the ladies yesterday morning before they left. Mrs. Leslie was better than usual, and the young lady, God bless her sweet face, was as well as ever."

Harley then asked the privilege of taking a light to examine the rooms, adding, as he was a friend of Mrs. L. and her daughter, they had probably left some token of farewell. The woman who had before spoken offered to accompany him, and they proceeded together to the desolate apartments. Desolate indeed they were to the eye of the lover, with nothing in them to tell of the departed, and nothing to remove his anxiety of mind. He leaned against the wall for a few moments, and gave way to reflection, but could divine no cause for the sudden removal. He turned to his companion and asked if she knew whether the ladies had received any sudden intelligence previous to their departure.

"No, sir, not that I could find out, but I was afraid they had heard bad news as Miss Anna was more pale and trembling like, than usual, and I saw when she turned back to take another look at the empty rooms, that her eyes were filled with tears."

This information, as may be supposed, only increased Harley's anxiety, and his distress of mind was so evident that the good woman sought to offer consolation. She at last awakened a gleam of hope by suggesting the idea that the landlord might know where they were gone. Harley grasped at this slight chance, and slipping a piece of money into the woman's hand, instantly left the house. He knew that it was a great distance to the landlord's residence, and he felt that he was very weary,

"But what matters that," thought he, "I must learn this night what has become of her." And with that he sped more rapidly along. Almost exhausted with fatigue and anxiety he reached the place. To his earnest inquiries the landlord could only give the same unsatisfactory replies he had heard before. "The ladies sent me no previous intimation of leaving my house," said he, "and the money due me for rent was remitted by post in a note merely stating that circumstances had rendered it necessary for them to seek another habitation." Disappointed and sick at heart Harley turned his footsteps homeward. As he was proceeding slowly along another hope flashed across his mind—she might have sent an explanation to his lodgings. "How careless I was not to think of that before," he mentally exclaimed, as a thrill of happiness animated his frame and invigorated his mind. Arrived at his boarding house, he flew up to his rooms, there were many letters lying upon the table, one after another was opened, with trembling hands, but each brought a disappointment. Tortured in mind, and worn out by fatigue, Harley threw himself upon his bed, hoping a little rest might restore his mind to a state of calmness, and remove the strange feeling of weariness that oppressed him.

The next morning he was found extremely ill, and unconscious of every thing around him. A physician was immediately called in, who pronounced the patient suffering under a severe and serious attack of fever, and said that only the most careful and constant attention could save his life. After prescribing for the sick man, and learning that he had no relative or attendant in the house, the doctor went himself to procure a nurse. About two hours after his departure, a neatly clad, modest looking woman entered the invalid's apartment. Poor Harley! he was in a sad condition, truly. His room fronted a public and noisy street, the rays of an unclouded July sun were streaming in through the uncurtained windows. The articles of furniture were covered with a thick coating of dust, the air was close and suffocating like that of an apartment which has been long closed, and books and articles of clothing were scattered around in sad disorder. The patient lay upon a bed, the coverings of which were dusty and soiled, and altogether the room and its appurtenances presented that comfortless aspect which a bachelor's apartment so often wears.

A few hours after his first visit the doctor called again. After examining the patient he looked around with an air of surprize and satisfaction at the change which had been wrought in the room. The shutters were closed and the windows veiled by a soft looking white drapery. The dust was carefully wiped from the furniture, the books and all other articles were neatly arranged in their proper places. The air was cooled and sweetened by a sprinkling of some delicate perfume. The invalid's pillow was covered with snowy linen, and nicely smoothed, and by his bed-side was a table containing a glass of cooling drink, and other necessaries for his comfort. Not the minutest thing that could in the least alleviate the sufferings of the sick man, had been forgotten by the considerate nurse, and the altered aspect of every thing

around spoke eloquently of woman's gentle care and attention.

For many days poor Harley lay in that burning fever, his head racked by pain and his mind wandering without the aid of reason. The name of Anna Leslie was ever on his lips, and his allusions to her contained evidences of the purest and fondest affection. Now he would seem to be seeking her in the deserted home, and call upon her in the most imploring accents. Then he would appear earnestly searching for a letter or other token of farewell, and murmur all the while at the singularity of not finding what he sought. No one could hear his ravings without feeling the deepest sympathy for the suffering invalid, and the compassionate nurse was often seen to turn away her head and weep.

At length he grew worse; the crisis of his disease approached. There was to be a fearful struggle between health and sickness, life and death. All feared the latter would gain the mastery. It was twilight; the weather was excessively warm; the windows of the invalid's apartment were thrown open, but the air that floated in was hot and oppressive. The sick man lay with the drapery of his bed drawn back and his neck and chest bared that he might have the full benefit of the air. His cheek was crimson with the burning flush, but his brow was pale as marble, and covered with a cold moisture like the dew of death. His eyes were closed, but at intervals the lids were lifted heavily and disclosed the orbs beneath swollen and inflamed to a frightful degree. His breathing was labored and painful, and sometimes it seemed to cease. The doctor sat with his finger upon the fluttering pulse and his eye fixed upon the changing face. The nurse, with her head buried in the drapery, knelt at the foot of the couch. The solitary lamp that burned in the room gleamed with a faint and fitful ray, and seemed itself a type of approaching dissolution. On the heavy night air the sounds of busy life floated up from the street beneath, offering a striking contrast to the silence and gloom of that sick chamber, where death seemed already to be doing his fearful work.

Moments, that seemed hours, passed thus, and then, in a whisper, the doctor spoke. The nurse sprang up and moved noiselessly to his side. "The crisis is over," said he, "his breathing has become more free, and he is sinking into a gentle sleep. You have but to watch him carefully, to see that no sound disturbs his slumber, and he will awake free from pain and danger." With a low "good night, nurse," the doctor then departed, and she who had been thus addressed, sank on her knees and lifted her streaming eyes to heaven. The prayer of gratitude breathed at that moment of thankfulness was as heartfelt, pure, and fervent as any that ever ascended to the throne of Grace.

All through the silent watches of that night the untiring nurse hung over her patient. Not a moment did she slumber, not an instant did she forget her charge. Morning came at last, and with its first faint light the invalid awoke. As had been expected, he was calm and rational. He looked wonderingly around, and said in a faint voice, "How is this? Have I been long ill?"

The nurse went to the window and shut out the little light that came through the closed shutters, and then returned to the bed-side. "Hush," said she in the lowest whisper, "you have been very ill, you have only just eluded the grasp of death, and my orders are not to allow you to speak a word. Soon after, the doctor called, and while he was expressing his gratification at the favorable change in his patient, the nurse stole out of the room, and returned no more.

Harley gradually grew better, but his recovery was greatly retarded by his constant anxiety respecting Anna Leslie, and his passionate desire to learn where she had gone. Seeing that this was preying upon his mind to a serious extent, the doctor informed him, what the reader has no doubt long since suspected, that the gentle and patient nurse who had attended him through the most alarming stage of his illness, was no other than his beloved Anna. Harley's astonishment at the disclosure may be better imagined than described. After that had in some degree subsided, he insisted upon seeing Anna immediately. This, he was told, was impossible, as she had left the house the moment he was pronounced out of danger, and would not return to it again. The doctor then, as he saw no other means of calming the agitated feelings of his patient, gave him the following explanation.

On the evening when Miss Clay stole like a criminal from her home, she proceeded directly to that of Anna Leslie. She there, with falsehoods such as none but the malicious and sinful could invent, represented herself as one who had been long betrothed to Harley. To corroborate this statement she showed the letter which she had procured from Wilson, and which she had basely unsealed, and so adroitly altered that it was made to appear as though intended for herself. The reader may recollect that that letter contained nothing save the single word "Anna" which could prevent the deception. That word had been so easily and successfully altered into "Emma," that only the most minute investigation would have detected the fraud. Poor Anna was pained beyond description at this intelligence, and, for a few moments, it nearly deprived her of reason; but when she began to reflect upon the matter, many doubts arose in her mind respecting the truth of her visitor's statement. But then, again, she was a stranger in the city. Harley had been totally unknown to her until within the short term of a few weeks. He might have had other attachments, and been bound by other engagements, for aught she could know to the contrary, and despite the pure and almost reverential love with which she regarded Harley, she began to fear he had most cruelly and heartlessly deceived her. Was not his leaving the city without sending her a word of explanation, and his fond, fervent letter to another, proof of this?

When Miss Clay had awakened in Anna's mind the belief of her lover's deceitfulness, her heartless task was nearly accomplished. She then, with tears and entreaties and representations of misery, *seemingly* the most truthful and sincere, so wrought upon the victim's generous feelings, that she won from her a promise that she would never see Harley again. This promise was made partly

under the influence of wounded pride, but more because the noble girl had formed a lofty resolution to be no longer a bar to the happiness of her to whom she believed her lover had given his first vows of affection. It was this generous motive that induced her to remove without leaving any trace by which Harley could find her new abode.

It happened singularly enough that the physician who had been called in to attend Harley was the same one who had been employed by Mrs. Leslie. During his first visit, the doctor had been much surprised to hear the unconscious invalid breathing the name of Anna, in mingled terms of love, regret, and sorrow. Suspecting that some misunderstanding had arisen between the young pair, and desirous for the happiness of each to have the matter explained, the benevolent doctor went immediately, after leaving his new patient, to the residence of Mrs. Leslie. His statement of the dangerous situation of Harley was received by Anna with demonstrations of the deepest sorrow. For a few moments she was tortured by a tide of contending feelings, but at length, forgetting all save her pure and holy attachment, she formed a generous determination to do all in her power to aid in preserving that valued life. With an eloquence that could not be resisted she gained her mother's permission to watch over the suffering invalid and minister to his wants. Disguising her features as well as she could, she proceeded without delay to Harley's residence. The reader already knows how well she performed her task, and how much her tender care and untiring vigilance aided in preserving her lover from an untimely grave.

After this long explanation had been made to him, the invalid recovered very rapidly, and was in a few weeks, entirely restored to health. His indignation at those who had endeavored to destroy his happiness was at first excessive, and he constantly threatened the most summary revenge; but Anna, with the generosity of a truly noble and excellent nature, pleaded so eloquently for her enemies, that he at last consented to forgive them.

But they escaped not the punishment that ever waits on crime. Wilson lost his standing in the fashionable circles where he had before held what he considered such an enviable station, and was long afterward shunned and despised by all who heard the dishonorable part he had acted. And after making public his engagement with Miss Clay, and boasting to all his associates of his expected marriage he had the disappointment and mortification of being discarded for another. With the want of principle that characterized her, the heiress broke her plighted faith, and refused to fulfil the promise she had so solemnly made. But her "deeper sinning" was punished by deeper sorrow. She married, after a few weeks acquaintance, a stranger, who represented himself a foreign gentleman of great wealth and distinguished birth, but who was soon after discovered to be a penniless impostor of the most dishonorable character.

Of course, Harley consecrated the life she had saved to Anna Leslie, and that gentle being received the happiness her virtues merited, and ever enjoyed that sunshine of the heart which none but the good can know.

From the Scottish Journal.
BETTY'S MARRIAGE.

There lived in a county not a thousand miles from Edinburgh, a decent farmer, who, by patient industry and frugality, and without being avaricious, had made himself easy in circumstances. He enjoyed life without being profuse, for he tempered his enjoyments with moderation. At the age of sixty he still retained the bloom of health on his cheek. He lived till that age a bachelor; but his household affairs were regulated by a young woman, whose attentive zeal for her master's interest made it easy for him to enjoy his home without a wife. She was only in the character of his humble servant, but she was virtuous and prudent. Betty allotted the tasks to the servants of the house; performed the labor within doors during harvest, when all the others were engaged; she saw every thing kept in order, and regulated all with strict regard to economy and cleanliness. She had the singular good fortune to be at once beloved by her fellow-servants as well as respected and trusted by her master. Her master even consulted her in matters where he knew she could give advice, and found it often his interest to do so. But her modesty was such, that she never tendered her advices gratuitously. Prudence regulated all her actions, and she kept the most respectful distance from her master. She paid all attention to his wants and wishes, nor could a wife or daughter have been more attentive. When he happened to be from home, it was her province to wait upon him when he returned, provide his refreshment, and administer to all his wants. Then she told him the occurrences of the day, and the work done. It did not escape her master's observation, however, that, though she was anxious to relate the truth, she still strove to extenuate and hide the faults of those who had committed misdemeanors. Her whole conduct was such, that, for the period of fifteen years, the breath of slander dared not to hazard a whisper against her.

It happened, however, that a certain maiden lady in the neighborhood had cast an eye upon the farmer. She was the niece of a bachelor minister, and lived at the manse in the character of house-keeper. But with all opportunity to become a competitor with Betty, she could never gain her character. Those people who want personal attractions take strange means of paying court, and endeavor to open the way for themselves.

What they cannot effect by treaty, they endeavor to do by supping. Scandal is their magazine, by which they attempt to clear their way from all obstructions. The maiden lady made some sinister remarks, in such a way, and in such a place, as were sure to reach the farmer's ear. The farmer was nearly as much interested for the character of his servant as he was for his own, and so soon as he discovered the authoress, made her a suitable return. But he made ample amends to Betty for the injury she had suffered, and at the same time rewarded her for her services, by taking her for his wife. By this event the lady, whose intentions had been well understood, and who had thought of aggrandising herself at the expense and ruin of poor Betty, found that she had contributed the very means to advance her to the realization of a fortune she had never hoped for. May all intermeddlers of the same cast have the same punishment—they are pests to society.

Betty's success had created some speculation in the country. Though every one agreed that Betty deserved her fortune, it was often wondered how such a modest unassuming girl had softened the heart of the bachelor, who, it was thought, was rather flinty in regard to the fair sex. Betty had an acquaintance who was situated in nearly the same circumstances as herself, in being at the head of a bachelor farmer's house, but it would appear she had formed a design of conquering her master. If Betty used artifice, however, it was without design. But her neighbor could not, it would appear, believe she had brought the matter to a bearing without some stratagem, and she wished Betty to tell her how she had gone about "courting the old man." There was, withal, so much native simplicity about Betty, and the manner of relating her own courtship and marriage is so like herself, that it would lose its naivete unless it was told in her own homely Scotch way. Betty, into all, had a lisp in her speech, that is, a defect of voice by which the *s* is always pronounced as *th*, which added a still deeper shade of simplicity to her manner; but it would be trifling to suit the orthography to that common defect. The reader can easily suppose that he hears Betty lisping, while she is relating her story to her attentive friend:—

"Weel, Betty," says her acquaintance, "come, gie ma a sketch, an' tell me a' about it, for I may hae a chance mysel. We dinna ken what's afore us. We're no the waur o' haein' somebody to tell us the road when we dinna ken a' the cruiks and thraws in't." "Deed," says Betty, "there was little about it ava.' Our maister was awa' at the fair ae day, selling the lambs, and it was gey late afore he cam home.—Our maister very seldom stays late, for he's a douce man as can be. Weel, ye see, he was mair hearty than I had seen him for a lang time, but I opine he had a gude market for his lambs, and there's room for excuse when ane drives a gude bargain. Indeed, to tell even doon truth, he had rather better than a wee drop in his e'e. It was my usual to sit up till he cam hame, when he was awa'.—When he came in and gaed up stairs, he fand his supper ready for him. 'Betty,' says he, very saft like. 'Sir,' says I. 'Betty,' says he, 'what has been gaun on the day?—a's right. I hoop?' 'Ou ay, sir,' says I. 'Verra weel, verro weel,' says he, in his ain canny way. He gae me a clap on the shoulder, and said I was a gude la-sie. When I had telt him a' that had been done through the day, just as I aye did, he gae me anither clap on the shoulder, and said he was a fortunat man to hae sic a careful person about the house. I never had heard him say as muckle to my face before, though he often said mair ahint my back. I really thoct he was fey. Our maister, when he had got his supper finished, began to be verro joky ways, and said that I was baith a gude and bonnie lassie. I kent that folks arna themselves whan in drink, and they say rather mair than they wad do if they were sober. Sae I cam away doon into the kitchen. Na, my maister never offered to kiss me: he was ower modest a man for that.

Two or three days after that, our maister cam into the kitchen.—'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he, 'come up stairs: I want to speak t'ye,' says he. 'Very weel, sir,' says I. Sae I went up stairs after him, thinking a' the road that he was gaun to tell me something about the feeding o' the swine, or killing the heifer or something like that. But when he telt me to sit down, I saw there was something serious, for he never had me sit down afore but ance, and that was when he was gaun to Glasgow fair. 'Betty,' says he, 'ye hae been lang a servant to me,' says he, 'and a gude and honest servant. Since ye're sae gude a servant, I aften think ye'll make a better wife. Hae ye ony objection to be a wife, Betty?' says he. 'I dinna ken, sir,' says I; 'a body canna just say how they like a bargain till they see the article.'—'Weel, Betty,' says he, 'ye're very right there again. I hae had ye for a servant these fifteen years, and I never knew that I could find fault wi' ye for ony thing. Ye're carfu', honest and attentive, and——' 'Oh, sir,' says I, 'ye always paid me for't, and it was only my duty.' 'Weel, weel,' says he, 'Betty, that's true; but then I mean to make amends to ye for the evil speculation that Tibby Langtongue raised about you and me, and forby, the world are taking the same liberty; sae to stop a' their mouths, you and I shall be married.' 'Very weel, sir,' says I; for what could I say?

Our maister looks into the kitchen anither day, an' says—'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he, 'I am gaun to gie in our names to be cried in the kirk this and next sabbath.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

About eight days after this, our maister says to me—'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'I think,' says he, 'we will hae the marriage put ower neist Friday, if he hae no objection.' 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. 'And ye'll tak the grey yad, and gang to the town on Monday, an' get your

bits o' wedding brows. I hae spoken to Mr. Cheap, the draper, and ye can tak off ony thing ye want, an' please yoursel, for I canna get awa, the day.' 'Very weel, sir,' says I.

Sae I gaed awa' to the toun on Monday, an' bought some wee bits o' things; but I had plenty o' clues, and I couldna think o' being 'strava-gant. I took them to the manty-maker to get made, and they were sent hame on Thursday.

On Thursday night our maister says to me—'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I—'To-morrow is our wedding-day,' says he; 'an' ye maun see that a' things are prepared for the denner,' says he; 'an' see every thing dune yoursel,' says he; 'for I expect some company, an' I wad like to see every thing neat an' tidy in your ain way,' say he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I.

I had never then a serious thought about the matter till now, and I began to consider that I must exert mysel to please my maister and the company. Sae I got every thing in readiness, and got every thing clean; I couldna think ought was dune right, except my ain hand was in't.

On Friday morning our maister says to me—'Betty,' says he—'Sir,' says I. 'Go away and get yoursel dressed,' says he; 'for the company will soon be here, an' ye maun be decent. An' ye maun stay in the room up stairs,' says he, 'til ye're sent for,' says he. 'Verra weel, Sir' says I. But there was sic a great deal to do, and sae mony gran' dishes to prepare for the denner to the company, that I could not get awa', and the hail folk were come afore I got mysel dressed.

Our maister cam doua stairs, and telt me to go up that instant and dress mysel, for the minister was just comin down the loan. Sae I was obliged to leave every thing to the rest of the servants, an' gang up stairs an' put on my claes.

When I was wanted, Mr. Brown o' the Haashy-brae cam an took me into the room among a' the gran' folk of the minister. I was maist like to fent, for I never saw sae mony gran' folk thegither a' my born days afore, an' I didna ken whar to look. At last our maister took me by the han', an' I was greatly relieved. The minister said a great deal to us, but I canna mind it a', and then he said a prayer. After this, I thought I should hae been worried wi' folk kissing me; mony a yin shook hands wi' me I had never seen afore, and wished me much joy.

After the ceremony was ower, I slipped awa' down into the kitchen again among the rest o' the servants, to see if the denner was right.—But in a wee time, our maister cam into the kitchen, an' says—'Betty,' says he,—'Sir,' says I—'Betty,' says he; 'ye must consider that you're no longer my servant, but my wife,' says he; 'and therefore ye must come up stairs and sit among the rest o' the company,' says he. 'Verra weel, sir,' says I. Sae what could I do but gang up stairs to the rest o' the company, an' sit down among them?

Sae, Jean, that was a' that was about my courtship an' marriage."

Original.

BIDDY WOODHULL;*

OR, THE PRETTY HAY-MAKER.

A TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'LAFITTE,' 'CAPT. KYD,' 'THE QUADROON,' 'BURTON,' ETC., ETC.

PART VI.

MORRIS' blooded bays dashed along the turnpike towards Harlem, at a rate that soon brought him to the stage-inn door. The red headed Scotch ostler, leaving a horse that he was rubbing down, sprung to their heads, while all the loafers that usually lounged in the bar and about the door, crowded up to see what had occasioned such a hurried arrival, and to gaze at the foaming animals.

"Wull I gie them a cule sponging, sir?" asked Jamie; "it's a warm day for sic fat cattle to be on the road."

"No, no! I shall not stop," said Edward with impatience, and looking angrily around upon the crowd of loafers who stood staring at him and his horses. "Were you here when the Chester stage came in, ostler?" he asked him in an under tone, "and did you notice a pretty young woman in it?"

"I diinna aften tak, notice o' bonny lasses i' stago coaches, gude frien," said Jamie, affecting an indifferant tone. "What, now, would ye be willin' to gi'e a body for the ienformation?"

Morris could not help smiling at the Scotchman's shrewdness, and handed him a quarter of dollar. Jamie took "the siller" in his bonny palm, tried it between his teeth, inspected closely the stamp, and then, as if satisfied of its currency, deliberately took from his trowsers pocket the thumb of an old leather glove, and added it to a small store of coin which it contained. Then returning his treasure to the receptacle from which he had drawn it forth, he looked shrewdly yet coolly up into Edward's face, and said in his characteristic dry tone—

"Sao, it's a bonny lass ye're speerin after, maister?"

"Yes; did you notice one in the stago?"

"Perhaps I did. Had she black een?"

"Yes, very dark black eyes!"

"Was she aboot sixteen or thereaway?" interrogated the deliberate Jamie.

"Yes. I want to know if she continued on with the stage, or got out here."

"Had the lassie a wee bundle wi' her?"

"Yes—I dare say—yes;" at length replied Edward, with an impatience to which the philosophical Jamie was quite insensible.

"Weel, then, I believe that I did see the lass, mon! I mind her bonny black een, weel! She wouldn't alicht, but sat quiet i' the coach 'till Deck the couch-mon changed the cattle. I mind her weel, man."

"Then she kept on to the city?" said Morris, making a sign to John to start forward.

"At to hersel' keepin' on to the ceety, I wunna just answer to aver to ye," replied Jamie, stopping aside from the horses' heads, as he saw John was about to move, "but she left the inn, inside the coach, and doubtless kept her seat 'till she got to the toon."

Edward was twenty feet off as the last words reached his ears, and moving at the rate of twelve miles an hour towards town. Whoever has had the happiness to drive a pair of fast trotting horses on that delightful pleasure course, the Third Avenue, will easily form an idea of the fleetness with which our hero, having an object so important in view, was whirled over it towards the city. If his horses did not fling the miles behind them "like paving-stones," as his Irish ostler promised they would, they seemed to fly over them with winged hoofs! At length they approached the great city with its hundred graceful spires, towers and gothic turrets, and soon afterwards turned from the avenue into that great artery of the city, the thronged and noisy Bowery! It now, for the first time, occurred to Morris, that he had, in his impatience to proceed, neglected to inquire at Harlem, where the West Chester stage put up. This he now felt was very important for him to know, as from that point his search for the lovely runaway was to commence.

"John," he said abruptly, as his servant guided the horses along the intricate and devious passages formed by the numerous vehicles moving in every direction.

"Sir," answered John, touching his hat with his whip hand.

"Stop at the first stago office where I can inquire where the West Chester stage puts out its passongers."

"Oh, I can tell you that, sir," said John, who, until they reached Fordham, had wondered what had caused his master to start so suddenly for town; and who, since he had learned his object by his inquiries, had been puzzled to learn why the moral and staid young Edward Morris should be thus openly engaged in pursuit of a young girl "with a bundle." Morris, however, had not seen fit to make John his confidant, and so the valet continued in his mystification, though with a very natural curiosity to know in what this extraordinary pursuit was likely to terminate. "It's No. 21, Bowery, sir," added John.

"Then drive thither without delay," said Morris, his mind very much relieved.

What with the detentions caused by omnibusses and rail-cars, it seemed a long time to the impatient young lover before John at length drew up before a low, straw-colored wooden building, just below the theatre on the east side of the way, with "No. 21, Bowery," painted in large letters on the front. An awning stretched over the sidewalk, and beneath it. Round a door leading into a bar-room, sat several loungers and loafers, and idle stage-drivers. Edward's dashing equipage and fine horses instantly drew the attention of two or three of the latter, and they got up to look at it with professional admiration and curiosity. Without heeding them, Edward sprang out, and entered the low bar-room which was also used as a stage-office. Two or three women and an old farmer were seated there, waiting for stagoes.

* Concluded from page 208.

He glanced round upon them as he entered, as if he expected to see there the object of his pursuit; while instantly his thoughts revolted at the idea of finding her in such a place. A stout man, with a "mine host" like look, was writing on a scrap of paper at a little desk behind the bar.

"Does the stage from West Chester County stop here, sir?" he asked of this functionary.

The man neither lifted his eyes nor his pen, and replied mechanically, "Yes."

"Can you tell me, sir," continued Edward, whose own ardor of feeling was chilled by this indifference to his solicitous inquiry, and he spoke now with a respectful deference, that he thought would draw a more civil reply from the absorbed agent or landlord. The man's ear was not insensible to the gentlemanly tone of his voice, and looking up, and seeing Morris, laid down his pen, and said with an apologetic smile—

"Beg, pardon, sir, what did you wish?"

"Can you tell me if a young person—that is, a young lady, came in the Chester stage this morning?"

"Well, I cant, as I was to breakfast when Dick Sherwood got in; but I can see Dick, and let you know, sir."

"I'm sorry to put you to any trouble, sir."

"Oh, none at all, sir! Dick's just at the door. Ho, there, boys, is Chester Dick there?" he hallooed to those on the side-walk, looking at, and commenting upon Edward's horses.

"What's that, Mister Corney?" officiously asked a ragged fellow with a watery eye, a round rubicund face, and one of those good-natured smiles one often sees on the features of those wrecked whole-soul'd fellows, who have been ruined by being such "devilish good hearted chaps." It was Tom Conklin, who had a heart like a baby, and would drink with any body that would kindly ask him. Tom had a sort of tenancy for life, of the bar-room by day, and a bed in the stable at night, through the summer months; but in winter, he sought the shelter of the almshouse! Tom was always about the door, and always contrived, when any one came in to drink, to say a civil word to him, tell him that "his pocket ha'kerchief was out, and the boys might pick it," or that he might lose "that paper in his waistcoat pocket;" or he would see, or pretend to see a little flour or dust on the com'er-in's coat behind, and offering to brush it off. So, as men who go to bars to drink, always prefer drinking with somebody than drinking alone; poor Tom Conklin got many an invitation between sunrise and sunset. Thus Tom got along with the drinking part of his living; and by keeping on good terms with the cooks of one or two taverns near by, he got a plate now and then, of cold meat and bread. Tom, however, was always obliging, and ready to do any service for any body that needed it! bring a pitcher of water for the bar, clean the "agents'" boots; got the milk from the yelling milkman, and bring it to the maid in the door, and other such little matters. Sometimes he would hold a horse, or do some other service for a gentleman, and get money instead of rum. But Tom was one of those "whole souls," and he had a great deal

rather have had a drink with, and from the one he served, than take money; for he loved social feeling to which, alas, for poor Tom, he had become the pitiable victim! Tom had twenty thousand dollars left him at twenty-one, and what with his "social feelings" and dissipated associates, he had not a dollar left at twenty-five. So he became the poor creature that he now was! Poor Tom! poor devil! equally to be despised and pitied, would that thou wert alone in thy sad and degraded estate!

"Vot's wanted, Mister Corney?" asked Tom, who on seeing Edward enter the office, had followed him. "Can I do any thing for you, sir?" he added, touching his ragged beaver, and smiling insinuatingly.

Edward glanced at him with an emotion of pain and commiseration, as he replied, "No, poor fellow."

"I *am* a poor fellow, that's a pos', mister," said Tom, with his best-humored smile, "a d—n poor fellow. S'p'ose we take a drink, coz I likes your looks! I knows vot a gent'leman is, havin' been one myself, you see; but it's a d—n loafer I've got to be now! But happy go lucky! Vot'll you drink, master?"

"I never take any thing quite so early," said Edward, with a smile of pity.

"I don't keep no watch, now, and liquor is liquor at all sorts o'clock! I likes it whenever I can get it! Come, let's take a little som'at for old acquaintance."

"I don't recollect that I ever saw you before," said Morris, staring.

"That's nothin' here nor there! God put us all into this world strangers to one another, for us all to make each other's acquaintance! Come, Mr. Corney, hand down the 'canter."

"Don't pester the gentleman, Tom. You know you can't pay if he would condescend to drink."

"Pay! Think I'd drink with a gen'leman and he'd let me pay? The gen'leman will not let me pay if I axes him to drink!"

"Is Dick Sherwood out there, Tom?" asked the agent.

"No, he's jiss gone home."

"Did you see the stage stop here?"

"Yes. But now, Corney, if you want to pump me," said Tom, humorously, "put some liquor into me first, or I'm d—d if the pump won't suck!"

The bar-keeper laughingly poured him out a dram, which Tom took off after nodding and touching his hat to Morris, who, from a fixed principle which it is to be regretted did not more generally influence gentlemen in such cases, resolved not to pay for any thing for him to drink. Doubtless Tom thought him only half-souled, and the bar-keeper, avaricious, if not mean!

"Well, that's good liquor. Yes, I seed Dick when he druv up to the curb-stone!"

"Did all the passengers get out here?" asked Edward, eagerly.

Tom squinted at him out of one corner of his eye as much as to say, "No go, young un! You don't come the catechism over Tom Conklin." Edward very quickly understood him, and placed a *douceur* in his hand, that produced a magic effect upon Tom's aspect.

"That's the right tongue-oil, master!" said Tom, sticking it in his mouth for want of a sound pocket; "Now fire away!"

"Was there a young lady got out here?"

"I seed a young vooman as would ha' been a lady if as how she hadn't a bundle," said Tom.

"That is the one. Where did she go?"

"I seed Dick tell a nigger to take her bundle, and show her some place she wanted to find."

"Did you learn what place?"

"No, but I guess Dick could tell."

"And she went with the negro?"

"Not cozactly with him, coz he went ahead, and she behind," replied Tom, with a gravity that made Morris smile, notwithstanding his anxiety to discover his pretty hay-maker.

"What direction did she take?"

"Down Bowery."

"Where is this driver to be found, sir?" inquired Edward of the bar-keeper.

"At his house, I expect, but I don't know where it is."

"I knows, sir," said Tom, "if the gentleman'll follow me. It's number five, Bayard Street—a ricketty wooden house, with the up-stairs all tumbling down stairs, that would a been burned up long ago, if the fire had not been ashamed to be seen burnin' sich a hedifice."

"Thank you," said Edward, leaving the bar-room; and hastily crossing the side-walk, he sprung into his buggy, and bade John drive down to Bayard Street, which was the next corner.

"There goes a rum un," said one of the stage-drivers; "he thinks horseflesh is made o' Ingy rubber and whalebone. I never see horses druv that devil-behind-catch-me way! It makes me mad to see good animals abused so, jiss for a fellow with a strait coat and kid gloves!"

"He's got som'at to drive for," said Tom, making his appearance. "He's after a young vooman as is run away, I reckon, and come to town in Dick's coach."

"I saw the girl, and a fine pretty one she was, too," said another of the men; "and she was poor, too, I guess, for Dick give a nigger a sixpence for showing her some place she was after."

"Them horses is worth all the young women in York," said the first stage-driver; "I wouldn't drive 'em so for any on 'em, I'll be blest!"

"Not even for Jane Bailey, Barney," said Tom, winking round.

Barney's red face looked more crimson still, and he levelled a blow of his whip at Tom's head amid the laughter of his companions. But Tom dodged it from long practice, and it descended obliquely, with all its force, upon the shins of the rascally negro who had guided Biddy to the Intelligence office. He set up a yell of pain, and danced round on the side-walk, for a few seconds, as if he had stepped in boiling water.

"Keep it up, darkey! that's y'er sort! jump Jim Crow," cried Tom, with delight, as much at his own escape as at the other's suffering and antics. "When

you get tired, nig, come in and take a drink! D—— me if I'm ashamed to drink with a nigger who's prove so good a friend, if he is black! I'm no abolitionist though! Come along, Cuffee! I've got the brass! Here, Corney, go in and give us a dram! Hullo, boys, come along! I've got a quarter, and so let's have a treat all round! Hang the expense! What's money for, if it a'nt to spend! Come, boys, step up, and let Tom Conklin treat!"

Scarcely one present declined the invitation to drink, and so Morris' generosity contributed to the inebriation of half a dozen, instead of one, as would have been its limit, had he paid for a drink for Tom, which he would have been as well satisfied with as with the quarter. But this does not affect the principle by which he was governed. In one instance, though the evil would have been less, he would have been morally culpable; in the other, though the evil was greater, he was blameless! Uprightness and integrity of principle and action, are always safest; the effects must be left to themselves!

Passengers in the street, and neighbors from the opposite window, gazed with surprise and curiosity to see a handsome equipage, with a man in livery, draw up in Bayard Street, before No. 5, and a fashionable young gentleman alight, and survey, with some hesitation, the premises, previous to entering them. Tom's description of the old wooden cluster of houses was not exaggerated; and those who have seen them, will not think it surprising Edward should pause. They were an old wooden row, black, and out of repair, with broken steps and windows, and inhabited, seemingly, by a dozen tenants. At No. 5, which was about the midst of the buildings, was a sort of stoop, over which hung a dirty sign, with a boot painted on it.

"Is this the house of Mr. Sherwood, the stage-driver?" asked Edward of a woman, sitting with a child on her lap, in one of two doors which seemed equally to lay claim to No. 5.

"No, yer honor," she screamed; "it's number fave he lives, the nix' door up stair! Go right up them little steps on the stoop, yer honor, and thin ye'll see the stair right afore ye! Is't washin' doon ye want?"

"No," said Edward, and turned to obey her direction; but the stairs before him were so one-sided, that he hesitated to ascend them, and he knocked on the wainscot with his knuckles. A little girl, cleanly and neatly dressed, came to the head of the stairs, and he asked her if Mr. Sherwood lived there.

"Yes, sir. Papa," she called, "here's somebody come to see you."

"Ask him to come up," answered the voice of honest Dick, as if his mouth was full of his breakfast; "tell 'em to mind and not break their necks on the stairs!"

Edward thought the caution was very necessary, and carefully ascended to the landing, when, through an open door, he saw the stage-driver seated at his breakfast. He stopped in doubt, whether to advance or not, when Dick, turning round, and seeing him, instantly got up from the table, while his wife bustled about for a chair.

"Oh, sir, I beg pardon; I thought it some of the

boys from 21. Walk in, sir. It's a poor place for a gentleman to come into—but it's the best I can afford these hard times, sir! These railroads and steamboats destroy the poor coachman, sir! Please to sit down! Wife, dust the chair for the gentleman!"

Edward entered the room, which was neat, and better furnished than the outward appearance of the house promised, and took a chair, which the tidy Mrs. Sherwood wiped out for him with her check apron.

"I fear I am an intruder," said Morris, "but I called to ask about a young woman, who came down from the country in the stage this morning."

Oh, yes! Wife! and I was just this minute talking about her! Didn't I tell you, wife, how I thought after she left the stage, she was a respectable young person, as run away from her home—she was so pretty and lady-like! You know'd her, sir?"

"Can you tell me any thing about her?" asked Morris eagerly.

"Well, all I know, sir, is, that seeing as how she was alone, and a stranger like in the city and being so gentle and pleasant, I took a liking to her, and asked her where she wanted to go, and she said to some Intelligence office!"

"Good Heaven! I may then be too late!" exclaimed Edward with a sudden energy, that surprized them.

"She is your relation, sir, perhaps," ventured Sherwood.

"No—but I feel an interest in her welfare."

"So would any body, I'm sure, sir."

"What Intelligence office did she go to?"

"I can't tell that, as I couldn't go with her myself, as I would ha' liked to, she was such a young and innocent thing, and so paid a nigger to show her one, as she, poor thing, hadn't any money but a short shillin', which I wouldn't take from her. She paid me four ten cent-pieces, instead of a half a dollar, but then I'll gladly make this up to the company, out o' my own pocket."

"You are very kind, sir," said Morris, with grateful emotion. "She—that is, I—will yet remember your disinterested generosity. Can you give me no clue to find where she went?"

"I can if I see that nigger, Jim Johnson, that went with her, and carried her bundle for her."

"Could you not find him, sir? Think! I will amply reward your trouble."

"I don't want to be paid, sir; I'd do any thing for her I thought would benefit her. Sam is always loafin' about the stage office, sir, when he han't money; but just as sure as he gets a sixpence, he streaks it off to Five Points to spree it out! I'll go up with you, sir, to Twenty-one, and see if he is about there. If I can find him, you can easily find out where she is!"

"I am very sorry, sir, to interrupt your breakfast," said Edward; "but if you will go up there with me, I will make it worth your while."

"I don't mind the trouble, sir, for I'd like to have the young woman found, and better taken care of than with her pretty face she can take care of herself, in this wicked city. Betty, wife, just put my breakfast to the

fire; I'll be back in a quarter of an hour. Come, sir, I will go with you, and if Jim's to be found, I'll find him!"

Morris thanked him for his readiness, while he felt grateful to him for the honest and kind-hearted interest he took in the lovely fugitive, who, as he learned more and more of her trials, grew more and more dear to him.

"John, you may drive back to No. 21," he said, as he regained the street; "I will walk there with you, Mr. Sherwood."

When Dick saw the fine establishment in which our hero drove to his dwelling, and saw with a practiced eye the blood of the horses, he, insensibly to himself, showed more alacrity to serve him. Dick liked a good horse, and from the animal, always felt disposed to his admiration to the owner.

"Sam Johnson, however, was not to be found about the stage office, nor in the precincts! He had left, Tom Conklin said, after his drink, and taken the direction towards Chatham Street.

"He's gone to the Five Points, sir," said Dick; "but if you was willing to go there, you might as well expect to find a fat horse in an omnibus, as find Sam, once he gets into them dark holes there!"

"I would willingly drive there, and make the search," said Morris, with a look of disappointment.

"No, I'll tell you the best course to take," said Dick, brightening up at the idea; "I know the nigger is too lazy to go far for an Intelligence office, if he could find one near; besides, I know he wa'n't long afore he came back to me for the sixpence I promised to give him, if he took the young woman safely to one. So I think the best way'll be to go to the nearest one, and so on, 'till you find the right one. This can be sooner done than finding the nigger."

"You are right, my good friend," said Morris. "I will do so."

"You'll find a directory in the office, sir," said Dick, "and it'll show you the number and street of all the 'telligence offices. Look for them as is in the Chatham Street direction, for that's the course Jim took her. Perhaps she may have gone to the "benevolent" office, in Broadway, near Canal."

In a few minutes, Edward had pencilled down in his pocket-book the number of a dozen offices, and returned to his buggy.

"I thank you for your kindness," he said to Sherwood, who stood patting the off horse on the neck; "do me the favor to accept this," and he thrust a five dollar note into his hand.

"No, I am obliged to you, sir," said Dick, bluntly; "I never likes to be paid for doing any body such a service as this; I'd rather you'd give me a good hearty shake o' the hand, if it's the same to you."

"I'll do both," said Edward, laughing, and grasping his hand. "Good bye! I'll not forget you, though, for all that."

Thus speaking, he got into his buggy, bade John drive first through Walker Street to the office founded by a

benevolent society, to assist, gratuitously, servants to situations. On alighting before the door, which was thronged with persons of both sexes, who looked at him as he entered the thronged room, anxiously, as if he might have come for one of themselves. An old, benevolent gentleman, with rough but kind manners, presided at a little desk like the patriarch of the promiscuous and motley flock.

"Sir," said Edward, "is there a young woman here by the name of Woodhull, who came to town in the morning stage?"

"Woodhull?" said the old gentleman, looking round, and then lifting up his voice so as to reach into the farther of the two rooms into which his office was divided; "is there a young woman here by the name of Woodhull? What's her other name, sir?"

"Biddy or Bridget," answered Morris, with embarrassment.

"Bridget Woodhull, answer to your name?" added the old man.

There was a deep silence prevailed through the office, and Edward began to despair! There was, at least, fifty females, of all ages and varieties of appearance, seated on benches along the sides of both rooms; perhaps Biddy might be there, and afraid or ashamed to answer to her real name.

"Shall I look through the office, sir?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, to be sure! Take off your veils, and show your faces, all you that have honest ones," said the old gentleman, smiling; "this person wants to see if any of you an't Bridget Woodhull. Edward walked through the rooms, and gave a hasty glance at each countenance, some of them smiling, some cross, others saucy, and others anxious and expecting, but he saw no one there that looked like the pretty hay-maker.

"Should such a person call here," he said to the director, "I would be obliged to you to send me word, and detain her. Here is my address."

Certainly, Mr. Morris; I will do so. Are you a subscriber?"

"Subscriber?"

"Yes, to the society. Every subscriber can have the choice of servants 'till they are suited for a whole year, without additional expense; and all warranted good and faithful domestics."

"Oh, yes, I understand you! but I don't want a servant just now."

"Oh, very well—if you take this Bridget, of course you'll subscribe?"

"Certainly, sir, in that case," said Morris, confused. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Morris; I will look out for her. Do you want her for a nurse, or chambermaid?"

"Confound the old fellow," exclaimed Morris, getting into his buggy, with a heightened cheek! "Am I really in love with, and in pursuit of a possible chambermaid! Well, I will not stop to think about it—for I feel afraid of reflection upon my present pursuit! I must fulfil my destiny, and since it is that this sweet hay-maker hath involved it in her's! See her—find her I must!"

"Where shall I drive now, sir?" asked John, with a covert smile, which the sensitive young man instantly understood; he hesitated, colored, and then said sharply—

"To the stables, and put up your horses; but be ready to leave town at any moment. I will walk the rest of the way I have to go."

With these words, Morris sprung to the ground, and John drove alone off in the direction of Crosby Street. "And am I really engaged in a pursuit that I am ashamed to confess to my valet?" he asked of himself, as his horses turned down Grand Street. I will persevere, however. If she be all my memory and dreams have made her, she is well worthy all my efforts to rescue her. She is lovely, spirited, and all innocence! I will not delay another moment, but seek her through every Intelligence office in town, but what I will find her!" With this generous determination he proceeded down Broadway to Walker Street, and stopped at a neat little office with No. 68 over the door. A young, pleasant, smiling man, of genteel appearance, stood at the desk, laughing and talking with a fine-looking English girl, while three or four others were seated. Every eye was upon him, and the girls put on their best looks; while the one with whom the office-keeper had been conversing, perhaps to while away the time, wreathed her face in her finest smile, to attract Edward's regard, as if she meant to get a place through the recommendation of her good looks. Edward, however, paid no attention to her; but slightly glancing round the office, and not seeing her whom he sought, turned and asked the gentleman at the desk, if she had been there.

"No, there has been no such person here, sir," said Mr. Scudderford, politely, and with a look as if trying to recollect.

"I would thank you, if such a young woman should come, you would instantly send me word," he said, giving his address to him.

"I will certainly do so," said the obliging proprietor, and Edward left the office.

After visiting three other Intelligence offices with equal success, he believed he should have to give up the present pursuit of her, and go in pursuit, with Dick Sherwood's assistance, to recognize him of the negro, Jim Johnson. While deliberating whether to take this step or not, he looked at his list, and found that there were but two more offices to be visited. One of these was in so obscure and disreputable a street, that although it was not far from where he then was, he thought impossible, and shuddered at the idea that she could have gone there; the other was in a more respectable portion of the city. "It is possible," he thought to himself, "that a negro who frequents the Five Points, would, from congenial taste, guide a person to this low place, rather than to the more respectable one. I will try there! Am I indeed in my senses? Am I Edward Morris in person—to be seeking through the purlieus of infamy for a girl, whom I have seen but twice, with the intention, if I find her, of making her my wife! I will suppress thought and act, and leave the issue to time, and the result of my research."

He now entered this street, disgusted with the filth and the squalid poverty and unkennelled vice of the occupants of its hundred collars and miserable chambers. At length he saw before him the flashy tenement of Beal Tucker, with the sign of Intelligence office swinging above the door, the first sight of which, two hours previous, had filled Biddy's thoughts with instant hopes of "places." So long had Morris been engaged in his indefatigable search, that it was already nearly two o'clock when he finally came to this office. Beal Tucker had, but ten minutes before, despatched Biddy from his room, up stairs, to Chamber Street, with her ragged, freckled, saucy little rascal of a guide. He had eaten his dinner, and already re-opened his shop, where however, but two or three girls had appeared, who had not been there in the morning, and so did not hear him say he should not be open 'till two. But Beal had succeeded in his little business affair with Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, sooner, and more successfully than he had anticipated he should do before he left his office to call on that interesting young gentleman. He was now shut in his little desk or "counting room," as he dignified it, engaged, alternately, in thinking on his fifty dollars *in case*, and anticipating his fifty, perhaps hundred and fifty, *in posse*!

"Good day's job!" he said, rubbing his hands together! "Ah, here's a customer! Not a family man, I see, by his looks! He don't want any women folks! Don't look as if he wanted a mistress, neither, he, he, he! Perhaps he wants a man servant! Sir, your most obedient! Fine day, sir!" he said, as Morris entered the low room.

"Yes," said Morris, coldly and haughtily, at once taking a decided dislike to him.

Beal wasn't much gratified by his manner, and his heart reciprocated Morris' antipathy. The causes of impulsive dislike between strangers, at first sight, is a theme that deserves to enlist the ablest writer on metaphysical philosophy. Swedenborg, we believe, has accounted for every emotion and impulse of the human mind but this! Is it connected, remotely, with animal magnetism? Will Mr. Dawes or Doctor Collier answer? There might have been some secret spring upon which the sympathies of their knowledge of Biddy—the one for evil, the other for good, met on common ground! But we stop, for we feel we are encroaching upon the mystic regions of transcendentalism, and plunging into its abysses of metaphysical obscurity!

"Can you tell me?" asked Edward, with as much grace of speech as his dislike for Mr. Tucker would let him use, "if a young woman, calling herself Bridget Woodhull, has been here to-day, seeking a place?"

Instantly Beal Tucker's keenest faculties were set, for he felt he had a part to play. Edward's appearance, and the gravity with which he made the inquiry, showed him that he was the young girl's friend, and would be, if he was not already, her honorable protector. Perhaps a cousin, or some poor distant relation, thought he. Perhaps a real young lady disguised! A hundred surmises ran through his active mind in the interval between Morris' question, and his reply; but his determi-

nation to conceal his knowledge of Biddy, remained firm as it had been instant in its formation!

"Biddy Woodhull," he repeated, in a doubtful tone, looking round his office, and seeing that those present had not seen her when she was there, "let me see, I think there was some such person here yesterday."

"No, to-day, sir."

"Oh, to-day. Well, perhaps it was to-day! I'll look at my books and see!" And the cool and studied hypocrite turned over the leaves of his books of entries, and seemed to be thoughtfully humming down the list of names, at intervals repeating, "Biddy—Biddy!—Woodhull—Woodhull!" At length he stopped, making a place with his finger. "The name is Woodhull, you said, I believe?"

Edward's heart was in his mouth! He believed he had now found her! Beal Tucker meant he should believe so! his looks, manners, and tone, as he put the question, were intended for deception! "Yes," gasped Edward.

"Ah, then this can't be it! this is Woodford—Betty Woodford," said Beal, with a quiet, malicious smile, as he shut the book, which contained no such name as he had represented. He saw from Edward's change of countenance, how deep had been the disappointment to the hopes he had raised, and he felt very happy—for another's misery always was gratifying to Beal, especially if he himself was in any way instrumental in producing it. His sagacious penetration gave him also a pretty correct clue to Morris' anxiety to find her! but his own impure nature led him to do injustice in his suspicions to the purity of Morris' intentions! Yet if Morris had offered him down two hundred dollars, to find Biddy, he would have betrayed Barton, and produced her, if he could have done so without implicating himself in the previous villainous transaction in which the two had been mutually engaged.

Morris was turning to leave the office, when his eye glanced through the lattice upon a card carelessly lying upon the desk. On it he saw written, "*Bridget Woodhull.*" There were other words beneath, which he could not read at a glance.

"By Heaven, sir, there is the very name!" he cried fixing upon Beal a look of angry suspicion.

Beal Tucker had seen his eye fall on the name he had taken down, and instantly, though quietly, took up the card, lest he should also read the minutes below: viz: "*West Chester County—aged about sixteen—very beautiful—with black eyes and hair—never in the city before, and never lived out!*"

"Biddy Woodhull, I think it was, you asked me for, sir?" said Beal, coolly, tearing in pieces the card which he had forgotten to take with him to Barton.

"Biddy and Bridget both are one and the same name," answered Morris, warmly.

"If you wish, then, for a Bridget Woodhull, why that is a different matter altogether, sir! Gentlemen should be accurate when they inquire for names!"

Morris felt like knocking him down, but restrained his impulse, knowing that he had to do with a clever vi-

lain, and that he could only effect his ultimate object by being calm.

"Can you then tell me any thing about Bridget Woodhull, whose name you had taken down on that card?" he demanded,

"Why, there was a young woman who gave me the name you mention, to get her a place, some time this forenoon, but as she had no money, I did not enter her name in my books, 'till she could bring money to pay me. My price, sir, is half a dollar in advance. So after sitting here awhile, she got up and went away."

Morris looked at Beal Tucker earnestly while he spoke, and as his voice was even, and his face without any particularly marked expression of deceit, and as the story he told was plausible, he could not but give credit to it. He now became distressed at her probable fate. He then prepared to quit the office, but turned back to say that he would give him ten dollars, if he could obtain any intelligence of her. Beal smiled, for ten dollars was not one hundred! Morris then bade him good day, and was going out, when a ragged little imp, who had been waiting on the doorstep for some time for Beal to get through with Morris, now came in impatient of his delay, and said, in his coarse saucy manner—

"I say, Beal Tucker, I have seen your young miss to Chamber Street! I know'd the figurs soon as I seed 'em! Numb—"

"*Hu-s-s-sh!*" said Beal, menacingly, and glancing at Morris, who was in the act of going out.

"*Sh!* I'm hanged if I'll *Sh!*" said the boy, impatiently. "I axed the girl to fork over a shillin' and the krittter said she hadn't a red cent! Now fork over, old 'un!" and the boy thrust his dirty paw through the slats of the desk.

"If you don't hold your tongue, I'll give you nothing," said Beal, alarmed lest in some way Morris should discover the identity of the person the boy had guided, with Biddy Woodhull.

Morris, however, saw in the boy's entrance and language, nothing that could lead him to suspect him in any way linked in the puzzling chain that intervened between him and her, and only glancing at the boy, he passed out, with a heart sinking with disappointment, and without possessing any further probable clue to her discovery. He slowly took his way up the street, looking in every face he met, with faint and dreary hope of possibly seeing that he so ardently and passionately sought.

"I won't take less than a shillin'" said the boy, as Beal reluctantly handed him a five cent piece! "Come, old Tucker, out with your dust!"

"I'll kick you into the street, if you ask me for more," said Beal, between anger and avarice.

"I guess you won't," said the boy, decidedly. "Come, pony up!"

"Get out o' my office," roared Beal, taking a rattan, and shaking it at the boy.

"I say, Beal Tucker," said the boy, not at all intimidated, "I know a thing or two!" and he put his thumb

to his nose, and made a rapid and significant movement with the fingers of his open hand!

"Know, what do you know, you young rascal?" asked Beal, his voice falling.

"That gemman wan't in here for nothing, I guess," answered the boy, mysteriously.

"Here, my lad, here's a sixpence for you," said Beal, coaxingly.

"I doesn't take less than a quarter," said the boy. "I axes the extra shillin' for being called a rascal. I al'ays axes a shillin' for that."

"A quarter! you young scoundrel, I'll flog you!" "Well, if you won't pay me for the gal, I know who will; if he'd give you ten dollars to know where she is, he'd give it to me, I reckon. I heard all your talk afore I come in."

"Hush, boy!" said Beal, becoming pale. "Look here! there's a quarter now—and two cents more to it! Take it, and go! You don't think the young woman he was asking for, that one you showed into Chambers Street, do you?" said Beal, trying to laugh.

"I does't think it, but I knows it," said the boy, stoutly; I read her name on her pocket handkercher what her bundle I carried was tied up in."

"The devil you did! Well, well, I did'n't want him to think it was the person, because I know'd he was mighty anxious to see her, and I knew he'd offer something. It was the ten dollars I was waiting for, Bob! I'll get it, you see, for I mean to send him word by and by, and I'll give you half."

"Oh, cricky!" said Bob, affecting to be highly pleased; "I take!" But he saw with the acute penetration characteristic of New-York boys of his class, at the bottom of Beal's subterfuge at once. But wishing not to betray to Beal that he was too deep for him, he pretended that he was blinded, and pocketing the money he went out of the office whistling Jim-a-long Josey.

"The infernal rascal!" said Beal, as Bob went out of sight, "He like to have suspected, and he then would have made a pretty mess of it! But I have gulled him this time; lost a twenty-two cents by it, for I did'n't mean to give the scamp more than five pence. I wonder what the devil this young man wanted with her! Not for the same purpose Barton does, I am sure, for he looks like a different sort of person. I should liked his ten dollars; but never mind: Barton has feathered my nest soft enough for one day! Hush that jabber-jabber there, girl! don't you see I'm thinking!" And Beal Tucker resumed his thoughtful, scheming attitude, with his hand on his forehead and his elbow on his desk.

Edward Morris took his way at a slow, uncertain pace along the street in which Beal Tucker's intelligence office stood, towards Broadway. The more he reflected on the conduct of Beal, the more convinced he became that he knew more about Biddy than he revealed. But the plausibility of the story he told him, that she was without money, and he would'n't get a place for her 'till she paid, recurred to his mind, and he became undecided and perplexed. He was just entering Broadway, his thoughts dwelling on the sad and hopeless subject, when he felt his sleeve pulled; looking round he saw and

recognized the same little freckled face urchin that had entered the office and demanded a sixpence of Beal as he was coming out of it.

"I say, mister, wa'n't you axing after a young 'ooman down to Beal Tucker's 'telligence office?"

"Yes, my man," replied Morris, with a kindling of hope. "Do you know any thing about her?"

"Don't be too quick, mister! What I knows I knows, and knows how to keep, too!" answered the boy with shrewd caution.

Edward placed in his hand half a dollar, and at the same time asked eagerly, "Now tell me what you know about her?"

"Wan't her name Biddy Woodhull?" asked, or rather asserted the lad.

"Yes; you know where she is to be found, by your looks and manners."

"So does Beal Tucker," said the boy with a grin, for all he namb'd you off with a cock and bull story.

"Did he lie to me, then?" asked Morris, with angry surprise.

"Like an auctioneer! You don't know Beal Tucker I guess, mister."

"But the young woman?"

"He knew all about her when you was there pumpin' him! There's something green in your eye, I reckon."

"There's nothing green in yours, or about you," said Morris, laughing at the forwardness of a boy hardly eleven years of age. "What motive could Mr. Tucker have in deceiving me?"

"That's his own look out, not mine; you're too hard for me there. But vot'll you give me if I'll tell you where she is this blessed minute?"

"Five dollars, if you will show me the house, so that I can see her."

"I'll show you the house, but as for seeing the young 'ooman, vy you'll have to use your own eyes, and not look to me for a pair. I just came from showing her where she is, where Beal Tucker told me to."

"Good heavens! and it was for this service you came in and demanded a shilling as I was leaving!" exclaimed Edward with astonishment.

"Yes; and I made him fork out a quarter and two red cents, coz I told him I know'd what you were a'ter and I'd call on you and make you pay for showin' the young 'ooman the way."

"Infamous villain! Show me instantly, my boy, where you left her, and I will give you five dollars," said Edward, wondering why the Intelligence office keeper should so deceive him without any apparent motive for so doing. Edward, however, had got to come to the knowledge of one avenue of iniquitous guilt in New-York, of the existence and practice of which he had not the remotest conception. His suspicions, therefore, in the present instance, though active, were wholly at fault.

"Five dollars ain't enough, mister; give me what you promised Beal Tucker and it's done."

"Ten dollars; well, I will give it to you. Conduct me at once, and you shall receive the money at the door."

"Half 'down is fair play," said the boy, extending his open hand.

Morris placed a five dollar note in his hand, and then impatiently motioned him to proceed.

The boy looked sharply at the bill, as if he could decide by his instinctive sharpness whether it were a genuine note, and then, apparently satisfied, he thrust it into some unknown region of his tattered garments, and darted up the street into Broadway.

Morris followed him at a rapid pace along the iron fence of the Park until they came to Chambers street, down which the boy turned, looking round to see if he was in the track. The sight of this street reminded him of his relative, Barton, and he hesitated lest he might possibly fall in with him, and he did not feel in any mood for being stopped by any of his acquaintances. He, however, followed the boy down the street twenty or thirty numbers, and as he approached Barton's rooms he drew his cap over his brows and walked at a quick step, that he might pass the house without being recognized. But judge of his surprise when the boy suddenly stopped at Barton's very door, and pointing, with a jerk of his chin, at the number, said,

"Hero's the place, mister! I'd know the figures if I seed 'em in Jerusalem!"

Morris was thunderstruck! He stood for a moment transfixed with surprise and incredulity! He looked steadily and inquiringly at the boy, in whose face was a sort of dogged certainty and assurance of there being no mistake, that convinced him there was none.

"And did you leave that young woman here?" he asked, in so deep, earnest, and severe a tone that the boy shrunk from it and the gaze of his eyes.

"Yes, I did, sir, and I seed her go in after I'd got to the head o' the street. She could'n't find the bell knob, and a man going by ringed for her."

"And she went in, you are sure?"

"I seed her with my own eyes, to make sure she was going to live there, coz I meant to get that sixpence for carryin' her bundle out on her some day, when she got flush. There's a manty-maker lives there, Tucker said!"

Morris was not a fool, though ignorant of the numerous ways and means of villany and vice. A moment's reflection, with the knowledge he possessed of Barton's character, gave him a full explanation of Beal Tucker's motive in deceiving him.

"Yes," he said to himself, "Barton has made her his victim. Boy, here is your pay," he said, giving him another note for five dollars; now go.

The lad did not require to be told twice, and bounded off in the possession of greater riches than he had ever before been the honest possessor of. Morris looked again at the number lest he might have been mistaken. It was that of Barton's house. He knew it well, for he had often visited him, especially before Barton had become so dissipated. Indeed, he had been so intimate as to hold a pass key, both to his outer door and to his library. Neither of these he had now with him. Once the idea struck him that possibly Barton had moved, and that a mantua-maker lived there. But a glance at

the blinds at the windows showed him that Barton's over curtains hung there. There was, then, no error. Biddy was decoyed beneath the libertine's roof!

"Yes, I will rescue or avenge her!" he said, with determined energy, "Barton is a scoundrel! and he shall die by my hand if he has injured her!"

His first thought was to ring the bell, but this he saw at once would defeat his purpose of surprise, even if it should be answered. He therefore sprang over the iron railing into the area, to force open the basement door. To his delight and surprise it was on the latch, Frid having been too anxious to avail himself of his permission to be absent to stop and secure it. Entering the lower passage he lightly and rapidly ascended the stairs. All was silent on the first floor, but he heard the quick, rapid movement of feet above him. He flew up the other stairs, and as he did so, heard a shriek, a crash, and then a fall, accompanied by a loud cry, in a man's voice, of mingled terror and pain! He sprang to the upper landing with fearful foreboding! The door of the library stood open torn from its lock. He bounded forward into the room and beheld a scene that filled him with amazement and terrific surprise. In the middle of the floor lay Barton prostrate on his back with a huge band-dog holding him fiercely by the throat. He was pale as death, and struck with mortal fear. Near the bed-room door stood Biddy Woodhull, her hair dishevelled and her kerchief torn from her neck. Her attitude was one of mingled terror and gratitude. Her dark eyes were flashing with fire which streaming tears could not quench. Her virgin bosom heaved with quick and strong feeling; her whole beautiful person was eloquent and instinct with indignation and womanly emotion! How beautiful, how touchingly beautiful she looked at that moment! She instantly recognized him and uttered a cry of joy! He rushed forward and caught her in his arms, and then pressed her to his heart!"

"Thank God you're safe!" he cried with mingled indignation and gratitude.

"Yes, sir," said Biddy, whose full heart was gushing through her eyes, "I am safe. Bruin is my preserver! Oh! sir, heaven hath sent you here as I was wishing you!"

"Wishing for me?" repeated Morris, with delight; then you have not forgotten me!"

"Forgotten you?" she repeated with warmth, "Oh, no, sir!" and her face was suffused with lovely confusion.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton, the while, lay on the floor upon his back, with Bruin's teeth fastened in the delicate bow of his neckcloth, much to the derangement of that exquisite part of his costume. When Biddy fled from him and found herself in the bathing room instead of in an avenue of escape, she turned back and encountered him in the chamber. He threw his arms around her! She struggled in vain, and uttered shriek on shriek. Appalled by her outcries, Barton released her, when she flew back into the library. He waited an instant to restore his courage and confirm himself in his purpose by a tumbler of brandy, and then seized her

as she had raised the window and was springing out! She uttered a piercing cry of despair, when suddenly she heard it answered by Bruin's loud bark on the outside of the door.

"Bruin! Bruin! Oh, Bruin!" she shrieked, with difficulty as he laid his hand firmly upon her mouth. The dog heard and answered by fierce whines, and at length dashed himself against the door with such strength that he forced it from its bolt and bounded at a leap into the midst of the room. With a furious bark he sprang at once at the astonished and horrified Barton's throat, who had Biddy in his arms bearing her from the library. He released her with a cry of terrible fear, and fell, dragged bodily to the floor by the huge mastiff. It was at this crisis that Edward Morris made his appearance. Biddy related all this to Edward in a few eloquent words.

So soon as the prostrate roué could articulate, he cried in an imploring tone,

"Oh, Morris! dear Morris! for the love of heaven take off the dog! He will suffocate me! he will! Oh, he will! I shall die of strangulation!"

"Infamous scoundrel," muttered Morris, looking down upon him with pity and contempt.

"But, oh! I shall certainly die here! Do, good Miss Biddy, call off the dog! Oh! oh! oh! God—oh!"

Morris, seeing that he was really in danger of being strangled by the revengeful animal, and that he could speak with great difficulty, and was rapidly turning black in the face, he asked Biddy to call him away from him. The dog instantly obeyed, and releasing his hold came and licked her hand with mute affection.

Mr. Fitz Henry Barton got to his feet with difficulty and staggered to an ottoman. Morris looked at him a long time in stern silence. At length he turned to Biddy, in whose little heart indignation and terror had been displaced by gratitude and love. Was it indeed the noble young man whose image she had so long cherished in her heart in whose presence she now was! And did he really regard her with tenderness! His looks, ay, and manners, all told her the deep and tender interest he took in her. He looked with the deep gaze of impassioned devotion into her dark eyes, and said, while he pressed her hand,

"Sweet girl! this is a happy hour to me. I heard of your flight from home, and have been seeking you all through the city. Heaven has directed me hither to protect you and to offer you my heart and fortune. Say I am not indifferent to you!"

"Oh, no, no! Indeed, sir, I have thought of you every day since I saw you," said she, artlessly. "I think I care for nobody else in the world but you. Indeed, sir, I never was so happy in my life as I am now. I have wondered very much where you were, that you did not come to see me after that pleasant hour beneath the apple tree."

Edward's soul drank the words of her frank and ingenuous confession, and he felt that he was indeed loved!

A few words, by way of summary, will close this tale. Morris took Biddy home to his father's that day, and

told the old gentleman her history. He was deeply interested in it, and took a decided fancy to her. She remained there three days unknown to her family, and then Morris, after being satisfied of her pure attachment to him, sent her to Madame Canda's fashionable boarding school, under an assumed name, as he wished to keep all knowledge of her from her mother and sisters. At the end of two years, that is last May, he took her to his father's house and made her his wife. Never lovelier bride stood beside an altar to pledge her troth to him of her virgin heart's choice. This summer they have been to Saratoga and the Falls; and every where the lovely Mrs. Edward Morris has been the cynosure of all eyes. The cross mother and envious sisters heard that the beautiful young lady at Woodburn about to be married to its heir was Biddy. But they were not invited to the wedding, nor would Edward allow his wife to recognize any of the family except honest old David Woodhull, her father, who was at the wedding, in a new blue suit, presented by Morris as a bridal gift. A chapter might be written on the envy and mortification of Biddy's mother and Miss Euphrosia; but the limits of a magazine are already trespassed upon. Mr. Fitz Henry Barton left town the next day after his disgrace for the White Sulphur, and thence he went to Europe, from whence he has recently returned with his hair growing all over his face, after the Parisian fashion, and with a great antipathy to dogs, which he disrespectfully anathematizes as "demnition brutes." Beal Tucker fled to Texas to avoid a prosecution with which Morris threatened him for his villany. Bruin, the faithful old ban-dog may be seen any day in summer lounging at gentlemanly leisure about the lawn and portico at Woodburn, or in winter taking his comfort on the hearth rug beside old Mr. Morris' foot-stool. One of Morris' first acts, after sending Biddy to Madame Canda's, was to call on honest Dick Sherwood, and offer him the tenancy of one of his farms near Fordham, rent free for five years. Dick has, therefore, left the road and taken to agriculture. He says he never knew "four short bits" turn out so well in the long run, and it is his favorite maxim, that a man never loses any thing by being generous. Tom Conklin was, until last week, still putronizing No. 21, Bowery, with his presence, and managing to keep just half and half through the day. But last week one of the committee of the Washington Temperance Union got wind of Tom, and took him up to the Temperance Hall. Tom was, therefore, suddenly seized with a love of temperance and signed his fist to the pledge. He has not drank a drop since, and after his month's probation is up he has the promise of being promoted to drive a cab—he has fixed on No. 179, as it has four wheels, and he thinks looks more respectable. Jim Johnson is become second boot-black to Peter Kobash, boot-black, No. Elebenteen, Jim Crow Alley. Freckled Bob made his ten dollars, the capital for a "root beer" speculation, and has made it so profitable that he intends removing from his present stand at the lump-post opposite the Astor, into a snug shop corner of Centro and Duane, and increase his stock by confectionary, pies, and apple tarts. Thus having

disposed of the several characters in our tale, after the approved method recommended by Mrs. Radcliffe, and adopted by the novelists, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, the reader's very humble servant,

J. H. I.

CONTENTION AND STRATAGEM:

OR, THE TWO WIVES.

Few things are more common in domestic life, than for the husband and wife to strive for the mastery; and thus human beings, who ought to assist each other, and dwell together in affection, frequently pass a life of discord, in rendering each other unhappy. The husband who is not greatly influenced by a prudent and affectionate helpmate, is unworthy of her; and the wife who so far forgets herself as to try to rule her husband, will not increase her happiness by usurping his authority. The husband should ever be the

head of his own household; but when he is aware that his wife has more prudence, judgment, and talent than himself, he does well to avail himself of them, by leaving to her the management of affairs requiring the exercise of these qualities. It is a poor, selfish motive, that actuates either husband or wife to rule each other, and yet, this motive, unworthy as it is, exerts its baneful influence in ten thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Mr Tibbets was a well-meaning man, of very little energy of character, and was completely under the control of his wife. Mrs Tibbets was constantly boasting that no man should rule her; that she took care to let her husband see that she had spirit, and that she could make him do what she liked at any time.

Poor Mr Tibbets submitted to this thralldom very patiently, rather than contend any point with his masculine partner; for when she broke out into a passion it terrified him half out of his senses, his face turned pale, and he trembled, like one under a fit of the ague. Mr Tibbets, therefore, considering his case a hopeless one, to secure his own peace, consented to be ruled by his wife, and rule him she did in everything.

Mr Starkey lived near Mr Tibbets, and was as effectually ruled by his wife as his neighbor was, though in a very different manner. Mrs Tibbets ruled by the loudness of her tongue and the violence of her passions, but Mrs Starkey obtained her end by stratagem.

Mr Starkey was very fond of laughing at the weakness of his neighbor. 'Would I,' said he, 'be such a poor, spiritless being, as to be ruled by my wife, no never! Poor Tibbets dare not say that the sun shines without first asking leave of his wife; but my wife knows pretty well that my will must be obeyed.' Now this very positive, overbearing disposition on his part, enabled his wife to manage him very easily. If she wanted to stop at home, she proposed to go out, when he immediately determined not to stir a foot out of doors, merely to show that he was master.

If she really wished a walk, she had only to request him to allow her to finish what she was engaged in within doors, and he would put on his hat, and in a dictatorial manner, tell her to put on her bonnet.

Mrs Tibbets and Mrs Starkey once agreed to have a day's pleasure. It was therefore settled between them that their husbands should take them to a drive to see a celebrated abbey at about a dozen miles distance.

It was only necessary for Mrs Tibbets to express her intention in a determined way, when her husband, to avoid a quarrel, agreed directly to drive her to the abbey in a gig. Mrs Starkey, however, went another way to work. She felt determined to go in a chaise, and set off to Mr Starkey to bring the matter round.

'Would you believe it,' said she, 'that our neighbors, the Tibbets's, are silly enough to spend a whole day in looking over the old abbey. They mean to go to-morrow.'

'I don't know that there is anything so very silly in it. If I felt disposed to go there, or anywhere else, I would go.'

'Certainly you might go, Mr Starkey, but you would not be so unreasonable as to take me there against my will.'

'Against your will, indeed! a wife ought to have no will, but that of her husband. If I thought proper for you to go, you should go.'

'Excuse me, Mr Starkey, you have had your own way too much. If I were determined not to go, you would find some trouble in persuading me.'

'Trouble in persuading you! Then I am resolved to go, and you shall go too. I'll have my way, Mrs Starkey, and no wife in the world shall control me; so to-morrow morning prepare to go to the abbey, for whether you will or not, there you shall go!'

'Mr Starkey, I know that when you take a thing into your head, you will have your way. I never yet met with so determined a man. Mr Tibbets, I understand, wished to go in a chaise, but his wife was more prudent, and would not allow it.

She insisted on his taking a gig. Now, if you really do mean to compel me to go to the abbey, remember that I shall go in a gig too! Mrs Tibbets very properly insisted on her husband's taking a gig.'

'And her husband is a poor silly simpleton, to be ruled by her. I am no Mr Tibbets, for I will have my way, and to show you that I will, a chaise shall be at the door by eight o'clock in the morning.

In the morning, Mr and Mrs Tibbets set off in a gig, and soon after, Mr and Mrs Starkey in a chaise; Mr Starkey feeling determined to convince his wife that he was master, and his wife chuckling within herself to think how well she had managed her husband.

Now what an unworthy way it is for any husband or wife to rule by clamor or by deception! How much better to be 'kindly affectionate one towards another,' bearing with each other's infirmities and increasing each other's joys!

It is not possible for husband and wife to walk together in peace, unless they are agreed. Let then the word of God be attended to,—'Husbands, love your wives,' 'Wives submit yourselves unto your own husbands.' Thus contention will be done away, and stratagem will be rendered useless.

CURING A LOVER.

BY B. B. THOM.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear Fanny, I am in a terrible state of agitation—I am *ennuied*—I am out of spirits—I am frightfully excited; for you must know that I am threatened—yes, threatened with the exhibition of a most horrible scene here this very day." The speaker was a pretty actress who had turned the heads of all the beaux frequenting Covent Garden Theatre. She was consequently not without a spice of vanity—what pretty woman is!—although she had an under-current of good sense which prevented her head from being altogether turned by the flattery she daily received. The person whom she addressed was her confidante.

"What can be the matter, my dear Maria? Has some one of your numerous admirers fallen out with you?"

"No—no; the fops that cluster around me have neither head nor heart."

"What then—have you had a visit from your old aunt, Dorothea?"

"Nor that either; I have got rid of her."

"Then what is it harasses you so much?"

"This—and oh! my dear Fanny, do you not pity me! A young fellow (for such I suppose him to be) has written me a letter, stating that he intends to come here at four o'clock, and to blow his brains out under my very windows!!!"

"Psha! he's a fool."

"Yes; but a fool that is dying in love. A run-a-way from St. Luke's, that has been reading Werther. Here is the fiftieth letter, at least; that I have had from him—from the poor deserted young man, who calls himself "Cornelius." At first he said he wished to live for my sake. That was bad enough! but now he threatens to die beneath my 'lovely eyes'—that is awful! 'Now, what I want to know is, has a lady a right to let an enamored swain die, when the individual himself has no desire to live!'"

"What you ought to do, in my opinion, is this—admit him to your presence. If he be clever he will amuse us, and you may condescend to request of him to live. But if he be a fool—why then let him kill himself; perhaps it is the very best thing he can do for his family, and the most useful thing he may ever attempt for the benefit of society."

"Yes—but if I tell him to live, he may, like a thousand others, plague me with the unmeaning, frivolous declaration of his affection, when you know I care for none but Henry—that I intend to marry."

"Then, if he should become such a bore, you must only treat him as you do 'a promise to pay'—you are

accountable for the bill, and never think of it; the day of payment comes, and it is protested, and then—it is out of your mind for ever."

"But would there not be something like a want of truth in all this?"

"Not at all—it would be mere coquetry. Such an admirer is like the last new novel—you may give an hour or so to it, if it is amusing, and if dull, why fling it in the corner."

"Yes—but if the book should become so agreeable, that I may wish to read it to the third volume?"

"Why, then my dear—Providence may have great blessings in store for you; and as to your poor Henry he—will be to be pitied."

The chat of these two friends was interrupted by Miss Maria's chambermaid, who thus addressed her mistress—

"Oh! 'la! Miss, there is *such* a very odd man below stairs. He is a great, big, fat person, six feet high, and with such very, very red hair—and he must be ninety years old I'm certain; and he is so vulgar, and speaks with such an accent—and he insists upon seeing you. I'm sure he must be an Irishman, or a creditor; he is so very impudent—I shut the door in his face."

"Then go and open it again, Sally. If he is an Irishman, he will amuse us with his brogue and his speechifications, being a composition of something that is not elevated enough for poetry, nor sufficiently intelligible to be prose. We shall laugh at him, and he in return will sing our praises in the wilds of Connaught or the banks of the Liffey; and if, as I believe he is, a creditor, I will begin by—not paying him a single farthing. Then I shall get rid of him by giving him an order for a private box, and there I can look at him applauding me, because I am determined to—die his debtor. Sally, tell him to walk up: and Fanny, do you take a seat there, and if it be necessary come to my rescue."

The two pretty young women set themselves down on the sofa together, while the servant hurried off to introduce the singular and mysterious visitor.

CHAPTER II.

The individual who now entered the room was a man apparently about sixty years of age. He was in height at least six feet three inches, and was as fat as Lablache. He had an immense nose, and an enormous face that was covered with a beard and whiskers that were half red and half white. His large grey eyes opened with astonishment upon the exquisite beauties that he saw before him. He became in an instant confused and utterly embarrassed. He had to make a bow; but he bowed at the same time with head, hand, and foot—and, having performed this extraordinary feat, he continued to gaze at the ladies, who throw at him the most enchanting looks, although they spoke not. At length silence was broken by the stranger.

"Your servant, ladies—your servant, I say. But may be you don't know who I am no more than the stupid waiter at the Golden Cross; although there's not a ragged boy in Patrick-street that couldn't tell that my name is Corney O'Donoghue, of Drisheen Park. Now then, as you know myself in person, might I be so bold as to be after askin' which of the two of you is Miss Maria Garnett?"

"It is I, sir," answered the inimitable actress, lowly bending my head. "I perceive that you never honor Covent Garden with your presence."

"There never was a truer word said by your purty lips, my dear. The dickens a garden or orchard I ever was in all London—because why, I'm only this very day landed from Cork city."

"Oh! he is an Irish poet," whispered Miss Garnett to her friend.

"But do you see me now," continued Mr. O'Donoghue, as he clapped his enormous fist on the gilded back of a chair; "do you see me now, Miss; when I am at home in Drisheen Park, it's my fashion to ask a stranger to sit down at all events, and may be, too, to ask him if he has a mouth upon him; but it is not the custom here, I see, and so as I am completely knocked up, and bothered, I'll take the liberty of taking a chair, though I was never offered one."

"He is a creditor," remarked Miss Archer.

"Now, I'll be bound you want to know what brought me all the way to London," continued the visitor; "why, then, the long and short of it is this—I have two sons, two as fine-looking boys as ever made the prattles vanish out of a dish. Well, now, just listen to me, one of these fellows the occupation of his father."

"You are a grocer, sir, I presume."

"I'm an Irish gentleman, ma'am, and one of my ancestors was the King of the Barony of Whackaway-nacrooshta, in the good old times; and as for myself and my eldest son, we can tell the difference between a pig's head and its crubeen, without twice looking at it. But that's not the matter that has brought me here at all, at all. It is in the regard of my second son, that I have come to London. I sent him here about a year ago, to be learning the law and good manners (and the never a worse school I'm thinking he could come to for that same) and the fact is I want to make him a counsellor."

"That must be a very fine situation in life, I suppose, sir, especially for a gentleman from the city of Cork."

"Not a doubt of it; but now, what is the fact, the deuce a counsellor ever he'll be, and all by reason of you. You have turned his brain, that is what you have, Miss Garnett. He is dying in love for you, the omathaun!"

"Indeed! and is he handsome?"

"Handsome!—there's not the like of him between this and the Mardyke; but what's the use of his being a beauty, when he neither can eat, sleep, nor drink a

tumbler of punch. Did you ever know of an Irishman refusing his liquor before now? Well now—what's brought me here is to tell you, that you must not be letting my son fall in love with you, and what's more, I desire that you'll never let him inside the door; for if you do I'll—swear the peace against you."

"Oh! dear! how very frightful!"

"I really beg your pardon, Miss, for speaking so mighty cross to you. And, in truth, when I look at you, its little I can blame my poor son for falling in love with your purty face. By dad! if I was only nineteen, I don't think I could help doing that same myself."

"Sir, you are too flattering."

"Why then, now, Miss Garnett dear, or, considering your bright eyes, Miss Diamond, only just remember that he's barely anything more than a hobbledohoy, and if he continues to be desperately in love with you, he'll never think of his studies, never be made a counsellor, and perhaps never have the slightest chance of rising to be a chief justice, or lord chancellor, or an assistant barrister."

"But is he really disposed to go to the bar?"

"Whew! why he's cut out for it. Did you ever hear of an Irishman that wasn't fit for everything, from a secretary of state to a common policeman? Sure, there's not a mother's son of us that's not born a genius; and as to being disposed for the bar, sure, we're all disposed for it, we have such a power of prate."

"Then, Sir, I am much obliged to you for putting me on my guard against your son. I never could endure a lawyer, nor a law student either. But, may I ask you, what is your son's name?"

"My son's name, Miss, is the same as his father's; and I could tell you you could get some money for it, if you had it on a stamp, at the fair of Doneraile. My son's name is 'Cornelius.'"

"Cornelius! Is it Cornelius? Then, my dear Sir, read this letter. Is that your son's writing?"

"That is his hand and mark, as sure as that Cork stands on the river Lee!"

"Well then, Sir, only think that this fool of a son of yours tells me, in this billet doux, that he intends coming here to shoot himself under my very window."

"Oh, Lord! is it to blow his beautiful brains out?"

"Do not be too much alarmed. I shall take care he does not hurt himself."

"Ah! then do, like a little darling. Only think, that the lives of all the O'Donoghues are in your hands; for if he attempts to shoot himself, then I may never go home, but I'll kick the life out of him, and be hanged for the murder of young Corney. Pray, Miss, don't let him shoot himself!"

"Never fear; and in order that I may begin the task of preserving him, I shall grant him the interview he

asks for. Up to this moment, I assure you, I have never seen him."

"But sure, if he sees you face to face it's all over; mad in love he'll be."

"I admit that it will be difficult to cure him."

"Aye, but are not you going to take a way that will render it impossible?"

"Not at all. Leave everything to me, and I engage to send him home to you as sensible as yourself."

"And soon. Now mind, Miss."

"This very day you shall see him, perfectly cured, at Charing Cross Hotel."

"Why then, long life and a good husband to you, Miss Garnett. Good morning to you. By the powers! but you are beautiful. One would suppose that you were born in Cork."

CHAPTER III.

A few minutes after the departure of Mr. Corney O'Donoughue, of Drisheen Park, Sally entered the apartment; and by the announcement of a very important piece of intelligence, she put an end to the loud laughter of the two friends. Sally announced that the young gentleman who had written fifty billets, the runaway from St. Luke's, the unhappy "Cornelius," was below in the parlor, waiting for an answer to his last letter, either to be admitted to an interview, or to put an end to his existence in the street. Miss Garnett instantly took up the pen, and wrote these words:—

"We ought not to allow all fools to perish, at least, without making one effort to save them. You may, therefore, come."

"Sally," said she, "take this to the young gentleman below stairs, and then show him into the back drawing-room."

The instant Miss Garnett was alone with her friend, she resolved upon playing a trick upon the amorous young law-student. She was an excellent actress, a most accomplished dresser, and, therefore, was pretty certain of her success. With a disinterestedness, and an absence of selfishness, which are very rarely found in a beautiful woman, she resolved to metamorphose herself, if it were possible, into an ugly woman. First she placed over her splendid dress a large black apron, which belonged to her waiting-maid; then she took a thick red, heavy shawl, that effectually concealed her exquisite neck and delicate waist. She next placed coarse mittens upon her fair and delicate hands; and then she put a very small quantity of carmine upon the tip of her nose, wiped whitish powder upon her brows, and then took a stage snuff-box, filled with some harmless mixture, with which she darkened her upper lip.

Thus made up, thus disguised, thus calumniated, outraged, and metamorphosed by herself, she took a long look at the glass, and saw that her charming face

and person were no longer recognizably recognizable. Being perfectly content that she should be able to gratify the wishes of Mr. O'Donoughue senior, she rung for her servant to admit Mr. Cornelius to her presence.

Cornelius entered the room, and suddenly stopped; for he was terrified at his own happiness. He was pale, moveless, without sight, and without voice. He saw himself in the house of the celebrated actress; he was in the same room with *his* "Juliet," *his* "Desdemona," *his* "Letitia Hardy." He was about to speak to her, far from the theatre, far from the public gaze, and alone too. It seemed to him as if he never could have the courage to raise his eyes to that divine creature, nor the power to speak to her, nor the boldness to answer her, nor the audacity to express his adoration of her. At last he advanced two or three paces, and then looked upon the two actresses, as if he were trying to recognize which was *the one* that he had fallen in love with from the stage box. Miss Garnett did not leave him long in doubt.

"Take a seat, Sir," said she, "and remain, if you please, at a little distance."

"A distance!" thought Cornelius, as he placed himself on the very edge of a chair.

"Well, Sir, what makes you sit there, with your eyes fixed on the ground, like a bold boy at school, who has been scolded for not learning his lesson. Why don't you look at me?"

"Oh, Heavens! *this* is surely not Miss Garnett," exclaimed Cornelius, with his eyes fixed on the lady.

"Yes, but it is Miss Garnett. Oh! now I see what surprises you. I suppose you thought you would see me in my own house, as if I were dressed up for the stage, and going on as 'Juliet.' You wanted to have me with my cheeks painted red, and my nose whitened, and my neck bare, and my arms uncovered. Oh! my good young lad, that is all very well for the foot-lights; but when the curtain falls I am plain Maria Garnett once again. I attend to the affairs of the house, I see the cookery is all right; and, you must know, I am unequalled at made dishes. When I get home I am as you see me now. I keep myself nice, snug, cosy, warm, and comfortable; and when I am annoyed by visitors, I—take snuff!"

"Then how in the world is it that you appear so very different on the stage?" said the disappointed lover, driven out of all patience; "how is it that you enchain all hearts; that all who see you feel inclined to write poetry?"

"Talking of poetry," said she, "have you seen the pretty verses that Tom Moore has written upon me. Instead of the 'Lines to Maria,' I should have preferred him sending me a good Cheshire cheese."

"But then the fame, the renown, and the glory that such a poet must give you."

"Fame, renown, and glory, are three hypocrites, and I never ask them home with me. When I go to the play-house they *seem* to accompany me; they flatter, they caress, and they applaud me; but when I return to my dressing-room I bid them good night; they go to sleep, and so do I. That, Sir, is my pride—but will you take a pinch of snuff?"

"Oh, Tom Moore! Tom Moore!" murmured the distracted lover. "Only fancy the idol that you have immortalized as the perfection of beauty, snuffing up handfuls of filthy black rappee."

"And now, Mr. Cornelius, answer me truly and frankly. Do you still intend to shoot yourself on my account?"

"No, Miss Garnett. No, no. Heaven forbid!"

"That is said like a sensible little man, as I am sure you are. To die for love is the most preposterous thing possible. Only fancy, a barber in the next street hung himself last week for love of my servant girl, Sally, and she—has horrid bad teeth. But now pledge me your honor, and the honor of your highly respectable father and his interesting family, that you will live."

"I give you my own honor, and the honor of my father, and the honor of all the O'Donoughues, that I will live as long as I can. And this, at all events, you may rely upon, that I will never again think of shooting myself for—an actress."

"Good bye, then, Mr. Cornelius. I mean never to forget you; and should I ever be engaged in a lawsuit, you may depend on it, I shall retain you as my leading counsel."

Miss Garnett rose and curtsied to the enamored swain, and Sally showed him to the door, inside of which he was resolved never again to enter. His love was perfectly cured. He returned to his father, who, a few years afterward, had the happiness of seeing his son as "Counsellor" O'Donoughue, and giving to his clients at the assizes, the benefit of his legal knowledge: though, I am sorry to add, it could not prevent the majority of them from being transported beyond the seas for the period of their natural lives.

DUTY.—A TALE.

BY MRS. DINNIES, OF MO.

"Go, my dearest Isabella, and take our darling Eva to visit her grandparents; for be assured you will then, as ever, be in the path of duty."

"I own it is an imperative duty, dear husband, and it would be a pleasure to me to visit my beloved parents after so long an absence, were it not for the separation from you, Edward. After five years of such happiness as we have enjoyed, how shall I bear to leave you? Indeed our married life seems to me but a delightful dream, for amid all your business, cares, and disappointments, your illness, and occasional despondency, never has the lamp of love burnt dimly in your bosom, nor ceased to shed its beam of light and gladness upon your wife and child."

"Ah! dearest! I would call you a flatterer, but that I knew it was impossible for any one ever to have been unkind to you; your own devoted affection and untiring attention to the wishes of your husband, would have called forth kindness from a stoic, Isabella! but enough of sentiment for the present—so let us make arrangements for the voyage, which must be made immediately if at all this season."

But still Isabella Delancy hesitated; she felt strongly the desire to visit for the first time since she had left them, the parents whose only child she was, and present to their embraces her own young daughter, now glowing in the innocence and loveliness of a four years' life; but it would be her first separation from her husband, and all the superstition of a warm temperament, a deep, true, loving woman's heart rose up within her, whispered its fears and its presentiments, and threw their shadow upon her spirits, as she flung her arms around her husband, and clinging to his bosom, consented to go without him on a long and perilous voyage.

"Oh, Edward," she exclaimed, "it seems as if one of us was about to die, and leave the other to all the horrors of a cold world—its cares, its sorrows, and its evils; while the aid which each has mutually rendered is to be withdrawn, and the heart left to bear its misery and its gladness *alone!* There is a fearful weight upon my soul, and I vainly try to shake it off."

"Nonsense, Isabella! It is but a spice of your old romance clinging about you, even after a five years' marriage; come, cheer up love, and prepare to start early in the morning—the steamer leaves at seven, and the baggage must be on board to-night, and do not forget that I will expect long letters and a journal; all you see and hear and feel must be transmitted to me." And he tried to soothe and occupy her mind with brighter themes.

She saw his object, and said with a sad smile, "Well, dearest; wear this until we are reunited;" and she flung around his neck a gold chain and locket, bearing the initials I. M. which she had worn in her girlhood.

On the morrow they parted. Isabella and her young daughter under the care of a trusty clerk of Delancy's was to go as far as New Orleans, and there be put under the protection of the captain of a British brig, bound for Belfast, near which city her parents resided.

Edward Delancy was a young man whose parents, having emigrated from New England when he was quite a child, settled at Natchez, Mississippi, and early becoming victims to the fever of the climate, bequeathed their son and a limited property to the care of a Catholic relative, residing in that vicinity. This relative faithfully discharged his duty to the boy, by giving him every advantage which education could afford; and preparing him for the active pursuits of life, (to which from his small means he would be compelled to turn his attention,) by rearing him in the principles of his own creed, and teaching him that a pure and practical religious faith was the basis upon which he should build his future character. He showed him that energy, perseverance, industry and decision, every noble aspiration, and every fixed principle must depend in an eminent degree upon the truth and purity of his religious belief; he proved to him that it would be his only shield amid the temptations of the world, his only consolation under the trials and afflictions of life—the only reward to which he could look when the vicissitudes and disappointments to which all are equally subject upon earth, should leave him in old age, still seeking for that golden treasure of the mind, peace. He early impressed him with a sense of the responsibility and dignity of man, and inculcated the primitive idea, that "made in the image of his Creator," he should be careful to preserve this likeness, untarnished by passion, vice, or meanness, until returned to him from whom it came.

Is it surprising then that, with such principles growing up and strengthening within him, Edward Delancy should, at the age of twenty-one, commence the world as noble and high-minded a being as ever moved among his fellow men? With a strong desire to see the world, he soon persuaded himself that a voyage to Europe was necessary, for the advancement of the commercial business, in which he had engaged. His friend and guardian, Mr. Selmer, smiled at the casuistry of that reasoning, which ardent youth is ever so

ready to enlist in behalf of its wishes; but as there was nothing wrong in the desire, he did not oppose it, but only added, to his approval of the plan, one of those prudential considerations, which always present themselves to the mind of age. And when, in little more than a twelvemonth after leaving Natchez, Edward wrote that he had married a charming Irish girl, near Belfast, with whom he was preparing to return home, the old gentleman remarked that, "with Edward's principles it would only be a stimulant to exertion to have encumbered his young years with a wife, whose only dowry seemed to be her virtues and her love." And so it had proved; Isabella Mordant had left a home of tenderness and indulgence, in which she was the only child of parents who idolized her, and had given her strong and devoted affections to Edward Delancy. She had come with him in all the trust of guileless youth, to a strange land; parents, friends, home, were given in exchange for the love of one warm honourable heart. The ties of her childhood, the attachments of her youth, the admiration of all who had known her from infancy, seemed light sacrifices to lay upon the altar of her love; she was a girl of deep feelings, strong principles, and ambitious desires, and she would have felt a pride in immolating her every feeling, nay, her very being had it been necessary, to prove her truth, her trust and her love, for the noble being she had chosen as the idol of her affections. She gave up all—hope, memory, and almost thought itself, to love, and that love rested upon a stranger; and in return what did she require? *Love!*

To reign supreme, alone, and unrivalled in the heart of him for whom she had relinquished her former existence, and whom she had followed to a home of strangers; to be the object of as true devotion to her husband, as he was to her; for *this* she lived and moved and had her being. And in the consciousness that such had been her lot, during the five years she had spent in Natchez, it can scarcely be wondered at that their parting for the first time, should have filled her with a vague fear, or presentiment of change, against which she vainly struggled. The only cares which Isabella had experienced proceeded from the illness which her husband had suffered; sometimes when she marked his anxious face as business was spoken of, and he complained of the unsuccessfulness of his speculations, and the want of funds to prosecute schemes of aggrandizement, the wish would cross her that *she* could be the means of giving him those funds he seemed so earnestly to desire, and then, as he smiled upon her day-dreams and suggestions, like a true woman she forgot his want of money in his fulness of affection, and lived quite happy on their humble income.

Often had Delancy promised to accompany her to Ireland, but business had still prevented him; and when letter after letter arrived from her parents urging their wish to see her once again; and the recent failure of several large establishments with which he was connected, having put it completely

out of her husband's power to accompany her for an indefinite period; he judged it better for her to take their little girl and visit her aged parents, while he should attend to his affairs at home—and thus it was they parted.

Delancy's clerk returned to Natchez. Mrs. Delancy and Eva had sailed the day before he left New Orleans, in the British brig *Empress*, Capt. Saunders, bound for Belfast, with fair winds and pleasant weather, and Delancy had read and re-read his despatch from Isabella, a dozen times before he slept; and fervently committing his wife and child to the protection of Heaven, he prepared his mind for those anxieties of business in which the morrow would find him immersed.

Weeks rolled on; one vessel had hailed the *Empress*, but they were too far apart for anything more than the "all's well" of the speaking trumpet to be borne to the American bound ship, as they passed; another vessel late in the evening had seen a brig flying, from what the captain felt assured was a piratical bark, and believed from all he could ascertain that the brig was the *Empress*. As the pirates had recently been committing depredations among the West India Islands, and some of them had been chased into Barataria, where it was supposed they harboured, the public became greatly excited in New Orleans, and a well armed cutter was immediately sent in pursuit. Vain effort! Lafitte had not yet been compelled to yield either to stratagem or valour, and his relentless desperadoes carried on their trade of death and robbery with impunity, upon the waters of the Gulf and almost within sight of land.

Who can describe the feelings of Delancy, as he thought even of the possibility of his young and high-spirited Isabella, being in the hands of a lawless crew of pirates? The death of his beautiful child he thought a trifle when compared to the sufferings that might be forced upon his wife; imagination enhanced all the horrors perpetrated by pirates of which he had ever read. And as days and weeks passed without further tidings of the *Empress*, his agony of mind had almost terminated in madness.

At last a negro, who was known to have been on board of the *Empress* when she left New Orleans, had returned to that port, by a vessel which had taken him, half dead with fear and hunger, from a piece of plank many days after the last sight of the *Empress* had been mentioned by the papers. He could give but a very unconnected account of the voyage; still they gathered that when the pirate was first discovered to be in chase, the crew of the *Empress* prepared to defend her, but the passengers were so much alarmed that many of them jumped overboard and were drowned; and among these he persisted was Mrs. Delancy with her child in her arms. He too, had jumped over and swam until nearly exhausted, when he had found a plank upon which he crawled, and had floated, unconscious, until found by the vessel that rescued him: this was all that was to be

learned respecting the noble brig and her hapless crew.

Delancy derived positive relief from the idea of his wife's death, so much more horrible had been his conjectures of her fate; and as he dwelt upon those traits of character he had beheld her display, he felt that it was in keeping with her proud spirit, to clasp her daughter to her heart and seek death together, rather than that either should be defiled by a pirate's touch. Deeply, bitterly, he mourned their early loss—but as he thought of them sleeping peacefully in the bosom of the ocean, his mind seemed to receive consolation in the tranquillity of repose, his fancy would invest them with; visions of coral caves, and sea nymphs—the music of waves and sighing of winds, would mingle themselves in his musings, and his mind at length loved to indulge the dreams he thus created not to sadden but to soothe his loneliness.

It became to him a pious duty to write frequently to the parents of his Isabella; he spake to them of his source of comfort, and tried to chase their griefs by the visions that had softened his own. But all minds are not susceptible of the same impressions, and they were either too old to be acted upon by such delusions, or the grief of parents differs from all other griefs; for, not many months after the intelligence reached Belfast, of the loss of the Empress, Isabella's mother sunk into the grave, a victim of disappointed hopes, and of grief for the loss of a beloved child. Her father too, when he answered Delancy's letter, said, that he felt his days were numbered—that the sands of his life had nearly run out—but that he feared not to die, for he had the Christian's hope before him, and found a high and holy consolation in the thought of soon being reunited to his wife and child. He spake to Delancy of the world where the spirit of Isabella was waiting for and watching over him; and he awakened those lessons of religious hope and faith which he had learned in his youth, which now should teach him to bear his bereavements like a man, and again become an active and useful member of society, performing the duties of his situation faithfully and with assiduity. Oh, how many a broken heart has been healed by this steady performance of duty, how many a crushed spirit soothed and strengthened, and how many weary pilgrims aided and sustained upon the path of life, by firmly and perseveringly seeking and fulfilling the duties appointed for their station, by the Almighty Disposer of all! Very hard it is often to turn the mind from its selfish sufferings, but once begin, and every step diminishes the difficulty; disappointment, sorrow, vexation, disappear—the mind beholds its duty, and knows that its reward is sure; for content if not joy will very soon shed its lustre on the way of him who strives earnestly to perform its requisitions. Delancy early found this truth.

Giving his attention to business, he once more embarked in commercial speculations, and success began to smile upon his enterprise. He became

comparatively rich; and now his chief solicitude consisted in having no one to share the blessings of his lot. Three years had passed since he parted from Isabella, and his home became more and more desolate to his imagination, whenever the memory of her happy face broke upon him, as he turned his footsteps homeward of a summer's evening, or looked into the lonely breakfast room, where her gay smile was wont to welcome him to his morning meal.

At last, one evening, accident brought him in company with Adélé Tracy, a girl he had known all her life, for she had been born in Natchez, and the Sunday school and the dancing school, had made them well acquainted in their childhood. But latterly Edward had lost sight of Adélé, and had only an indistinct recollection of having heard that her parents were dead, and that she was living with an aunt at Woodville. Now the thought all at once rushed upon his mind that he might be useful to Adélé—so he walked with her to the boarding-house, at which her aunt and herself were staying at the time, and on the way it struck him how much the tones of her voice resembled those of Isabella. Adélé had never seen Delancy's wife, but she had often heard of her, and when her fate and the loss of the Empress met her eye, as recorded in a newspaper of the day, Adélé had shed many tears of sympathy for the handsome Delancy, with whom she used to like so well to dance when a little girl; and she liked to fancy his eyes quite as bright, and his hair as glossy as in those merry days when they took lessons together. Adélé was very beautiful, with winning, childlike manners, and a soft sweet voice, which was for ever calling up old memories in the heart of Edward, as he walked by her side, or sat chatting to her of their childish reminiscences; so the evening wore away more happily in her society, than he had supposed an evening ever could do again. When he returned home that night, he lay awake contrasting her with Isabella, who had been his standard of female excellence. "She is taller than my Isabella, but more slender and childlike; Isabella had brown hair, and a large full gray eye that lit up, varied with each passing thought, and told her feelings ere they reached her lips. Adélé's eyes are blue and full of tenderness, her hair is almost too light, but then she has such rosy lips," and here his soliloquy ended—for he fell asleep and dreamed of business, ships, churches and angels in all varieties, and the next morning found him quite light-hearted in comparison with his usual state of feeling. Again he visited Adélé, again and again, and each time he found himself trying to make her resemblance to Isabella appear perfect in his mind; one day he exclaimed "Isabella would have been twenty-five, Adélé is not eighteen, just the age at which Isabella was married!" and whether this reflection suggested the idea or not, that night he made proposals of marriage to Adélé, and was accepted.

I will not say he found a comparison after

marriage quite as agreeable as before, for certainly no two characters ever were more unlike than his two wives—Isabella had been proud to a fault—ambitious, deep-toned and enthusiastic. Adélé was mild, amiable, forgiving, and gentleness was her chief characteristic. Even in their love of Edward, the difference in their characters betrayed itself; Isabella, loving with an intensity of passion seldom seen, watched with jealous solicitude every look and action of her husband, lest he should do or say something that could lower him from the high pedestal upon which her love and her imagination had enthroned him. Adélé loved with all the ardour of her quiet nature, and was satisfied to be loved even as the *second* wife of a man who had adored his *first*; while Isabella (could they have exchanged places) would have been wretched at the thought that any other had divided the affections of a heart over which it was her glory to reign alone. Adélé never troubled herself with a thought of how much more devoted he had been to the object of his first attachment; but Edward was far happier since his marriage than he had been before he met Adélé, and certainly loved her as much as he could love any in this world again.

Thus two months passed by, and they were at breakfast when a large packet was put into the hands of Delancy; his old friend and guardian Mr. Selmer brought it, and the grave manner in which he presented it, added to his immediately calling Adélé to another part of the house, caused Edward to observe particularly the handwriting; but he was wholly unacquainted with it, although the post mark was New-Orleans: he hastily burst the seals, and with an exclamation of mingled surprise, love and horror, recognized the well known characters of Isabella. The date of the envelope was not a week old, it contained only a few hasty lines of passionate love, and the hopes of a speedy and joyful reunion, after a more than three years' separation, and referred Edward to the journal for all the perils she had passed. Again and again, she spake of their meeting—their happy meeting; told him she had taught their daughter to expect him almost as anxiously as she did herself, and concluded by the remark, that she would count the hours until his arrival in New Orleans, where she was awaiting him.

What words can speak the feelings which agitated the bosom of Delancy? The thought that Isabella, his idolized Isabella was living, filled him with unspeakable delight, and the idea of flying to meet her and their child, was only banished by hearing the sweet tones of Adélé as she re-entered the parlour with Mr. Selmer. The old man looked kindly at Delancy, but there was a troubled expression on his face as he turned his eyes upon the fair young creature at his side; it seemed to say, "I know it all." Adélé saw that there was something wrong, and looked beseechingly at Edward; he felt the appeal, and would have strained her to his heart, but he knew that it would *now* be a sin

to do so. Overcome with agony for her fate—with horror for his own—and uncertainty for the future, amounting almost to madness—the miserable man could only clasp his hands together and rush wildly out of the house. It was the painful task of Mr. Selmer to explain the situation of affairs to Adélé—kindly and tenderly he did so—but what words can soften such a blow:

"Oh, grief beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate,
In the wide world without that only tie,
For which it loved to live—or feared to die."

For a time she sat in speechless wonder and amazement, then suddenly seeming to realize the facts, she started up exclaiming, "Poor, poor Edward! what can he do!"—then as her thoughts reverted to her own situation, she caught Mr. Selmer by the arm saying, "let us go—this is no place for me now—God knows how innocently I came into this house;" and for the first time she wept bitterly. "No one can blame you, Adélé," said her kind friend—"you have done no wrong, but a duty is now before you to perform, my poor child; and let conscious innocence sustain you in the trial!" "Fear not for me," she said—"we will meet no more!" Mr. Selmer conducted her to the house of a friend, and left her to solitude and prayer—and in a few days Adélé was again with her aunt at Woodville.

Edward had rushed from his home in a state bordering upon madness, and long he wandered through the streets scarce conscious whither he went, until in a distant part of the city he encountered Mr. Selmer, who was seeking him; silently he took his arm and turned towards his home, but when they reached the door Edward stopped, and looked up in the face of his friend—"She is gone, my son! Adélé has acted nobly; quick to perceive her duty, she will be sustained in its performance." "I commit her to your care, and direct me in the difficulties by which I am surrounded." They entered, and after several hours spent in the perusal of Isabella's journal, the most proper conduct to be pursued under the circumstances appeared to be, that Mr. Selmer should hasten to New Orleans, and candidly state to Isabella the events which had transpired since her departure.

And while he is on his way let us take a rapid survey of the events that had occurred to Isabella after embarking on board the *Empress*. The first two or three days of their voyage were prosperous. The narration of the negro was correct as far as it went, for when chased by the pirates Mrs. Delancy had sought death for her child and herself amid the waters, but Providence had ordered otherwise. After the massacre of the crew and passengers of the *Empress* had been completed, they were rescued from some floating article which had been flung overboard to lighten the vessel, and to which she had probably clung after reason had ceased to guide and instinct alone had controlled her actions. Certain it is that both she and the child were in-

sensible when discovered by the pirate, and would have been left to perish had not one of the crew, more humane than the rest, persisted in saving "the harmless woman and her little child." When Isabella was resuscitated she found herself in a strange vessel, among rough-looking men, and was not long in arriving at the conclusion that she was a captive. Eva was sleeping softly by her side, and she determined to lie still and watch events; presently a young man with strongly marked features and a commanding air entered the cabin; Isabella started when she saw him—he spake, and she was sure the voice was familiar to her ear—she watched him attentively. One of the officers addressed him by the name of Harris, and it flashed upon her memory that in the pirate before her, she beheld a wayward and long lost son of her old Irish nurse or foster-mother. Isaac Harris had ever been a wrong-headed boy, but she knew that like most of the Irish peasantry he had strong affections. She began to hope much from the memories she might awaken in his mind, and she resolved to await an opportunity of making herself known to him—the opportunity occurred, was embraced, and proved successful.

Having received a promise of protection from one of their officers, Isabella heard with more calmness than she had deemed possible, that she was to accompany the pirates to Barataria. She also heard that they had another captive in their stronghold, and she was not without hopes that Harris would eventually aid her in escaping from his dreadful associates. It was soon understood that the fair captive and her child were under the care of Harris, the second officer in command, and of course as the principle of "honour among thieves" was in full force among them, Isabella was treated with every mark of respect. When they reached Barataria, Harris informed Mrs. Delancy that it might become necessary to her future security that he should take her to his own house, and live in a degree of seeming intimacy with her before his comrades. But the high-minded woman instantly rejected the proposal.

"Never!" she exclaimed, "shall I suffer a shadow to rest upon the name of Delancy—even amid pirates my husband's honour shall be preserved unsullied, and my fair name above reproach."

"Lady, it might save you from insult could you consent to appear better satisfied with one whose respect alone makes him presume to approach you with such proposals," replied the pirate; but it was useless.

"You have spoken before me of an aged captive, whose illness confines him to his hut; and whose high rank induces your associates to preserve his life in the hope of a ransom—place me with him—gladly will I undertake the charge of nursing him. And you, Isaac Harris, remember what *my* parents have done for *yours*, and I do not fear to trust that your gratitude and fidelity will save me from further wrong."

And it was so arranged. Isabella and her child

were permitted to inhabit the rude abode that had been devoted to an old gentleman who had languished for many months among the pirates, pinning for that home which he had left only to re-establish his health by sea-air, and sailing about among the Islands of the West Indies, where he had large possessions. Captured by the pirates, he was recognized by one of the crew as one of the most wealthy commoners in France—an old gentleman of Lyons, noted for his opulence, his magnificence, and boundless liberality to the poor—a man who had known many sorrows in his youth; but who was now alone in the world, without a relative to claim his immense possessions when he should be no more—and it was the policy of the pirates to save and treat with kindness one from whom they hoped to exact some reward for such unwonted mercy. But the principles of the venerable old man were too well established for him to listen to any terms from a set of lawless desperadoes—men outlawed by their country and their God—the committers of that crime the most abhorrent to humanity—Piracy. And though he withered in sickness and sorrow for his home and its enjoyments, he was firm in his rejection of liberty at such a price.

The consolation of a nurse so gentle, and a companion so delightful, was indeed great to Mr. Lorraine; and to Isabella the arrangement offered every advantage of which her situation was susceptible. Residing under the same roof, she bestowed upon him all those attentions which she would have offered to her father, and very soon the affection of parent and child grew up between them in all its fervency. Jointly, they engaged in educating the little Eva, and Isabella soon learned that for the sake of her daughter she should ever bless her acquaintance with so educated, so polished, and so kind a friend.

Weeks—months—passed over—at last years elapsed—and there was little to mark their flight but the improvements of mind in Eva, and the increased affection of her two instructors. Isabella had laboured too in the difficult task of reclaiming Isaac Harris from his life of crime and peril, and she began to hope that she was making an impression on his wild and ardent feelings. At last, when nearly three years of captivity were passed by Mrs. Delancy, the pirates began to entertain fears of the discovery of their hitherto secure retreat. Suspicions of treachery were awakened in the mind of Lafitte. Isaac Harris was watched in a manner that roused all the indignation of his character—and he who had been deaf to the entreaties of a being he regarded as almost above mortality—the suggestions of his own heart and the reviving sense of justice, now yielded to the passionate impulse of revenge. Suspected at first without a cause, he soon resented the indignity of distrust by preparing to liberate the captives, and place himself under the protection of the laws, by becoming evidence against his former associates.

Alas! that no nobler motive than revenge prompted this decision. But gratefully was it hailed by Isabella and her friend, whose declining health rendered a change of air and climate most desirable. He promised all the influence he could exert in behalf of Harris, if he would take them safely to Lyons; and as secrecy with respect to their destination and mode of departure was imperative, of course Isabella gladly availed herself of the opportunity to escape to France. It was impossible to convey even the slightest intimation of her existence and safety to her husband without compromising Harris's plan, and of course nothing could induce her to run such a risk.

At length the hour of escape arrived; silently, and at midnight they left Barataria, in an open boat; gained a secluded spot on the nearest island, where Harris had managed to anchor a small fishing smack; and placing his anxious passengers on board, he began fearlessly but cautiously to steer her towards the Island of Cuba; there, he landed at night—disguised himself and his party most effectually; and early the next day they sailed for France as father, daughter and grandchild, with one servant, and safely reached Lyons.

Here the increasing illness of Mr. Lorraine rendered his appeal to government in behalf of Harris impossible; and the first feelings of anger having subsided in the bosom of that quick-tempered person, he felt a reluctance to be the one to deliver up his former comrades to justice, and only begged to be permitted to return to Ireland, and late as it was, to settle in some honest calling. Mr. Lorraine, after liberally rewarding his fidelity, allowed him to depart, pledging for himself and Isabella the strictest secrecy for six months, that he might have every chance of reaching home unmolested by the pirates, and of commencing a life of reform and industry.

Ere the six months which were to elapse before Mrs. Delancy made known her existence to her friends, or attempted to cross the Atlantic, had passed, the spirit of her aged friend and tenderly loved companion in captivity, had winged its flight to a better world; and at the opening of his will, she was discovered to be his sole heir. He had heard from her so much of the virtues and excellencies of her husband, had beheld in Isabella such a devoted love and admiration of him, and had heard her speak so often of his honest exertions to overcome the difficulties of his business affairs, that the old gentleman rightly conjectured that the greatest happiness he could bestow upon the being who had so unweariedly devoted her care and attentions to himself, would be the proud privilege he afforded her of bestowing unbounded wealth upon this idolized husband.

Ah! who can describe the emotions which swelled the heart of Isabella as, on the very day her promise of secrecy expired, she found herself on board of a fast sailing vessel, bound for New Orleans? Mistress of more wealth than her humble wishes had ever aspired to—with her daughter

beaming in all the beauty of her age, and beyond her years intelligent and accomplished—her own person and countenance sparkling under the influence of health, hope and happiness—scarcely at the age of twenty-five, with every grace of manner and charm of mind circling around her—and the one deep, pure, passionate desire of bestowing them upon the idol of her imagination, the husband of her love, burning in her heart, like a lamp upon some holy shrine;—proudly she felt all this; and gratefully she looked to the Giver of such blessings, to sustain her under the trials of prosperity, as he had saved her amidst the dangers and disappointments of adversity.

Thus it was that she had arrived in America, and under these feelings and circumstances had her letter and journal been despatched from New Orleans to Delancy. We have seen the circumstances in which they found him, and noticed the result. Mr. Selmer arrived and waited on Isabella. The magnificence by which she was surrounded at first surprised him, for like most women Mrs. Delancy had a taste for splendour, and as the means to gratify it were amply in her power, she took a pride in preparing everything for the reception of her husband in the highest style of refinement and luxury. She scarcely welcomed Mr. Selmer in her eagerness to meet Delancy, who she supposed would be with his guardian; and a shade passed over her radiant countenance upon perceiving he was not present. We will draw a veil over the scene that followed. Imagination may depict, but surely no pen could portray the emotions which rose in the bosom of a wife like Isabella, under the events which it was the painful duty of Mr. Selmer to reveal!

Wounded affection—mortified self-love—and insulted confidence—betrayed trust, and crushed hopes wrung her heart—and the dreams of happiness which had never wandered from their centre, but played in all their varied corruscations around the sun from which they derived the light and warmth which gave them being—must now vanish for ever. After the years of cherished fondness—the hours of fearful, prayerful agony, in which she had thought of him—the months of ardent expectation, and the days of suspense she had endured, was *this* the result? To find herself forgotten—her image supplanted—her very name given to another—and that by *him!* him to whom she had devoted her whole soul—her high faculties, and deep affections.

For weeks Isabella lay upon the bed of sickness—a brain fever prostrating her whole system, rendered life itself long doubtful. Mr. Selmer watched beside her, and his feeling heart mourned over the desolation of spirit betrayed by the sufferer amid the ravings of her delirium. But a good constitution and able medical skill enabled her to surmount the disease. The first feeble words of recovered consciousness were addressed to Mr. Selmer, in a request that her child should not be taken from her. Mr. Selmer was shocked—he

saw that her strong mind was beginning to realize her situation, and already to arrange plans for the future. He tried to evade the question, but she clung to it with the pertinacity of an invalid. "Promise me that I shall keep my child," she persisted with greater energy—and he promised that the law should not be enforced if she determined not to return to her husband. "Never! never!" and the energy with which she pronounced the emphatic words, while it exhausted her little remaining strength, convinced Mr. Selmer that the determination was final.

In a few days she began steadily but decidedly to recover, and it seemed that her plans were all clear before her, for she requested Mr. Selmer would spend the morning with her, as she wished for the last time to speak upon a subject that must never again be referred to. A copy of the Bible was on the stand beside her, as though the calmness of her manner, and firmness of her tone, had been derived from a frequent study of its holy pages, and familiarity with its truths, which alone can strengthen in the hour of weakness, and console in the moment of affliction. She stated that upon mature reflection she had resolved to return immediately to Natchez—that her child having been born there, her history would be known to all, and none could misjudge her. She requested her friend would procure for her a commodious mansion: and told him she had already, while in France, purchased furniture, &c. on a scale of magnificence seldom equalled, and which she begged he would see arranged. Mr. Selmer here interrupted her,

"If you will not live with your husband, Isabella, why not get a divorce or retire into a convent?"

Her eye flashed one of its proudest beams upon the old man, as she answered haughtily;

"Divorce! Mr. Selmer! how dare you ask of me so idle a ceremony? Can man by his laws or his conventional usages set at naught a sacrament of God's holy church? Is not the command *binding* as it is positive—'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder!'" She paused, and Mr. Selmer answered firmly,

"The church for weighty reasons sometimes permits a separation between husband and wife, but never allows either party to *marry* while the other is alive. In this she follows the command of Christ enforced by the apostle St. Paul."

Isabella immediately opened the Bible at the 7th chapter to the Corinthians, (1st epistle, 10th verse) and read—"But to them that are married—not I—but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from the husband. And if she depart that she remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband." Outraged as my feelings have been," she said, "this alternative cannot be expected from me. And I have no vocation for a convent, even if it were possible for one in my position to gain admittance; but you must be aware that to take the vows in a religious order, the *consent* of both

parties is *required*, and the husband also must enter the church. However, sir, as I said, I have no vocation for the duties of such a life; and would neither insult my Maker by offering him a victim of disappointment and misery, nor the pure and heavenly minded community among whom you would advise me to wear out the residue of my days, by carrying my wretchedness among them. No, dear Mr. Selmer, *my* duties are of a different class, and paramount is the duty to my daughter; for her, and to her I must endeavour to render the poor boon of existence a blessing; for this my every energy will be exerted. I also owe a high duty to myself, my walk through life must continue as it has ever been—blameless. And surely society has its claims upon my wealth as upon my time. No, sir, my views of life may differ from those of many persons, but I see high and holy duties binding me to the world; and *there*, amid its turmoils, its splendours, and its follies, will I endeavour to shape my future course, bearing within me 'a conscience void of offence to God and man,' and trying to forget or conceal the sorrows of my heart!"

Again she paused, and Mr. Selmer gazed with admiration he could not conceal upon one so young, so noble, so firmly resolved boldly to meet the difficulties of her situation, and with a pure and holy self-confidence calmly to conquer them. Her eyes were raised to heaven with an expression of faith and high resolve, more touching to him than all the brilliancy which was so common to them. After a while she added—

"You will give me the protection of residing with me, my dear sir. I am sure you will!" and she looked beseechingly upon him.

"I will—I will!" he replied, as overcome with conflicting emotions he left the room.

We will pass over a couple of months, and resume when these plans had been carried into execution, and Mrs. Delancy was established in a superb residence in Natchez. The romance of her situation, added to her known riches and high bearing, soon brought around her all that was estimable in fashion, while her liberal patronage of the arts—her fine appreciation of talent—her admiration of genius, and taste in literature, rendered her house the resort of everything elegant, refined, or valuable. Her cultivated mind, bland manners, sumptuous entertainments, and well known benevolence, made her deservedly popular among all ranks in the community. No duty was neglected; devoting all her love and much of her time to her daughter, she moved steadily upon her path "a bright particular star," winning the admiration of all, and wearing the mild aspect of resignation, if not contentment, ever on her face. None could have suspected that sorrow had ever darkened that brow, or disappointment barbed an arrow for her heart. Mr. Selmer alone saw that a change had fallen upon her character, and read in the impassioned love she bore her child, the earnest desire to render herself all in all to the lovely Eva.

Delancy and herself had never met even by accident, although Isabella avoided no place of resort where she might have seen him; but he had feared for her and for himself, and scarcely moved beyond his own doors, except when business or duty called him abroad. Adele, with all the shrinking delicacy of a sensitive heart, had retired from the world, and become a member of that beautiful illustration of Christian mercy, known as "The Sisters of Charity." Her gentle spirit and humble virtues, fitted her in all respects for the vocation she had selected; and many a wretched sufferer had cause to bless the young sister who so kindly tended at his bed of sickness, and instructed him in the consolations of religion.

Years rolled by. Delancy had hoped that time would in some shape alter and improve his condition—but alas! if he expected ever to be recalled by Isabella, he knew little of the heart of woman. Had his offence been any other than it was, love would have palliated and pardoned the transgression. But to find another image where her own had been—to know that the words of love which he had breathed to her, had been poured, perhaps, with the same passionate earnestness into the ears of another—the lip, so often in the fulness of confidence pressed upon her brow, had given its fervour to another's cheek—the bosom upon which she had rested every care and found relief, had pillowed another head. No! it was not in the nature of a woman like Isabella to forgive what to her highly wrought feelings appeared almost a sacrilege. She mourned her husband as if he had been dead; but never could he be anything to her in this life again. And so he at last discovered—but the strong desire to behold his child, and once more gaze upon the features of his wife, now took possession of his mind. And when he learned that she would with Eva attend a concert that was to be given at one of the theatres, he resolved also to be among the audience.

The evening arrived. Mrs. Delancy's box was one of the most conspicuous in the theatre. The company was large; but quietly seated in the parquette was Delancy—seeing nothing—hearing nothing; but keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the box his wife was to occupy. Isabella came late; she was leaning upon the arm of Mr. Selmer, and held Eva by the hand; for a moment the group stood in that position until the door of the box was opened, and Delancy had a full view of them. He rose upon his feet, and stood like one entranced gazing upon them. When they were seated, Eva let her handkerchief fall; in an instant Delancy rushed forward, and catching it to his bosom, left the house. So quickly had the scene passed, that Isabella had not perceived her husband, though, when on their return home Eva described to her the conduct of the strange man who had run away with her handkerchief, her heart told her too truly who it must have been.

"And they might have been mine," exclaimed the wretched man as he flew into the street. "Oh!

how bitterly am I punished for an involuntary error—but I can bear it no more; I must quit Natchez and find an asylum somewhere for my grief."

And when he returned to his solitary home his resolve was taken; he determined to give up his occupations and travel. He resolved to visit the Holy Land, and see all those places mentioned in Scripture, and sanctified by the sufferings of a Saviour, and the trials of the Saints; and to devote himself to acts of virtue and piety, and to seek those consolations in religion which could alone enable him to support the sorrows of his situation. Having thus resolved, he felt calmer than he had done for years before.

It was a fine autumnal evening—the shadows of twilight yet lingered over the earth; but within the mansion of Mrs. Delancy a blaze of light poured down from the various and magnificently wrought candelabra over the rich carpet and gorgeous draperies, and shed a glow of sunlight radiance upon the superb paintings and splendid statuary that decorated the drawing-room. Eva was reclining half asleep upon a crimson couch; and on a luxuriant looking ottoman by her side, sat Isabella, arrayed with more than usual care, and glittering with gems of rare devices and costly setting. She was expecting a select party of the most favoured of her acquaintances, and bestowed some attention to effect, that their visit might be rendered in every way agreeable. A servant entered showing in a visitor. Mrs. Delancy rose, and started on beholding a Sister of Charity, but instantly welcomed her with the gentle urbanity which distinguished her manners. Appeals to her benevolence were so common that nothing but the lateness of the hour rendered this visit remarkable—yet as the Sister declined the courtesy of a seat, Isabella was attracted by the sweet tones of the voice which answered her. Her next question of "What can I do for you?" was prompted as much by the idea that there was agitation in the being before her, as by feelings of benevolence—

"My purse," she continued, "is always at the service of the unfortunate, and for other griefs,"—finding the Sister still silent—"fear not to speak to me, for suffering has taught me sympathy."

Still the Sister spake not; and it would have been a fine subject for a painter to have portrayed the two figures as they stood together in that temple of luxury. The tall person of the Sister, shrouded in her loose and shapeless black robe, her head covered by its small black bonnet, shading, not concealing the dazzling whiteness of her brow: her deep blue eyes, and almost childlike features, and the small white hand whose taper fingers could just be seen beneath the large sleeve, that enveloped it; offered a striking contrast to the rich velvet dress whose graceful folds fell around the faultless form of Isabella, as if an artist had arranged it for effect; her hands sparkling with jewels; and her whole appearance bearing evidence of her position, and peculiar tastes. Again Mrs. Delancy addressed her visiter, inquiring gently,

"What is your errand with me?"

"Mercy, lady, *mercy!* I belong to an order in which mercy assumes many forms; but never have I seen her in one more lovely than yours. Oh, listen to her voice, nor let me plead to you in vain," and she sank upon her knees at the feet of Isabella, still speaking rapidly. "I am going far from this part of the country—I will never revisit it; but I could not leave until I had looked upon your face and pleaded for one whom I dare not name. Lady, there was no sin, for he ceased not to love you; even though we believed that you were dead."

"Adelé!" said Isabella, raising her from the floor, "*It is too late!* Delancy has left America. But for you I have no feeling save that of affection. Poor Adelé, you have been a bitter lot."

"No! I am happy in my present state—far happier than I ever was before," she said emphatically, and Isabella pressed her to her heart as if she had been her own young sister.

Their interview was not long protracted. Adelé clasped Eva in one fond embrace; and again pressing Isabella to her bosom, she went forth upon her mission of charity to a distant land.

After this night Isabella's feelings assumed a new character. She never spake of her interview with the Sister of Charity, but her pride of heart seemed to be subduing itself before the power of Religion, to whose requisitions she began to give up more of her time; and when tidings reached her of the death of Adelé from a contagious fever, contracted by her attendance at the bedside of a hospital patient, she felt how far more faultless and happy had been the unpretending life of the gentle sister, than her own prouder and more dazzling career.

Eva had now grown almost into womanhood; and Mr. Selmer full of years was gradually sinking into that last resting-place of the good—a peaceful grave. Isabella had reached her thirty-second year, and the proud spirit of her youth was tranquillized, for the passionate energy of her character had been controlled by suffering and a true religious faith. Still lovely, she had lost much of the brilliancy of her young years; but there was a chastened sweetness in her smile that told of hopes beyond the grave.

One day while at church, her observation was attracted by an elderly looking man whose devout attention to the services elicited her respect; but as her mind soon fixed itself upon her own duty, and the prayers commenced, she thought of him no more, until that evening, when told that a stranger desired to see her, when she recognized in the person who entered her sitting room, the subject of her morning's speculation. He was apparently about forty years of age, sunburnt and care-worn; and came, he said, from a distant land to deliver into the hands of Mrs. Delancy, a chain and locket, which she had once bestowed upon a friend of his. Isabella trembled with emotion at the sound of his deep-toned voice; but when he took from his bosom the well remembered handkerchief which Eva had dropped at the theatre, and unclasped the locket from his neck, which she had given to her husband so many years before, her heart told her it was Delancy himself; and, unable longer to contain her emotions, she flung herself into his arms, exclaiming,

"My husband! My own dear husband! will you not receive me again to your affections?"

EUROCLYDON.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS."

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EUROCLYDON.

BY CHARLES LANMAN, AUTHOR OF "ESSAYS FOR SUMMER HOURS."

At one stride came the dark, and it is now night. Cold and loud is the raging storm. Rain enow and sleet are dashing most furiously against the windows,—actually dampening the curtains within. There—there goes a shutter, torn from its hinges by the wind! Another gust,—and how desolate its moan! It is the voice of the Winter Storm Spirit, who comes from beyond the ice-plains of the North. I can interpret his cry, which is dismal as the howl of wolves.

"Mortal crouch—crouch like a worm beside thy hearth-stone and acknowledge thy insignificance. When the skies are bright, and thou art surrounded by the comforts of life, thou goest forth among thy fellows boasting of thine intellect and greatness. But when the elements arise, shaking the very earth to its foundation, thou dost tremble with fear, and thy boasting is forgotten. Approach the window, and as thou lookest upon the gloom of this stormy night, learn a lesson of humility. Thou art in thyself as frail and helpless as the icicle depending from yonder bough.

"O, this is a glorious night for me! I have broken the chains which have bound me in the Arctic Sea, and fearful elements follow in my path to execute my bidding. Listen, while I picture to your mind a few of the countless scenes I have witnessed, which are terrible to man, but to me a delight.

"An hundred miles away, there is a lonely cottage on the border of an inland lake. An hour ago I passed by there, and a mingled sound of woe came from its inmates, for they were poor and sick, and had no wood. A miserable starving dog was whining at their door. I laughed with joy and left them to their suffering.

"I came to a broad river, where two ferrymen were toiling painfully at their work. I loosened the ice that had been formed farther up, and it crushed them to death in its mad career.

"Beside a mountain, a solitary foot-traveller, of

three score years and ten, was ascending a road heavily and slow. I chilled the crimson current in his veins, and the pure white snow became his winding sheet. What matter! It was his time to die.

"On yonder rock-bound coast, a fisherman was startled from his fireside by a signal of distress. He looked through the darkness and discovered a noble ship hastening toward a dangerous reef. I brought her there, regardless of the costly merchandize and freight of human life. She struck,—and three hundred hardy men went down into that black roaring element which gives not back its dead. The morrow will dawn, and the child at home will lisp its father's name, unconscious of his fate, and the wife will smile and press her infant to her bosom, not doubting but that her husband will soon return to bless her with his love. I have no sympathy with the widow and the fatherless.

"Hark! did you not hear it?—that dismal shout! Alas! the deed is done,—the touch of the incendiary hath kindled a fire such as this city has never beheld. What rich and glowing color in those clouds of smoke rising so heavily from yonder turrets! Already they are changed into an ocean of flame, hissing and roaring. Unheard, save at intervals, is the cry of the watchman, and the ringing bells; and muffled are the hasty footsteps of the thronging multitude, for the snow is deep. Slowly do the engines rumble along, while strained to their utmost are the sinews of those hardy firemen. But useless is all this noise and labor, for the receptacles of water are blocked with ice. Fire! fire!! fire!!!"

And here endeth the song of Euroclydon, which was listened to on the 16th of December, 1835. It will be recollected, that when the sun rose in unclouded beauty on the following morning, six hundred buildings had been consumed, many lives lost and twenty millions of property destroyed.

EVENINGS AT A FRIEND'S.—No. 6.

BY MRS. S. E. FARLEY.

"We are quite ready to hear the music you promised, Mrs. D. What, that little box? I thought to listen to a song."

"One moment if you please."

"Oh that is delightful! the little bird must be alive to hop so naturally upon the stem, the eyelid winking, the bright eye glancing, the graceful head turning so quickly from side to side, the slender bill opening at every note, and really I can see the beautiful throat expand. So witching a warble! it must be life or magic. That plumage too, so varied, rich, and brilliant. These delicate tiny feathers just lifting with the air as if to show their splendour."

"You would scarcely think these parti-coloured feathers are all of the finest gold."

"Impossible! let me touch. Ah, he has bowed his head and gone again, the moment his sweet song is finished. But we have you safe my Peri, and now pray tell me from what part of the world this delicious little songster came."

"It is, as you will suppose, a creation of Parisian taste and skill; the handiwork of some cunning artist for a wealthy planter of St. Domingo, who sought a present most rich and rare for his fair English bride. This young lady was the daughter of an English gentleman, who had for some years resided in the island, that the bland air might, if possible, counteract a tendency to consumption inherited by his wife. But his care was vain, and at her death Roscoe purposed an immediate return to England with his daughter. He was removed very suddenly by fever, and Bertha, left without a friend on whose counsel she could rely, accepted the addresses of M. Laroux. They were married but a year previous to the insurrection at Hayti, and fearing that event, Laroux had persuaded his wife to embark on board a vessel bound to Boston, intending to follow with such a portion of his wealth as could be readily transported. But he delayed too long, was killed, and of his vast possessions, nothing remained to the widow but her jewelry, and this unique and costly bauble. Bertha mourned for her husband as for a kind friend, but never as for one who had awakened all that attachment of which she was capable. My parents offered her a home, but as she was young, amiable, and singularly attractive, she had many opportunities of changing it. She would however have returned to a distant relative in England, had not her affections become engaged to a Boston merchant, a young man every way worthy of her choice. The banns were published, and the day for their union appointed. In the mean time the

happy couple went to New Hampshire on a visit to the family of the lover. Among the various parties, rides, &c. in compliment to the expected union, one was proposed to the Shaker village of C——, about thirty miles from the elder Terry's. The excursion was intended only to afford amusement and gratify curiosity; but to two of the party, Bertha and her intended husband, Mr. Terry, the result was of a more serious nature. They were both so impressed with the solemnity and devotion of the worship, as to be willing at once to relinquish all their fondly cherished hopes of earthly happiness.

"They thought they had been guilty of idolatry in so devoting themselves to each other, and that the immolation of their affections upon his altar, would be a sacrifice most acceptable to their Creator. This conviction was sudden, but powerful and mutual, and on their ride home, they agreed it was manifestly their duty to dissolve their unholy engagement, and become united to the Shakers. This they did, notwithstanding the entreaties and remonstrances of their friends, and such a change was never before known. The elegant Bertha, with all ladylike accomplishments, yet ignorant as a child of everything her new strange sisters would call useful, lost bloom and health in her unceasing efforts to acquire the knowledge necessary to the life she had chosen; and poor Terry thought as his former love was now to him but a sister in the Lord, he might sometimes converse with her, if only to ascertain the cause of her sick-looking, dejected countenance. No such sinful yielding to earthly weakness could be allowed in that community, but Terry watched for Bertha where she could not well avoid him, and said:—

"Thou art pale sister, art thou well?"

"Yea, but weary, brother."

"Weary! and must thee labour thus, Bertha? I could almost think we have mistaken our call."

"Nay, thou must not say or think that," said Bertha as she glided swiftly away. This infringement of order, caused the ruling elder to receive a gift to confine Terry for a time, while Bertha was removed to another establishment at L——.

"The overseers said it was evident their earthly affection was not extinct, and there was danger of the remaining evil overcoming the spirit, inducing them to leave the service of the Lord, and unite in wedlock; unless so far separated as neither to see or hear from each other.

"This discipline proved a death-blow to poor Bertha. So long as she could see the sole object of her earthly affection at a distance, know he

was sometimes near her, and hear his voice in the daily worship, it was enough; she was content to bear many privations, and unremitting toil, in what she thought her path of duty; but her spirit was not raised above *all* necessity for earthly solace, and she soon passed joyfully away to that land, where 'they neither marry, nor are given in marriage.' Terry had no longer a motive for leaving the Shakers, but seemed to rouse and exercise all his talents for the advantage of the society. He was the originator of many improvements in agriculture and the mechanic arts, having invented several useful machines, for which some of their visitors, *world's people*, have kindly obtained patents *as their own*. His superior abilities soon made him the ruling elder of the establishment, which patriarchal office he still maintains, having been styled the elder brother for nearly forty years."

"And this bonny bird!"

"Oh both Terry and Bertha thought it sinful to listen to such cheerful caroling, and would not take it from my mother at all, so it descended to me."

"And what can you think of such a sect?"

"Their order, neatness, and industry, are worthy of great praise. In many instances, their purity of motive, and holiness of life, cannot be doubted."

"I should like much to visit a Shaker village."

"You will have an opportunity during your contemplated journey, of seeing the community at Alfred, and I am sure you will pity them, with all their means and appliances for bodily comfort. They have none of the *cheerfulness* of piety. Those beautiful words, home, wife, child, cannot thrill the heart, and quicken the step of the poor Shaker, after his day of toil. He has shut himself from the blessings and comforts, the *heart-food* our Heavenly Father provided to cheer and refresh his rational offspring."

"And which is preferable, Barrett's isolated state, or Terry's sovereignty?"

"If obliged to choose between them, I think I should rather live like Barrett, for although he has not half the bodily comforts, and no sanctuary for the affections, nothing more worthy of being called *home* than the Shaker, yet he is more unshackled and independent; he is not in bondage to any man, his daily movements and employments are not subject to any other laws than those he finds in the word of God."

"Which he daily violates."

"As how?"

"By not doing all the good he can to his neighbor."

"True, but in censuring him for that, I should condemn myself, and indeed if we wait until without sin ourselves, we shall never cast a stone at the hermit or the Shaker."

Original.

FELIX DARNLEY, THE STUDENT.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I saw her on her lowly bier,
No eye rained soft affection's tear,
No kindly hand of truth and worth,
Consigned her to her mother earth.
But heartless hands, her ashes laid,
Within their last lone narrow home;
For her no orisons were said,
No tablet or proud dome
Were raised to tell her *worth* or *shame*,
Gone and forgotten is her name!

In the winter of 1830, I was a student at the college of E——, in the medical class of Professor ——.

With this gentleman, it was customary to single out the most attentive of his pupils, and once or twice in every week, afford them the benefit of his private instruction. Among these, at the period of which I write, was Felix Darnley, a young and favorite student, with the professor. In person, he was tall and commanding—his features were correctly formed and intellectually expressive—his eye was bright as the eagle's, and his hair dark and glossy as the raven's wing. Although a placid and pleasurable expression, generally, irradiated his face, yet occasionally would the cloud of melancholy settle on it, and a deep sigh burst from his breast, as if some silent sorrow were its inmate. Our studies being of a kindred character, we were ever brought together, and a love of the same pursuits and pleasures soon cemented us in the bonds of fellowship. One evening returning from a private lecture of the kind professor—it was a wild and stormy hour—the snow fell thick and fast, the wind blew with cutting keenness, and the streets were completely unpeopled—we were arrested by the voice of supplication. It came from a poor emaciated female, who stood trembling in the mouth of a darksome alley. We had already passed her, when Felix arrested my arm, saying, "Hold, a moment," and returning, placed in her hand some money; a loud scream followed the act, and the word Felix fell from her lips—in the next moment she had darted from his presence. When I joined him, he was standing transfixed to the spot, and faintly muttering to himself, but so inaudibly, that I could not catch the substance of his speech. "What does this mean, Felix?" I said to him, at the same time taking his arm, which he quickly withdrew.

"Nothing, nothing!" he wildly replied. "Come, let us begone. I am faint—ill—mad! Oh! God! oh, God!" and striking his forehead with all the force of frenzy, rushed from the spot. With difficulty could I keep pace with him, and when, at length, we gained his dwelling, he sunk in a deep swoon upon the threshold.

Having called the attendants, and conveyed him to his chamber, by degrees, he was restored to consciousness, but his eye was wild and wandering, and he continued to mutter incoherent phrases, and point at some object which seemed to be present to his sight. In a few hours he fell into a deep slumber, and con-

signing him to the care of the domestics, I departed home.

It was beyond a doubt that some mystery was attached to Felix and the unknown mendicant. Who could she be? by what strange chance had he thus encountered her? Was she the victim of his infidelity? and had Providence in its wise decrees thus singularly manifested his retribution towards him. Such, and a thousand other surmises floated through my brain as for some hours I lay sleepless upon my pillow, and when, at last, I sunk into slumber, the squalid female and Felix continued to people my dreams.

In the morning, on entering the class room, I was surprized to behold him in his usual place dressed with more than ordinary care, and one of his bright and bland smiles playing upon his handsome countenance. He saluted me with friendly warmth, and thanked me for my attention to him on the preceding night.

"You, no doubt," said he, "thought my behavior, last evening, very strange, but the truth is, the sight of a female in distress always so affects me. It is childish, perhaps, but I cannot help it. There are none of us masters of our feelings, and I am sorry that you should have been made a participator in mine."

"My dear Felix," I replied, "I rejoice to hear that such was only the cause. I suspected—"

"What?" he quickly interrupted me, and a wild and suspicious expression took place of the glow of pleasure which, but a moment before, had lighted up his countenance.

"Why," said I, half laughing, "I suspected that she might have been some neglected beauty, and that—"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" he responded. "It is a silly affair altogether, but as I have explained to you the cause, I trust you will be satisfied, and not again revert to the subject." I promised him I would, and thus, for the present, the matter rested.

Three months after this incident, I was requested by Felix to wait upon him to the altar. He had wooed and won a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and nothing seemed to prevent of his drinking of the cup of happiness. Never shall I forget the evening when I first beheld Miss Arlington, "the admired of all admirers," as she gracefully glided into the room, leaning upon the arm of her betrothed. A more beautiful creature was never cast in the mould of nature, and as the person of Felix has already been described, need I say there walked not in this "vale of tears"

"A lovelier pair,
Round which the rosy wreath of Love entwined."

At length the morning of the bridal arrived, bright and beauteous as if smiling upon their union—carriage after carriage rolled up to the dwelling of Mr. Arlington, depositing their happy burdens, 'till the marriage bell, sending its joyous tones athwart the landscape, gave warning that the hour for the ceremony had arrived. We accordingly departed to the church, where stood the priest awaiting us. The service commenced—the responses by Felix and his betrothed were audibly given, but there appeared to me a singular tremulousness in the voice of Felix, and as we were

leaving the altar, of a sudden a deathly paleness spread over his countenance, and had I not extended to him my arm, he would have fallen upon the floor. Having returned to Mr. Arlington's, and the usual congratulations been paid to "the happy pair," they departed on their marriage journey.

On my return from the ceremony, I found that my presence had been requested by Dr. ———, and I immediately repaired to his dwelling. It was his custom, occasionally, in his leisure moments, to visit the abodes of misery and disease, and administer, gratuitously, advice and assistance. On these excursions, he was always accompanied by two or three of his favorite pupils, so that they might practically benefit in their studies, and it was now on an errand of this nature that he had sent for me. "From the bridal to the grave," it may be said, was "a strange jump," but, nevertheless, I obeyed, and together we departed upon our charitable mission.

I shall not here dilate upon all the objects of disease we that morning visited, but one I cannot pass over—so truly affecting was her situation. After threading several narrow lanes and closes, we stopped at a wretched hovel, whose outward appearance was enough to say that misery was its inmates. The walls were of wood, but so decayed by time, that wide openings were perceptible in many places—through which the "winds of heaven visited the dwellers too roughly." The windows were shattered, and in lieu of several panes of glass, were stuffed rags, straw, and other tokens of wretchedness. The door hung awry upon its hinges, from which the smoke issued in dense clouds, as well as from the fissures in the walls. The worthy doctor gently knocked, and an old withered hag, attired in the veriest remnants of poverty, appeared, and in a husky voice, bade us enter.

On a low bed, with scanty covering, lay a female, whose features, although bearing the impress of approaching dissolution, showed that she was yet young in years. Her eyes, which were sunken and glassy, at the sound of visitors, flashed out with unearthly brightness. Her face, pale as the lily, assumed a hectic flush, and her thin and withered lips essayed to articulate, but sound was denied them. The doctor approached the sufferer, and seated himself on an old chest which stood at the head of the bed, for but one chair was in the apartment, and that the old woman had occupied herself, the moment we had entered.

"Did you obey the instructions which I left with you on my last visit?" asked the doctor.

"To be sure and I did!" answered the old crone, in a coarse Hibernian accent.

"And has there been any amelioration in her disease?" continued he.

Amelioration was a word not to be found in her vocabulary, and, consequently, she could not reply. She cast a broad vacant stare upon the doctor, who, perceiving he had gone beyond her comprehension, adroitly made use of language of a less lofty character.

"I mean," said he, "have there been any signs of improvement in her since my last visit?"

"Not one, and save your honor, but I think she won't suffer a great deal longer; and, indeed, it will be a blessing for her when she is gone."

"Hush!" said he. "While there is life there is hope," and he took the hand of the invalid in his own, as if to comfort her, for the poor creature, although sick to death, was conscious of all that was passing, and the old hag's unfeeling remark had caused her to start, and the tears to gush from her sunken and almost sightless eyes.

"Wouldn't the priest be better for her than the doctor?" said the old woman, while a fiendish smile passed over her wrinkled and smoke-dried countenance.

"Do you know me?" asked the kind man, wishing to avoid incurring any more callous remarks from the old Sycorax, and placing his lips close to the young creature's ear. A pressure of his hand was her only reply.

"Well, Emily, can I in any way be of service to you?" continued he.

"Yes, and that you can," screamed the old wretch. "She is owing me seven weeks' board, at three shillings and sixpence a week, and you will be doing both myself and the young cratur a great service by handing it over."

"Well, well, make yourself easy on that score," replied the good Samaritan. "I shall take care you lose nothing."

"Tank your honor, and long life to the poor cratur. Will your honor take a seat." And she rose and proffered him the *solitary* chair, his promise having opened the wicket of her selfish heart.

"By no means, I am well enough here; all that I request of you is to permit not Miss Emily to want for any comfort. You know where I reside—come to me at all times; in the interim here is that will pay for any arrears in which she may be indebted to you."

The old woman extended her long, lanky arm, and in her hand the good man placed two sovereigns, at the sight of which she showered a thousand blessings upon his head, and as many protestations of what she would do for "the good Miss Emily," "the young lady," etc.

"You shall see me again in the course of to-morrow, Emily," said the doctor; "do not make yourself unhappy; you may yet recover. Good day—God bless you." With a strong effort she grasped his hand and pressed it to her lips; she was also about to speak, but the kind man prevented her by saying, "Hush, Emily, to-morrow I shall hear you; do as I desire; I am your friend and will not desert you." And gently extricating his hand from her's, together we left the scene of suffering and sorrow.

One week from this time Felix and his bride had returned, principally that the final examination was about to take place when the candidates for the medical graduation should pass. With his characteristic assiduity he began to prepare himself for the trial, and in private as well as public spared no opportunity to obtain all necessary qualifications. One evening a group of us, among whom was Felix, had assembled in the dissecting room; it was the last practical lesson we were to receive before

the day of trial. The porter of the class had procured, as he said, "a fine subject," and we only awaited the arrival of the Professor before it was produced. Felix, who was the pupil appointed to demonstrate on that evening, was busy in preparing his instruments for operation. Never can that scene be effaced from my memory. The room was strewn with bones, skeletons, and other preparations, while in the eye-sockets of several skulls were candles stuck, casting a strange and unearthly light. Custom had banished all feeling of sympathy, and the laugh and gihe went merrily around. At length the Professor arrived. The body was placed upon the table, and each student with his knife in hand stood ready to assist.

"Mr. Darnley," said the Professor, "are you ready to proceed?"

"I am, sir," replied Darnley; and removing the oil-cloth which had been carefully thrown over the subject, he was about to plunge his knife into the body, when he uttered a wild, unearthly shriek, and fell senseless on the floor.

"What can this mean?" said the professor—"raise him." Quick as lightning we did so, and applying some remedies restored him once more to reason.

"Take me hence—take me hence," he feebly uttered. "Touch her not—she is mine. Emily! poor Emily! do not mutilate that breast on which I have a thousand times reposed! Take me hence—I am dying!" and he sunk exhausted into our arms and was borne from the room. A carriage having been procured, I attended him home, and saw him committed to the care of his young and affectionate wife, but he shrunk from her presence as from the glance of a basilisk. "Leave me," he said to her, "for a few moments, I have some instructions to give to my friend here, I shall send for you shortly." She fondly kissed his pallid brow, and with the tears streaming from her eyes, unwillingly obeyed him.

As soon as we were alone, "Crime," said he, "you perceive cannot be concealed. You have twice beheld my strange conduct, I will no longer deny the cause of it. The young female whose body this evening was to have served for our operations, is the victim of my seduction. She it was, on that evening when you were first a witness to my wildness, sought charity at my hand. From the hour that I had betrayed her up to that night I had lost all trace of her, and although since I have been untiring in my search, yet have I been unsuccessful. Save the body, I beseech you, from the knife; let it rest in peace, it is the only atonement I now can make. Promise me this ere reason leaves me, for I feel that madness is weaving her spell about my brain."

"Compose yourself," I said, "since you have erred, repentance yet may bring you peace."

"Never! never! Peace only is for me in the grave. Fly, my dear R——, for the love of heaven secure the body from desecration, and consign it to the dust—that done, return and tell me all. Emily! poor blighted blossom! curses, curses on your seducer!"—and he frantically tore his hair and wept.

Finding that neither consolation or advice was of avail, I left him, and having procured a coffin at the

nearest undertaker's had the corse placed within it. But judge of my astonishment when I recognized the features to be those of the young girl whom, with the doctor, I had a fortnight before visited. My curiosity was aroused, and I immediately repaired to the wretched hovel, where from the old woman I learned that poor Emily had two days before been by death released from her sufferings. As an outcast from society, an "unfortunate woman," as the delicate phraseology of the world terms it, she had been buried without a friend to weep a tear upon her ashes, and now from the grave had the body been torn to supply the dissecting room. On the following morning I saw it again committed to the dust.

Of Felix what shall I say? Alas! his prediction was truly and fearfully fulfilled. Madness did indeed claim him for its victim. His young and beautiful wife, who could not endure to behold him a maniac, died in giving birth to a lifeless infant, which shared the same tomb with its mother.

Felix yet lives. I saw him last summer the inmate of a mad-house. He did not remember me. Wrapped in a tattered blanket he was crouching in a corner of his cold and dreary cell. The walls were scrawled over with the name of EMILY, a name which the keeper told me was the only sound that ever passed his lips. Poor Felix! how dearly hast thou expiated thy error! How true are the words of the poet,

"Though the betrayer deems himself secure,
Yet God's revenge, though slow, is ever sure."

Original.

POYNTZ'S AUNT.

BY NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

"Animis hæc scribo—non auribus." -

POYNTZ and I were to meet at Saratoga. The beginning of our intimacy, by the way, was based on a little secret with which I may as well preface my story.

My name, beginning with almost the last letter in the alphabet, I sat at the tail of my division in college; and this bringing me close to one side of the Tutor's chair, while a youth, by the name of Allen, snaked him on the other, (I wonder what has become of Allen, by the by?) we were called upon, usually, for any little aid or office required by our august Holofernes. In making out the annual catalogue a week or two after the commencement of our Freshman term, the proof sheets were handed us to correct,—Allen taking it from A to M, and I from M to W. We were to call upon each student to know if his name was properly spelt, and to get his *prenomén*, one or more, written out in full, with his nativity and present lodging.

I called upon Poyntz—his name printed simply "Poyntz," in the proof-sheet. I had noticed the youth as a showy, extravagantly dressed Southerner, with a fine face and person, but apparently either very reckless of common usages and observances, or very ignorant of them. He was in gaily furnished lodgings, over a bookseller's shop.

"I am requested to get your name in full for the college catalogue, Mr. Poyntz!" said I, laying the paper before him.

He wrote, in a most illegible fist, a word which looked to me like "Imogen."

"I beg pardon," said I again, "but this will probably be mis-read by the printer. "It looks like a lady's name."

"Imogen Poyntz is my name," he replied, with a cold tone of surprise.

"Imogen?"

"Yes—Imogen!"

"Imogen is a lady's name," said I, smiling.

"Look here!—the devil it is!" exclaimed Poyntz, jumping from his chair and coming up to me with unfeigned curiosity. "You don't mean to say *that*! What lady?"

I begged his pardon for bursting into a laugh, but he was quite too eager for information to be offended.

"I have read of several ladies of that name," said I, "but the principal one in my memory at this moment, is a certain Imogen, wife of Posthumus, a leading female character in a play of Shakspeare's."

He looked aghast at me for a moment, in perfect silence, admitting the conviction to his mind with evidently sharp reluctance. There were no books in the room, except his classics, and I stepped below and borrowed a Shakspeare of the bookseller.

"Cymbeline!" said he, as I gave him the volume open at the play. "I have a sister by the name of Cymbeline!"

My incredulous astonishment expressed itself in a boyish whistle, "long drawn out," like the "linked sweetness" of Milton.

"Well! curse you, sir!" said Poyntz, "you're hard to please with a name! What the devil's the matter with 'Cymbeline,' I should like to know?"

"What—as a lady's name?"

"Yes, sir—as a lady's name!"

"Perhaps you will just look at the *dramatis personæ*!" said I, restraining my mirth for the result.

"CYMBELINE, KING OF BRITAIN!" Poyntz held the book a moment in his hand after reading this astounding sentence, then giving it a toss into the air, he received it on his toe as it came down, and sent it through the window into the back yard.

"D—n Shakspeare!" he exclaimed, next kicking over his arm chair, and stalking up and down the room in a frenzy—"Cymbeline and Imogen!—My father's a fool, sir! And I'll get out of this cursed place and go home and tell him so, sir! And, I say—if you ever put that down in your devilish list there, I'll cut out your heart, sir!"

But I was on the verge of hysterics by this time, and Mr. Imogen Poyntz presently joined in, and we laughed together, loud and long. As soon as I could recover my composure, I volunteered a secrecy of four years, at least, on the subject of his name, and suggested to him the policy of resolutely refusing to furnish more than the initial letter, not only to the catalogue, but to all curiosity on the subject. I recorded "*I. Poyntz*," on the proof sheet, after a careful erasure of his autograph, and thenceforward we went on strengthening our alliance upon this link, 'till we became inseparable friends. He turned out a warm-hearted, dashing Louisianian, and his father, though rather loose in his reading of Shakspeare, was not very "tight" in his son's drafts on the Planter's Bank, and by all I could gather, was a man of enormous fortune, and an exceedingly fine old fellow. As to *Miss Cymbeline*,—Poyntz honored me so far as to open a postscript correspondence between us, and after a four years' epistolary acquaintance, I was to meet her, now, for the first time, at Saratoga.

This trumpery circumstance has no particular bearing on my story, dear reader, but I should have told it you in conversation, and why should paper (not endorsed,) stiffen our intercourse? Besides, it has given me time to think which end of my story comes foremost.

"Nothing so difficult as a beginning
Except, perhaps, the end."

I was first on the ground—a good augury in love as well as honor. Poyntz's party had engaged rooms, and were expected hourly, and Congress Hall had but three cells in its vast hive unoccupied—(one of them destined for "*my honey*," I fondly hoped.) Meantime I was a sealed packet—sight, sympathy and hearing shut and sacred—"to be opened on the arrival of the assignee." Lovely girls there were, and plenty of vehicles to their acquaintance, and twilight and music conspired, as they always do, "to egg on that amatory proneness," so dreaded by Saint Anthony,—but I scorned to meet Miss Cymbeline Poyntz, having con-

soled myself in her absence; and I flattered myself that when she should draw the cork of my reserve, the effervescence so pithily pent within, would "ascend me to the brain" of my friend's fair sister, "and there dry me up the crude vapors" of previous flirtation, which might "there inhabit." So I passed the time in bribing the servants, and getting ready a few impromptu sonnets—indispensable preparations, both, for a campaign at Saratoga.

As I said before, it was my advantage to be first on the ground. That serenity of mien usually monopolized by the ladies—(it being their province to receive,)—that acquaintance with the geography of doors, and favorable lights, and things to be stumbled over—that captivating familiarity with bell-pulls, servants' names, probability and nature of interruptions, etc., etc.,—all the important entrenchments of the besieged, in short, had fallen for once to the besieger. The gritty rigidity of the dust of travel was not in my amaranthine curls, (though, of course, it would have been of no consequence if it were,)—"the shining rose bred by the amorous sun," was not on the tip of my nose—the jolted blushes, unseated from the cheeks by corduroy and mud-holes, were not in my forehead, (attempting to get back over the nearest bridge,)—I was not in need of cold cream and lavender—I was cool!

It was a very warm afternoon when Miss Poyntz came to tea—her first appearance to my naked eye, though I had been presented to her through a green veil a few hours before, and, with the eye of fancy had seen, truth to say, quite a different style of person. What her complexion would be, when it came to be properly distributed, I could form but a vague idea. Her eyes were fine—yes, (now I think them over,) particularly fine—of a sort of warm velvet, with a silk fringe; the velvet lustrous, the silk not; but when she looked at you, and meant any thing by it, those dark eyes lay broad upon you, like the flat of a hand—close—confiding—as if she had the power of removing the intervening air, and you were as good as plump up to her, 'till she chose to look away. Such eyes, with enough to back them, would scarcely, in the common course of Providence, be let loose on a world of arsenic and razors; but Miss Poyntz fortunately had her little abatements. Not to be too particular, her voice was one. She talked animally—like a negro. That softness which falls through the voices of those who think, like dew through the sunset air—that sentiment which makes a tone seem deep-down and gentle—that delicious variation from *contralto* to *soprano*, which every highly educated woman practises instinctively in following the range of her own thoughts and feelings—all this was wanting, painfully wanting to the unconscious Cymbeline! I say unconscious—for she thought she saw herself as she appeared to others, when she looked in the glass!! Well-a-day! Well-a-day!

Poyntz was a gay man, less fraternal in the disposal of his time than in any thing else, and he found occupation more to his taste than responding to his sister's Jeremiahs on the peeling of her nose and chin. Of course, I was "too happy" to monopolize Miss Poyntz,

glad or sorry, and as there was no ball that night, we joined the crowded promenade around the spring and through the long isle of the portico—mutually anxious to please, probably, though the effort to blend the Cymbeline of my fancy with this sun-burnt and uncomfortable young lady, threw upon my side, doubtless, any little tedium that existed between us.

It was getting toward ten o'clock, and I was recovering a little from my first disappointment—(for, after all, your friend's only sister, with very fine eyes and a very large fortune, even though her voice be wooden and her style untidy, is not of the class of evils unmitigated by hope,)—I say I was beginning to carry Miss Poyntz's arm a little closer to the organs of life, when my friend tapped me on the shoulder from behind, and begged me to stop at the window of the small drawing-room on the right.

"My Aunt, Mrs. St. Helens, has come down stairs for a few minutes, and I must present you," said Poyntz. "And, I say, make your best bow, my good fellow, for she has travelled all over the world, and knows a man when she sees him."

This sounded formidable. I projected my bow on the stiffest known model, and made a hasty mental outline of stop-gaps and other aids of conversation sufficient to carry me through the first five minutes, and the next moment I felt as if I had known Mrs. St. Helens for years! She spoke as we approached her. So gentle, so sweet, so winning and kind a tone had never before betrayed to me that there was a passage to the heart through the ear. I released myself from Miss Poyntz instinctively, and leaned against the blind window. There was no light in the drawing-room, and, by the broken lustre of the lamp half hidden in the evergreens of the colonnade, I could only distinguish that the lady sitting within was tall and slender, dressed in widow's weeds, and singularly composed and graceful in her motions. What her age might be, I could form no opinion by the eye, but from some allusions in her conversation, she must have passed the hey-day of life, and had ceased to consider herself an object of attraction. She had come to the Springs but to chaperon her niece, and must perform even that office imperfectly, for the heat overpowered her in the day-time, and she could only endure the fatigue of dress and society after the setting in of the twilight's coolness. This hint given, I inwardly forebaw that in my Saratoga devotions, there would, at least, be no short-comings of vespers!

I have not mentioned that Poyntz introduced me to Mrs. St. Helens. I do not remember that he did. She addressed me by name, with some remark immediately on our approach, and, that evening, and whenever I had the happiness of conversing with her afterwards, she seemed to have informed herself, through Poyntz, of my qualities and character, and to have set aside, on her own part, all barriers between acquaintance and friendship. The ease and directness of her attention to all that passed—the simplicity and exquisite truth of all she said—the subdued and half mournful playfulness of her views of life—her just and kind notice of every thing said to her—her earnest posture when she

listened—her grace—her high breeding—all these were parts and features of a fascination to me irresistible,—a fascination I remember even now, like the scar of a chain—remember, indeed, with a most passionate longing to see once more this charming woman of sixty!

"Sixty?"

"Yes, madam!—*sixty*."

Mrs. St. Helens had been three years a widow. Her husband was a man of fortune in delicate health, and she had passed most of her married life in the bland latitudes of the Mediterranean. She had seen just enough, for a lesson, of every kind of society on the books of the recording angel, and nobody could now approach her whom she could not, at once, understand and indulge. She had been a very beautiful woman. I thought her a very beautiful woman still. Her features were regular, and the lower part of her face somewhat of the Napoleonic mould—firm and sweet. Her lips had gained in refinement what they had lost in fulness, and, if there were marks upon her forehead, they looked more like the tender imprint of sorrow than the hard notchings of time. But her eyes were still full—full of suffused lustre—open and prodigal of their dear light as stars in heaven—without contraction—without denial—without any of that Parthian disapproval so often turned backward upon the young and joyful by the old and unsatisfied. The lids of those soft eyes still drooped slowly before a look of affection, as if shutting it into the heart—the tears still sprung easily within them, and moistened the dark orbs without flowing. She had no more grown old than an angel doing penance for a human life in a mortal frame. Yet the hair parted, and put away beneath her widow's cap, was grey.

That I took no pains to make an acquaintance out of Poyntz's party—that I played wall-flower at the balls—that I lost my vivacity, and abandoned myself to unprecedented moping—that I begged to share with Miss Poyntz her morning readings to her aunt—that I let slip some contempt at the irresponsible unripeness of a boy of twenty, and some bitter mournings over the irrevocable progression of female destinies—these signs, and some inquiries I made as to the effect of a Louisiana winter on complaints of the chest, accompanied—(the inquiries)—with a very original amateur cough—I say all these symptoms, and more, were set down by Miss Poyntz as demonstrations toward her hand and sugar land—the sad parts taken for the diffidence of poverty in wooing wealth, and the whole together considered worthy of all acceptance!

I was, of course, in a most false position towards Mrs. St. Helens. My feelings in her presence were those of an admiration so passionate, that deference and respect seemed like barriers long ago passed—so passionate, that it seemed to me the very fever in my suppressed breath, and the aching earnestness of my gaze would break into utterance with my lips shut. I listened to her with breathless delight. I spoke to her with that tone which, in her knowledge of life and love, she could not have misunderstood—the tone in which the heart seems to take up the function of the voice,

and echo from its own chambers in melody strange, even to the ears of the speaker. I talked of love—of devotion begun in reverence—of a world to be disregarded, and of my scorn for the narrow limitations of the herd—of loveliness ripened and deepened, and graces chastened and made angelic by time and sorrow. I could not speak of age. I dared not hint at a comparison of her years with mine. I could not—I, a youth of twenty—say to a woman of sixty, "I love you, and live but to adore you!" But it was in my veins like fire.

My spirits were like extinguished embers when I was absent from Mrs. St. Helens, but Miss Poyntz, like some others of her sex, called it conversation to talk exclusively of herself. I promenaded and drove and sat for hours with the plantation-bred belle, and though my eyes were on the ground, and my ears filled and spell-bound with the remembered rustling of that mourning dress, I was complimented for my agreeable powers, and was evidently careering under full sail to the haven of Miss Poyntz's favor. How much of this involuntary success I owed to Poyntz's trumpeting behind the scenes, and how much to such of the artillery of love as "found mark the archer little meant," would be difficult to prove, without the witnesses confronted in court, but, with all my innocence, and through all my perturbations, I could not but see this unsought prize, coming

"Like a thunder-cloud against the wind;" and I dreaded the bursting of the storm. Well I might, indeed, for the bolt would, of course, reach me through my conductor!

Born east of the Hudson, I was, of course, open to impression from a quarter in which Patrimony and Matrimony were convertible terms. I thought of Miss Cymbeline Poyntz. I speculated on the probabilities of assimilation by the "use which breeds a habit in a man—(her voice becoming softer, and my ears harder, 'till they could meet without jarring)—I recalled to mind the Turkish art of fattening females on rice and silence, and the French *succedanea* for shape and complexion; I dwelt on the charms of friendship, and the luxuries of a southern clime; I imaged to myself, in short, every possible alleviation to a union with Miss Poyntz, except that only, which, under the circumstances, would seem to be the most obvious. It never occurred to me that the future society of Mrs. St. Helens—(myself, the while, in the virtuous possession of Miss Poyntz)—presented the slightest possible attraction. On the contrary, the waters at the chin of Tantalus, etc., etc., etc.

Having made up my mind that I could never avail myself of my friend Imogen's generous design in my behalf, I thought it highly important that both he and his sister should be spared any farther expenditure of thought and feeling on my account—yet how to communicate with him on the subject? Neither he nor she stood committed to me by a single syllable, and it seemed as presuming to name the matter as it was unfair to leave the matter in mystery! My head fairly ached while I pondered on the dilemma.

And, all this time, did or did not Mrs. St. Helens know that I loved her? What should make her insensible, now, to the language she had all her life been learning to interpret? How, with every mental faculty undimmed, should she be dull to the love-burthened accent of the voice, to the adoring gaze, to the palpable atmosphere of worship which I breathed around her? With her grace of motion still pre-eminently and nicely delicate, with her senses unimpaired, and alive to all the most subtle refinements of life and art, with eyes still kindling, lips still quick and mobile as the aspen, form still swelling with the roundness of statuary—was she—could she be, on the other hand, dead, herself, to the tenderness of passion?

The second Monday after the arrival of the Poyntzes, turned out a very bracing morning, with a north wind, and while stooping over my portmanteau for a pair of half-season pantaloons, I felt my mercury ascend to the intrepid point. Before that day was over, I inwardly vowed the tri-forked cloud that lowered between me and the Poyntz party, should vanish, or “belch its thunder.” I dressed with the instinctive energy of high resolve, and went to breakfast so strapped up and braced down, that, if my suspenders had given way when I took my seat at the breakfast table, I should probably have been found by the coroner in the third story. There must have been something of it in my voice, for when I asked for “green tea, strong,” the waiter served me with the crisp alacrity of a torpedo.

The ladies were both breakfasting in their rooms.

“Come up to my den, and smoke a segar,” said Poyntz, as he rose from table; “the cold weather has frightened my aunt, and we are off at twelve for some town with fire-places. Ask for your bill as you pass the bar!”

By that last clause, it was clear that I was now considered one of the party, and expected to join them in their flit to Albany. This was, at least, a nail to hang a presumption upon, and my difficulties began to look less appalling. I carved my opening speech out of a little surprise on this point, and so with my lance in rest, mounted the staircase in confident spirits for the encounter.

Poyntz’s room adjoined his sister’s, and Mrs. St. Helens was lodged directly opposite in a bed-room attached to a small parlor. In that small parlor, I determined I would ask for private interviews with the ladies severally, and make a clean breast or die. First, however, clearing all up with my friend, Imogen, though that beginning might result in a skirmish of umbrella and boot-jack.

I knocked at the door.

A chair upset, and the rustling of a petticoat in flight, very audible sounds through the ventilator above, betrayed the sudden retreat of Miss Poyntz into her own room—communicating by an inner door with her brother’s.

“Come in!” he cried out, after a moment’s pause.

“Poyntz!” said I, quite off-hand, as if it had just occurred to me, “what’s that you said just now about asking for my bill? Did you mean—did you mean—”

and here I fountered suddenly, for I saw that Miss Poyntz’s door was not quite closed.

“Why, I thought, as I bit my segar,” said Poyntz, “that I might as well give a check for it all, while I was about it—so it’s paid with ours, and you needn’t bother yourself. Of course it’s all one,” he added very insignificantly.

“Paid!” cried I, recovering my voice with surprise, “paid my bill! The devil you say!”

I paused a moment.

“Poyntz!” I began again, in a lower tone, “towards one of your family I have feelings of which you are as little aware as you seem to be of my position towards another—and, Poyntz—”

“Tut!” he exclaimed, “don’t be a goose, man!—have I eyes in my head? and as to your position to me, why, it’ll be altered so soon, that it’s not worth while to be punctilious! Pay me out of ‘Lina’s first pin-money, my good fellow—shall he, ‘Lina? Come in and see this pink of modesty!”

“Poyntz!—for God’s sake!—Poyntz!” I cried.

But before I could seize hold of him, or interpose a word, he had passed into his sister’s room, and drawn her by the hand to the threshold. She stood a single moment bending on me a glowing gaze from her dark eyes, and then flinging off her brother’s hand, to my unutterable dismay, she ran and flung her arms around my neck!

* * * * *

Well, I am flesh and blood! I *did*—feeling that warm cheek against my own, and wholly unaccustomed to such electrical contact—I *did* impress on the cheek of Miss Poyntz, a salute of which I can give no definite description. I cannot say it was disagreeable. I fear I did not express in my behavior through the whole of this unexpected crisis, that revulsion of sensibilities expected of a gentleman who is embraced against his wish. The current of events was too strong for me. I packed my trunk, and rode in silence by the side of Miss Poyntz to Albany.

We arrived a little after dark, and I pleaded illness, and went to my room with pen, ink, and candles. I sat down, and wrote to Poyntz ‘till near morning—explaining the whole mystery to him—my passion for Mrs. St. Helens, and my unhappy disinclination to avail myself of the matrimonial honor he had proposed for me. I apologized—thanked him—enclosed him the amount he had paid for me—and then calling up the porter, left my letter in the Poyntz’s parlor, and went down immediately to the morning boat, got into a berth, and went to sleep.

I never got an answer from Poyntz, and I didn’t care to “hear from him,” to tell the truth—but I *should* like to know what became of Mrs. St. Helens!

ued to grow worse, and became entirely reprobate, unless God, in answer to a *mother's prayers*, interposed and saved him from ruin.

A TEACHER.

Written for the Youth's Companion.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.--No. 5.

Did any of my young friends, ever know children so disobedient and bad that their parents did not know what to do with them? I have known many such, and have often thought that if they trained them up in the way in which they should go, they would have less trouble. Some parents who have vile children send them to sea, hoping thereby to sober them, and make them more steady. They do not know, that when they send them off to become sailors, what wicked companions they almost always find, and how much worse they generally become themselves. Or, if they know the evil influence to which they will be exposed, they hope that their children will not be made worse by it; but they are always mistaken to their sorrow, in the end; and such parents had better keep their children at home, and by a proper training and by seeking the blessing of God, upon their efforts, they may be certain of a better result.

Oftentimes children, too, become dissatisfied with their homes. They feel uneasy under restraint, and think that no others are so hardly dealt with as themselves; and young boys often form a purpose of running away and going to sea. Now let me say to them that it would be much better for their good, to remain at home. Several years ago I became acquainted with a young lad who suffered much by such folly. He was not over fifteen I should think, and was the son of respectable parents. His mother was a professing Christian, and I trust often remembered her William, for such was his name, before a prayer hearing God. He attended the Sabbath School, as well as that of the week day, and ought to have been contented in his situation, and grateful to his parents for their care of him.

But he was not. He wished for something different from what he had. He wished to go to sea; and his parents at length consented and found him a berth on board a vessel bound for the Pacific Ocean. He was absent a long time, at first sailing in a trading vessel, afterwards in a whale ship; and when he arrived in port on his return, he found himself entirely destitute. He had, in various ways used up his wages, and had no decent clothing to visit his friends, and moreover had no money with which to buy some, nor even to pay his passage in the stage in order to get home. But his entire loss of time and perfect destitution, were by no means the only evils he experienced by his voyage. He had become quite abandoned. He disregarded the Sabbath, treated with scorn everything serious, and was most grossly profane. He exceeded every one on board ship in blaspheming the name of his Maker; and it seemed that it would have been well had he never been born.

What do you, young friends think he did, poor and wicked as he was? He ought like the prodigal in Scripture, to have returned to his father, confessed his unworthiness, and sought his forgiveness and favor; but he did not. He was too proud. He engaged directly on board another whale ship, and sailed on another cruise.

What afterward became of him I never heard, but from his progress in sin, fear that he contin-

ORIGINAL TALES OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

REDEMPTION THROUGH RUIN.

"In that sits
On high in his calm glory, will
Forgive the love his children bear
Each other; for its close is dim
With tears that bring the wrong soul back to him."—Hemans.

It had been a little damp and cloudy in the early morning, but as I turned my horse aside from the main road, and entered the rich valley in which the village of Wilton is situated, the light mists rolled away together, and all the glory of the spring descended from the skies. The change was almost like magic, and the senses were confused and dazzled by the virgin splendors that gleamed around and from above. On each side of the lane that I had struck into, there were groves of various young trees and vines, whose different hues of green, having been moistened by the mists, now glowed and glittered in all the luxuriance of the most vivid life; and the exquisite soft blue of the sky, seen in glimpses through the delicate thin foliage, appeared so near that it almost seemed to lie upon the tree-tops, and bring down the heavens to exalt the earth. The rich bosage, animated by tints which did not look of worldly origin, seemed blended and interfused with the radiance of the celestial canopy; as if the sacred river of ethereal blue essence which flows with noiseless current so far on high, had been turned down over the earth to refresh its barrenness once more with teeming life. The effect to the eye was as if a colorless, translucent drapery was flung from the central arch, over the whole expanse of the vault above and the plain around, through which every thing was seen as if glazed and glorified. This, and the frequent songs of birds, and the animated lowing of the cattle, gave me the impression of entering a happy valley, where the pulse of existence, both animate and inanimate, was beating with a deeper throb of power and hope, and where mortality was charged with something of divine energy and joy. The spring is indeed a season of enchantment: as we behold the rallying gush of nature's deathless force, and mingle our feelings with the flush of her triumph, the circle of long years seems to be rolled back for us, and the spirit of youth once more rushes through our veins. The conscious might and crowd of pressing passions, which set us once to flare every thing, and made us feel as we were masters of the earth, is renewed within us; that sky which once was given to our hope, bends over us again, and the scene of fairy affluence which sprang beneath every step, is again under our feet. As that momentary fascination passes away from our cooling blood, how mournful is the reflection, that, whatever time and the world may give us, they bring nothing that is comparable to what they take away.

As I came near the village of Wilton, one of the prettiest I have ever seen in this country, I was struck with the appearance of a very neat plain residence, surrounded by trees and connected with extensive grounds, on the remote edge of which was a number of small cottages. I stopped a little boy who was flying a kite, and asked who was the occupant of that house.

"That is where Mr. Granville lives," said he.

"And these cottages belong to his estate, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, and all those, and those too," pointing to ranges of small houses in two or three different directions.

"Ah, ah!—Mr. Granville must have a very comfortable rent-roll," said I.

"He lets people live there without paying rent," said the boy; "he does it out of charity."

"Indeed! he is a good man is Mr. Granville, and of a temper that is something rare in these days."

I rode on till I came in front of the village church, an old-fashioned and rude but venerable and interesting pile, whose low projecting roof spoke of antique solidity, and whose brown spotted walls were unconscious of any paint-brush but those of time and the winter tempest. There is always something characteristic and curious in these rural

churches, and as the gate and door were open, I dismounted and went in. The interior had been undergoing extensive repairs, which I was glad to see were done with so much taste as not to interfere with the antique and simple character of the structure. The sexton, an old Englishman, was engaged in dusting the pulpit-cushions; and seeing me take off my hat as I entered, he made an approbatory bow to me, as much as to say, "I see, sir, that you know how to behave yourself in a church;" and came forward to do the honors of the place. I paid him some compliments upon the beauty of his church, and elegance of the repairs.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I think they are very neat and proper. They are done at the expense of Mr. Granville, sir. He gave the new organ, sir: forty stops, sir; Briggs, Briggs and Company, 'Igh 'Olborn, London. And he has just presented a new Oxford Bible. Will you look at the Bible, sir? or perhaps you would like to touch the organ, sir?" and he began to jumble the bunch of keys which he held.

"Much obliged to you; I dare say it is all very fine, but I have not time to stay. But allow me to ask you the first name of this Mr. Granville?" for it was a name I had once been acquainted with.

"Augustus Granville, Esquire," replied the sexton; "but I am thinking, sir, if it was in the old country, he would be the Honorable Augustus Granville. Perhaps you are from the old country yourself, sir?"

"No," said I, "no;" and giving him a fee, I retreated towards my house.

Augustus Granville! how familiar was that name to my ears, yet how strangely it sounded in connection with such a character as had just now been presented to my mind! Augustus Granville was my most intimate friend at college; the most able and ambitious man of his time; full of pride and haughty passion; and if there were any heart in the world to which religion was an impossibility, I should have said it was this man's. At the end of our college term we parted; I, to travel for some years in Europe; he, to devote himself to the bar and politics; and I augured confidently of his future power and distinction. The interests of the world soon break up the ties of youthful friendship; on my return I did not meet with Granville, nor hear of him: I made but little inquiry after him, and concluded that he was gone to the west, or was dead. Could this be the same person? I asked some questions at the inn where I stopped, which satisfied me that it was. My curiosity was raised: I sent my card to his house, with a message that I would follow it in a few minutes. I walked through the village to take a hasty view of it, and then set out to pay him a visit; much wondering as I went, by what process of transformation his nature had become so much changed, and the current turned so strangely aside. When I announced my name at the door, the servant—I found that his establishment consisted of but one other, a female—admitted me, and said his master was expecting me. Every thing around the house and within it was very plain and unexpensive, but neat and agreeable. When I saw the tall and noble figure of Granville coming towards me, though more than twenty years had passed over him since we had met, I had no difficulty in recognizing my old and valued friend.

"I'm truly delighted to see you," said he, pressing my hand within both of his; "how well you are looking! You are very good in coming to see me in my hermitage. Walk into the library; we must talk over old times;" and he put his arm round my neck and led me along.

The library was the only fine room in the house, and it was characteristic of the man. Granville had always been regarded among us as possessed of very superior intellect, and fond of grave research. A glance at the character of the books that were ranged on his shelves assured me that his taste and habits in that respect had been unchanged. A number of written papers were lying on his table, and he seemed to have been engaged in writing when interrupted by my arrival. The windows of the room extended to the

ground, and around each of them were great quantities of roses, geraniums, and the simpler sorts of flowers, in pots and boxes.

I approached the window, and commended their beauty. "In this solitude of mine," said he, "where I find little society of my fellows, I make myself friends of these mute and engaging creatures. To your eye they look like a confused crowd; but to me each plant is individual; I have watched them all from their first shoots, for I am my own gardener; I know the history and little adventures of their lives; each has a separate character and interest; each is a friend with a different aspect and disposition. I find a wholesome morality, as well as pleasure, in contemplating them. Their silent, humble charms and calm decay, teach me that a life that is innocent and bountiful may look on death without dismay."

I did not conceal the curiosity which I felt to know something of his life. After some further conversation, he consented to give me a narrative of his experience since we had been separated; and began as follows.

The happiest and most vivid feeling that I remember ever to have had, was that which kindled in my bosom as I turned my back finally on the college, where I had passed three comfortless years, and felt that I was at last a man. The only person with whom I felt any regret at parting, was yourself, who was then going in a different direction; but that regret gave force to the resolution that when we met again there should be something of pride in the grasp that I would give you. A number of the class were going the same way with myself, but I turned aside from them, and threw myself into a separate vehicle; for I had many thoughts and passions to commune with, which these could not sympathise in, and I wished not to be fretted by their corporeal presence. You know I was looked upon as rather an eccentric, savage person, not without talent; I was, as to age, somewhat in advance of my class, and my feelings and faculties had both been developed unusually early, so that during the last year of my residence there, I felt like a bird that had been full-fledged in a caged nest, and was beating its wings impatiently against the barriers that confined it. Now a temper long restrained and purposeless, rushed forth freely, and with power into the future, as the gier-eagle soars aloft from his mountain nest, and finds all the new scenes he gazes on rapturously familiar to his instincts. The earnest arena of the world lay before me, and I panted to be mingled with its contests. My spirit was hungry for the toils, and interests, and glories of life. I longed to slake the fervors of my soul in that sea of agitations. I possessed by nature an ardent fancy and quick sensibilities; a disposition prone to be captivated by the wild, the grand, the extraordinary. My imagination had been familiarized with the highest and strongest flights of poetry, and had revelled in those past scenes of war and diplomacy in Europe whose history rises to the interest of a splendid drama, and whose actors tower into demigods. Life, therefore, seemed to me a magnificent romance. At the same time, a close and thorough exercise in mathematics—our favorite science, you remember—had given me a keen, precise, logical cast of intellect, and developed a taste for the stern, practical business of professional research. Hitherto, my energies, without an object, had preyed upon themselves; I coveted labor, difficulties, a field for vehement exertion. That was now expanded before me. It was a fine clear day, I remember, when I drove rapidly to the city; and I was, all the way, under intense, but curbed and rational excitement. My being was occupied by a devouring ambition. Anxious always to unsphere from my nature all the powers that were in it, and to feel the full tide of passion in my soul, I never suffered systems of religion, or morality, or duty, to trench on this broad flow of fervent emotion. I had just so much principle as was consistent with a determination to be great at all hazards, to be famous by any reputable means.

You know I was looking to the bar, and through the bar to politics. The mere reputation of legal eminence I held in perfect contempt; but I valued the discipline of the bar as the best education of the mind and temper for every other exercise; believing that a lawyer can swim in any water. And I thought that a man who should attain a first-rate distinction as a barrister, and should step from that position to some elevated platform of the political structure, would have great advantages over regular politicians, and would escape the wretched drudgery that attends the lower walks of public life. I therefore set myself mainly to a preparation for the bar; having my eye, nevertheless, keenly fixed on the remoter purposes which I contemplated, and my attention given to the accomplishments that tended to fit me for it. Among these the foremost was oratory; which I then held, and still firmly hold, to be, in its highest and most effective kinds, wholly an acquired art, within the reach of any one who will take pains to attain it. I dedicated much time, also, to the philosophy of history, studying the operations of great principles, and the workings of man's nature, when they act and are acted on in masses: and the science of politics are set forth in the writings of Thucydides, Tacitus and Bacon, and illustrated still more instructively by the practice of the great men who occupy the annals of every nation. I thought that one who should bring the results of a learned philosophy to bear on the practical questions that are presented in this country, would have a signal superiority over uninstructed though able men. Thus I occupied myself, living much alone, and finding my ardor increase as I neared the field where it was to spend itself.

One fine spring morning, after I had been admitted to the bar, I was walking along in luxurious enjoyment of the delicious influences of the air and sky, which were balm to the body and rapture to the mind. My attention was attracted by some pots of flowers standing in front of a public building, and entering the room I found a long range of elegant flowers that were presently to be sold. I have always taken great delight in flowers, and having nothing to do that morning, and being thrown by the season into a holiday humor, I passed round the line examining the beauty of the various blossoms. My eye was soon caught by the appearance of a young lady of singularly striking and lovely countenance, whose gaze I observed was fixed on me, and followed me from time to time as I walked on. I never saw features of finer delicacy, or more brilliant expression; there was indeed something morbid in the dark and glowing fire of her large and lustrous eyes. She was rather below the middle height, but the loftiness of her lineaments, and the emphatic flush of her glance, which seemed born for command, made her presence wonderfully impressive. The animated attitude, the proud erectness of her neck, the short and thin curling lip, the fineness of all her features, showed her a being compact of lively passions: while none could look on that eloquent, majestic brow and searching eye, without beholding the throne of an intellect impatient of common-place. There was also an aspect of good sense, lady-like ease, and dignified and courteous confidence, that indicated a frank, affable, unreserved temper. There were but three or four other persons in the room, and they were at the other end; I presently found myself standing beside this lady, with a flower of remarkable appearance between us, at which we were both gazing. Our eyes met once or twice, and there was something in her high-bred refined manner that so much encouraged me, that I made a remark to her about the exceeding elegance and interest of the bud we were examining.

"Yes," said she, twisting off a leaf impatiently; "a woman may occupy herself with such things, for she has nothing better to do; but a man has such splendid objects open to his desires, that he ought not to be interested in such toys."

This was spoken in a soft but ardent tone, which seemed designed to shame the sentiment I had expressed. Surprised by her reply, I looked at her face; it was kindled with mingled kindness and disdain, and an expression of fine ambivalence. Not prepared for that originality and nobleness of character which I afterwards found in her, I misunderstood her meaning, and replied by a personal compliment.

"Ay, but when the admiration of a beautiful woman," said I, bending towards her, "is joined with the love of a flower, it gives more of dignity to the feeling."

The expression of her face changed at once to disappointment, and something of pain.

"That is not what I meant," said she; "I am always getting myself into trouble."

I saw the error; it was impossible to mistake her feeling: I hastened to correct my fault.

"Nay, it shall never be said that a confidence reposed in me has been abused. I beg your pardon for my impertinence: I will not offend again. I feel how highly you honor me by permitting this conversation. I appreciate the justness and force of your remark. No man feels more keenly than myself the degrading paltriness of our common pleasures and pursuits."

"Oh, I know it," said she passionately, her eye lighting up with pride and gratification; "I know it, by your countenance, your brow, your glance."

I looked more carefully at the face of this singular and interesting person, and I thought I perceived a likeness to an eminent counsellor whom I was acquainted with, a man of high station and great wealth.

"The labors of Augustus Granville," said I, "will be pursued with yet keener ardor, since he knows that a daring aim is not disapproved of by some. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that I speak to Miss Somers."

She gave a slight courtesy of assent. She of course knew all about my family, as I did of hers, though we had never met before. From that moment, without farther introduction, we were as well acquainted, and as full of mutual confidence, as if we had been life-long friends. There are some persons who, as Bacon says of Ferdinand and Henry, "understand one another at half a glance."

"I am delighted by your encouragement," said I; "for I am made up of boundless ambition. I am infinitely wearied and disgusted by the stupidity of our common life. My soul can live only on the sounds of fame, and the sights of triumph. I must win them or die. But I had not thought that any other felt as I do."

"Oh! that is noble," said she. "Go on, go on. Yes, every body will admire such sentiments."

We continued to converse in this way in imperfect and fragmentary utterances of feeling as two persons who have within them an entire sympathy of feelings, yet know not how to arrive at the communication of it. I at length proposed a walk, which she cordially accepted. As I turned from the room she walked beside me, almost skipping with joy, her face beaming with smiles, her whole manner so friendly, so affectionate, so charmingly frank. Never was there a woman so enchanting as she was. She did not seem to despise, but to be wholly incapable of appreciating the value commonly attached to etiquette and the conventional restraint and reserve of society. She was the woman formed to kindle my spirit into rapture; whom I was formed to comprehend, to admire, to worship. We walked, or rather so excited were we that we almost ran, along the unfrequented street towards the open parts of the city. It was one of those glorious dazzling days of spring, when the immortality of a more vivid world seems to descend upon our nature, and fill us with the power of the pride of hope. The early buds of the trees were sparkling in the sunshine, and every thing was bright and joyous. It was quite such a day as this."

He paused, and for a few moments we were both silent. He then resumed.

In the freedom of that lonely walk, and conscious that my companion would participate in my feelings, I displayed a full picture of my mind and character, my past labors, my designs, the ambitions which I cherished. With all the frankness of her ardent nature, whose confidence I could not misunderstand, she expressed her constant, enthusiastic admiration of the principles which I professed. I was even more surprised and charmed by the spirit she exhibited. She was a person of subtle and piercing intellect, exquisite genius, splendid passions, yet full of sensibility so soft, so fine, so exquisitely delicate, that one was lost in respectful homage of a nature so ethereal, so transcendent. Her more brilliant nature seemed to shed new light and fire on the feelings and views that had grown ardent in their loneliness within my bosom. Pride had hitherto inspired my ambition, now the far stronger emotion of love rolled its fervors to the same focus. We spoke not of affection; our souls, poured forth in tumultuous splendor over the scenes of life, were mingled in an indestructible sympathy, which language could not express. Indeed the energy and springing force with which that union of our spirits was flashed forth were painful; so indefinite had been our mutual susceptibility to excitement, that when I parted from her my mind felt fatigue. It was not till the resources of my nature had rallied, after this exhaustion, that I could taste all the happiness that belonged to such a friendship.

While I was walking with this fascinating girl I remember that we were passed by a person of my acquaintance, whom I had known at college—Morrison. Perhaps you recollect him.

"Well; and his Gorgonian frown."

"Ay; and he favored me as he past with a scowl of unwonted and ferocious darkness. The reason I discovered when I waited on Miss Somers the next day. He had long been an admirer of hers, and he was enraged at my intervention. Of course, we at once became rivals. I am inclined to think that there is a species of polarity in human souls; some men's natures are inherently and thoroughly so antagonistic to one another, that they repel each other instinctively, and are perpetually in a state of mutual resentment. Personally I had not the slightest dislike to that man, but from our first acquaintance our minds and souls hated one another intensely. I believe I could at any time have killed him out of pure natural antipathy. At college, you know, we were rivals in every thing; and that rivalry, at least on my part, grew less out of any value I attached to college distinctions or any wish for the superiority on a class-roll, than from the fervent dislike I entertained for that man, growing out of the entire difference of our characters. He had great energy, a power of application which did a vast deal, and was probably capable of accomplishing any thing; but not a particle of genius. In his religion, his politics, his tastes, his habits, his manners, in every thing he was opposite to me. His voice was hateful to me; in the very curl of his short wiry hair there was a malignity that made me enraged. We had been competitors at college, we were foes at the bar, and now we were rivals in the deeper contest of the affections. To shorten a long history, I had the decided preference, nay, the exclusive regard of the young lady; the father consented to neither, and it was understood that he would give his daughter to no one who was not established in life, and secure of being eminent and rich. He had more confidence in Morrison than in myself, for he thought him a safer and more regular man; but I was given clearly to know that if I rose to a distinguished place at the bar, and in the respect of the world, his assent would not be wanting to my union with his daughter.

Thus did the contest begin, and thus was my life divided between the man I hated and the woman that I loved. Miss Somers knew how the whole matter stood, and her whole thoughts were wrapped up in my success. The interest, the encouragement, the love she expressed in her soft and most feeling voice, stung me daily into intense and burning exertion. What a rapid, intoxicated life was that! The morning was given to the stern and hard conflicts of the forum, and the afternoon to her society in a long and lonely walk. As we gazed together daily on the setting sun, as he descended either through a glowing transparency of air, or gilded the heaped-up clouds with brighter glory, the scene of imagination and feeling within our being was not less gorgeous than that which was without. We breathed a far more exalted atmosphere of thought; we dwelt ever in a passionate elevation of feeling. In that strength of soul, that mighty consciousness of power, that certainty of exalted, essential happiness, we triumphed over the tame destiny of mortality; and developed around us the force and splendor of a divine existence. In the ardor of our spirits, reality seemed to have flashed into the glory of a dream. The golden world of hope and fancy was substantial beneath our feet. The vigor of that imperial temper which was within both of us seemed capable to beat every thing under its will, and make our minds the masters of the earth. Nothing was impossible to spirits filled with so deathless an energy. We talked of the wild prospects of power, and greatness, and triumph that rose around and before us. We held nothing our superior. In literature and opinion our confidence mounted to a contempt of every thing, and the grandest authors of the past seemed inferior to the power and compass of our genius. Oh! how rapturous were those days! Life had passed into ecstasy. Existence, like the cloudless west, glowed into a warm flush of lustre, in the presence of a heavenly light; a lustre, delicate as the fragrance of violets, yet instinct with the fires of immortality. *Eheu! nescit mens hominum fati, sortisque futura!*

Thus things went on for four or five months. About the end of that period I remember that I was engaged in a case in which Morrison was on the other side. In the course of it he treated me once or twice with peculiar insolence, which I noticed not at the time, but when I came to think it over afterwards it sank into my mind with the utmost bitterness. We had always maintained a friendly relation as to manner and conversation; but it seemed to me that this could now no longer be continued. I was just making up my mind that the next time I met him I should not speak to him. I came down the following morning with that resolution chiefly in my thoughts, when, just as I was entering court, a gentleman stepped up and informed me

that Mr. Morrison was dead. He was riding alone the evening before, and had been thrown from his horse and instantly killed. At the very time I was settling these designs of petty malice the object of them was in another world. "Heaven!" thought I, "what vanity are the passions and the pursuits of men!" But there was no time for reflection. I was retained in two or three laborious causes, which demanded my immediate and constant attention for two or three succeeding days. I did not leave my office except for brief and necessary refectation, and during that time I had no opportunity to visit Miss Somers. On the third day I broke away and called at the house. To my surprise and alarm, Miss Somers was dangerously ill. She had been seized with fever, in consequence of imprudent exposure, and the fever had fallen on her brain. When I called again at a late hour in the evening I found a crape hanging on the door-bell. She was dead!

I cannot express nor can you conceive the desolation and dismay with which this intelligence overwhelmed me. For many days I suffered no other pain than that of wounded affection. The gentleness, the sweetness, the loveliness of her who had honored me with all the confidence of her spirit stood ever near me, melting my heart to tears. I wept in utter prostration of mind, overcome by a power which I could not resist. I at length recovered in some degree the firmness of my temper and the vigor of mind; and then for the first time I realized that I was an altered man, and that life was thenceforth to me a wholly different thing. For the first time I perceived, and recognized, and felt the fact of death existing in the world: I took into my views the fact of the mortality of man. In the deep and ceaseless working of that thought, behold the agency that has transformed me from the man I was to the man I now am. I had strengthened myself in the force and fervor of human power and pride, nor could I perceive any failure or fear in that design: I now found that the stumbling-block and confutation of it all was death. The one grand fact that intervenes eternally in the history of man to assert a Providence and prove the folly of our schemes, is death. Springing from the soil of our human nature, and sustaining itself by the resources of that soil, life erects itself in hardy atheism; yet ever and anon the truth of God is hurled in lightning from the skies to overwhelm these structures and proclaim that all earthly hopes are vanity. Without death in the world all our natural passions and aspirations are wise: with it they are all false. Death it is that makes the difference between our desires and our duties; between the natural and the moral life. The one thing that in a moment revolutionizes our character and gives us a new conduct—that drives us from earth into the brotherhood of heaven—is death. It confutes ambition; it scorches pride into a withered scroll; it shatters hope; it withers the husk of our mortal being, and makes the hidden seed of divinity to germinate within us. It is the one thing that differences us from the devils; for I am well persuaded that a man immortal on earth would become a demon. I have thought of this till it seemed to me that death, and the hope of death, was the most blessed thing we inherit—the one privilege and glory of our race. And it has been made so by the intervention of the Savior, who, by bringing immortality to light, truly led captivity captive: that is, he subjugated the enemy of man to be the servant of him, the friend of man; he made that which was given as a curse become the great agent in the moral redemption of man. Daily do I thank God for my mortality, and praise him for the blessing of dissolution.

The appalling events I have related to you convinced me that all the power and glory of the world is made vain by a higher predestination: the structure may be well seated in the earth, but there is an electricity in the skies which it behoves us to consider. In the pride of my mounting desires I had never dreamed of this external overthrow. Thenceforth I never forgot it. All my hopes and plans were torn up by the roots, they never could fix themselves in the soil again. I was separated from earth for ever. I retired to this place, and, unable to be idle, I employ myself in literary labor, which renders me some profit. Watching to do nothing that is wrong, laboring to do every thing that is right, I endeavor after that spirit which can say, "O Death, where is thy sting?"

RETRENCHMENT.

I never witnessed a man submitting to circumstances with good humor and good sense, so remarkably as in my friend Alexander Willemott. When I first met him, since our school days, it was at the close of the war: he had been a large contractor with government for army clothing and accoutrements, and was said to have realized an immense fortune, although his accounts were not yet settled. Indeed, it was said that they were so vast, that it would employ the time of six clerks, for two years, to examine them, previous to the balance-sheet being struck. As I observed, he had been at school with me, and on my return from the East Indies, I called upon him to renew our old acquaintance, and congratulate him upon his success.

"My dear Reynolds, I am delighted to see you. You must come down to Belem Castle; Mrs. Willemott will receive you with pleasure, I'm sure. You shall see my two girls."

I consented. The chaise stopped at a splendid mansion, and I was ushered in by a crowd of liveried servants. Every thing was on the most sumptuous and magnificent scale. Having paid my respects to the lady of the house, I retired to dress, as dinner was nearly ready, it being then half-past seven o'clock. It was eight before we sat down. To an observation that I made, expressing a hope that I had not occasioned the dinner being put off, Willemott replied, "on the contrary, my dear Reynolds, we never sit down until about this hour. How people can dine at four or five o'clock, I cannot conceive. I could not touch a mouthful."

The dinner was excellent, and I paid it the encomiums which were its due.

"Do not be afraid, my dear fellow—my cook is an *artiste extraordinaire*—a regular *Cordon Bleu*. You may eat any thing without fear of indigestion. How people can live upon the English cookery of the present day, I cannot conceive. I seldom dine out for fear of being poisoned. Depend upon it, a good cook lengthens your days, and no price is to great to ensure one."

When the ladies retired, being alone, we entered into friendly conversation. I expressed my admiration of his daughters, who certainly were very handsome and elegant girls.

"Very true; they are more than passable," replied he. "We have had many offers, but not such as to come up to my expectations. Baronets are cheap now-a-days, and Irish lords are nothing; I hope to settle them comfortably. We shall see. Try this claret; you'll find it excellent, not a headache in a hogshcad of it. How people can drink port, I cannot imagine."

The next morning he proposed that I should rattle round the park with him. I acceded, and we set off in a handsome open carriage, with four grays, ridden by

postillions at a rapid pace. As we were whirling along, he observed, "In town we must of course drive but a pair, but in the country I never go out without four horses. There is a spring in four horses which is delightful; it makes your spirits elastic, and you feel that the poor animals are not at hard labor. Rather than not drive four I would prefer to stay at home."

Our ride was very pleasant, and, in such amusements, passed away one of the most pleasant weeks that I ever remembered. Willemott was not the least altered—he was as friendly, as sincere, as open-hearted, as when a boy at school. I left him, pleased with his prosperity, and acknowledging that he was well deserving of it, although his ideas had assumed such a scale of magnificence.

I went to India when my leave expired, and was absent about four years. On my return, I inquired after my friend Willemott, and was told that his circumstances and expectations had been greatly altered. From many causes, such as a change in the government, a demand for economy, and the wording of his contracts, having been differently rendered from what Willemott had supposed their meaning to be, large items had been struck out of his balance-sheet, and, instead of being a millionaire, he was only a gentleman with a handsome property. Belem Castle had been sold, and he now lived at Richmond, as hospitable as ever, and was considered a great addition to the neighborhood. I took the earliest opportunity of going down to see him. "Oh, my dear Reynolds, this is really kind of you to come without invitation. Your room is ready, and bed well aired, for it was slept in three nights ago. Come—Mrs. Willemott will be delighted to see you."

I found the girls still unmarried, but they were yet young. The whole family appeared as contented, and happy, and as friendly, as before. We sat down to dinner at six o'clock; the footman and the coachman attended. The dinner was good, but not by the *artiste extraordinaire*. I praised every thing.

"Yes," replied he, "she is a very good cook; she unites the solidity of the English, with the delicacy of the French fare, and, altogether, I think it a *decided improvement*. Jane is quite a treasure." After dinner he observed, "Of course you know I have sold Belem Castle, and reduced my establishment? Government have not treated me fairly, but I am at the mercy of commissioners; and a body of men will do that, which, as individuals, they would be ashamed of. The fact is, the odium is borne by no one in particular, and it is only the sense of shame which keeps us honest, I'm afraid. However, here you see me, with a comfortable fortune, and always happy to see my friends, especially my old school-fellow. Will you take *port* or claret. The port is very fine, and so is the claret. By-the-by, do you know—I'll let you into a family secret; Louisa is to be married to

a Colonel Willer—an *excellent* match. It has made us all happy."

The next day we drove out, not in an open carriage as before, but in a chariot and with a *pair of horses*.

"These are handsome horses," observed I.

"Yes," replied he, "I am fond of good horses; and, as I only keep a pair, I have the best. There is a certain degree of pretension in *four horses*, I do not much like: it appears as if you wished to overtop your neighbors."

I spent a few very pleasant days, and then quitted his hospitable roof. A severe cold, caught that winter, induced me to take the advice of the physicians, and proceeded to the south of France, where I remained two years. On my return, I was informed that Willemott had speculated, and had been unlucky on the Stock Exchange; that he had left Richmond, and was now living at Clapham. The next day I met him near the Exchange.

"Reynolds, I am happy to see you. Thompson told me that you had come back. If not better engaged, come down to see me; I will drive you down at four o'clock, if that will suit."

It suited me very well; and, at four o'clock, I met him, according to appointment, at a livery stable over the Iron Bridge. His vehicle was ordered out; it was a phaeton drawn by two long-tailed ponies—altogether a very neat concern—we set off at a rapid pace.

"They step out well, don't they? We shall be down in plenty time to put on a pair of shoes by five o'clock, which is *our dinner time*. Late dinners don't agree with me—they produce indigestion. Of course you know Louisa has a little boy."

I did not; but congratulated him.

"Yes; and has now gone out to India with her husband. Mary is also engaged to be married—a very *good* match—a Mr. Rivers, in the law. He has been called to the bar this year, and promises well. They will be a little pinched at first, but we must see what we can do for them."

We stopped at a neat row of houses, I forget the name, and, as we drove up, the servant, the only man servant, came out, and took the ponies round to the stable, while the maid received my luggage, and one or two paper bags, containing a few extras for the occasion. I was met with the same warmth as usual by Mrs. Willemott. The house was small but very neat; the remnants of former grandeur appeared here and there, in one or two little articles, favorites of the lady. We sat down at five o'clock to a *plain* dinner, and were attended by the footman, who had rubbed down the ponies and pulled on his livery.

"A good, plain cook is the best thing after all," observed Willemott. "Your fine cooks won't condescend to roast and boil. Will you take some of this sirloin?"

the under-cut is excellent. My dear, give Mr. Reynolds some Yorkshire pudding."

When we were left alone after dinner, Willemott told me, very unconcernedly of his losses.

"It was my own fault," said he; "I wished to make up a little sum for the girls, and, risking what they would have had, I left them almost penniless. However, we can always command a bottle of port and a beefsteak, and *what more* in this world can you have? Will you take port or white? I have no claret to offer you."

We finished our port, but I could perceive no difference in Willemott. He was just as happy and as cheerful as ever. He drove me to town the next day. During our drive, he observed, "I like ponies, they are so little trouble; and I prefer them to driving one horse in this vehicle, as I can put my wife and daughters into it. It's selfish to keep a carriage for yourself alone, and one horse in a four-wheeled double chaise appears like an imposition upon the poor animal."

I went to Scotland, and remained about a year. On my return, I found that my friend Willemott had again shifted his quarters. He was at Brighton; and having nothing better to do, I put myself in the "*Times*," and arrived at the Bedford Hotel. It was not until after some inquiry, that I could find out his address. At last I obtained it, in a respectable but not fashionable part of this overgrown town. Willemott received me just as before.

"I have no spare bed to offer you, but you must breakfast and dine with us every day. Our house is small, but it's very comfortable, and Brighton is a very convenient place. You know Mary is married. A good place in the courts was for sale, and my wife and I agreed to purchase it for Rivers. It has reduced us a little, but they are very comfortable. I have retired from business altogether; in fact, as my daughters are both married, and we have enough to live upon, what can we wish for more? Brighton is very gay, and always healthy; and, as for carriages and horses, they are of no use here; they are to be had at every corner of the streets."

I accepted his invitation to dinner. A parlour-maid waited, but every thing, although very plain, was clean and comfortable.

"I have still a bottle of wine for a friend, Reynolds," said Willemott, after dinner, "but, for my part, I prefer *whiskey-toddy*. It agrees with me better. Here's to the health of my two girls, God bless them, and success to them in life."

"My dear Willemott," said I, "I take the liberty of an old friend, but I am so astonished at your philosophy, that I cannot help it. When I call to mind Belem Castle, your large establishment, your luxuries, your French cook, and your stud of cattle, I wonder at your contented state of mind under such a change of circumstances."

"I almost wonder myself, my dear fellow," replied he. "I never could have believed, at that time, that I could live happily under such a change of circumstances; but the fact is, that although I have been a contractor, I have a good conscience; then, my wife is an excellent woman, and provided she sees me and her daughters happy, thinks nothing about herself; and, farther, I have made it a rule, as I have been going down hill, to find reasons why I should be thankful, and not discontented. Depend upon it, Reynolds, it is not a loss of fortune which will affect your happiness, as long as you have peace and love at home."

I took my leave of Willemott and his wife, with respect as well as regard; convinced that there was no pretended indifference to worldly advantages, that it was not that the grapes were sour, but that he had learned the whole art of happiness, by being contented with what he had, and by "cutting his coat according to his cloth."

RICHARD DALE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

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RICHARD DALE.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

AMONG the many brave men who early contributed to render the navy of the republic popular and respectable, the gallant seaman whose name is placed at the head of this article is entitled to a conspicuous place; equally on account of his services, his professional skill, and his personal merit. Although his connection with the marine, created under the constitution of 1789, was of short continuance, it left a durable impression on the service; and, if we look back to the dark period of the Revolution, we find him contending in some of the fiercest combats of the period, always with heroism, and not unfrequently with success. Circumstances, too, have connected his renown with one of the most remarkable naval battles on record; a distinction of itself which fully entitles him to a high place among those who have fought and bled for the independence of their country, in stations of subordinate authority.

Richard Dale was born in the colony of Virginia, on the 6th November, 1756. His birthplace was in the county of Norfolk, and not distant from the well known port of the same name. His parents were native Americans, of respectable standing, though of rather reduced circumstances. His father, dying early, left a widow with five children, of whom the subject of this memoir was the eldest. Some time after the death of his father, his mother contracted a second marriage with a gentleman of the name of Cooper, among the issue of which were two well known ship-masters of Philadelphia.

Young Dale manifested an inclination for the sea at a very early period of life. The distrust of a parental control that has no foundation in nature, and which is apt to be regarded with jealousy, stimulated

if it did not quicken this desire, and we find him at the tender age of twelve, or in 1768, making a voyage between Norfolk and Liverpool, in a vessel commanded by one of his own uncles. On his return home, he appears to have passed nearly a twelvemonth on shore; but his desire to become a sailor still continuing, in the spring of 1770 he was regularly apprenticed to a respectable merchant and ship-owner, of the borough of Norfolk, named Newton. From this moment his fortune in life was cast, and he continued devotedly employed in the profession until his enterprise, prudence and gallantry enabled him finally to retire with credit, an unblemished name, and a competency.

During his apprenticeship, Dale appears to have been, most of the time, employed in the West India trade. Every sailor has his chances and hair-breadth escapes, and our young mariner met with two, at that period of his life, which may be thought worthy of notice. On one occasion he fell from the spars stowed on the belfry into the vessel's hold, hitting the keelson, a distance of near twenty feet; escaping, however, without material injury. A much greater risk was incurred on another. While the vessel to which he belonged was running off the wind, with a stiff breeze, Dale was accidentally knocked overboard by the jib sheets, and was not picked up without great difficulty. He was an hour in the water, sustaining himself by swimming, and he ever spoke of the incident as one of more peril than any other in a perilous career.

When nineteen, or in 1775, Dale had risen to the station of chief mate on board a large brig belonging to his owner. In this situation he appears to have

remained industriously engaged during the few first months of the struggle for independence; the active warfare not having yet extended itself as far south as his part of the country. Early in 1776, however, the aspect of things began to change, and it is probable that the interruption to commerce rendered him the master of his own movements.

Virginia, in common with most of the larger and more maritime colonies, had a sort of marine of its own; more especially anterior to the Declaration of Independence. It consisted principally of bay craft, and was employed in the extensive estuaries and rivers of that commonwealth. On board of one of these light cruisers Dale was entered as a lieutenant, in the early part of the memorable year 1776. While in this service, he was sent a short distance for some guns, in a river craft; but falling in with a tender of the Liverpool frigate, which ship was then cruising on the Cape Henry station, he was captured and carried into Norfolk. These tenders were usually smart little cruisers, another, belonging to the same frigate, having been taken shortly before, by the U. S. brig Lexington, after a sharp and bloody conflict. Resistance in the case of Dale was consequently out of the question, his capture having been altogether a matter of course.

On reaching Norfolk, our young officer was thrown on board a prison-ship. Here he found himself in the midst of those whom it was the fashion to call "loyal subjects." Many of them were his old schoolmates and friends. Among the latter was a young man of the name of Bridges Gutteridge, a sailor like himself, and one who possessed his entire confidence. Mr. Gutteridge, who it is believed subsequently took part with his countrymen himself, was then employed by the British, in the waters of the Chesapeake, actually commanding a tender in their service. The quarrel was still recent; and honorable, as well as honest men, under the opinions which prevailed in that day, might well be divided as to its merits. Mr. Gutteridge had persuaded himself he was pursuing the proper course. Entertaining such opinions, he earnestly set about the attempt of making a convert of his captured friend. The usual arguments, touching the sacred rights of the king—himself merely a legalized usurper, by the way, if any validity is to be given to the claims of hereditary right to the crown—and the desperate nature of the "rebel cause," were freely and strenuously used, until Dale began to waver in his faith. In the end, he yielded and consented to accompany his friend in a cruise against the vessels of the state. This occurred in the month of May, and, hostilities beginning now to be active, the tender soon fell in with a party of Americans, in some pilot boats, that were employed in the Rappahannock. A warm engagement ensued, in which the tender was compelled to run, after meeting with a heavy loss. It was a rude initiation into the mysteries of war, the fighting being of a desperate, and almost of a personal character. This was one of those combats that often occurred about this period, and in those waters, most of them being close and sanguinary.

In this affair, Dale received a severe wound, having been hit in the head by a musket ball; with this wound he was confined several weeks at Norfolk, during which time he had abundance of leisure to reflect on the false step into which he had been persuaded, and to form certain healthful resolutions for the future. To use his own words, in speaking of this error of his early life, he determined "never again to put himself in the way of the bullets of his own country." This resolution, however, it was necessary to conceal, if he would escape the horrors of a prison-ship, and he "bided his time," fully determined to take service again under the American flag, at the first fitting opportunity.

In the peculiar state of the two countries at the time, and with the doubtful and contested morality of the misunderstanding, there was nothing extraordinary in this incident. Similar circumstances occurred to many men, who, with the best intentions and purest motives, saw, or fancied they saw, reasons for changing sides in what, in their eyes, was strictly a family quarrel. In the case of Dale, however, the feature most worthy of comment was the singleness of mind and simple integrity with which he used to confess his own error, together with the manner in which he finally became a convert to the true political faith. No narrative of the life of this respectable seaman would be complete, without including this temporary wavering of purpose; nor would any delineation of his character be just, that did not point out the candor and sincerity with which he, in after life, admitted his fault.

Dale was only in his twentieth year when he received this instructive lesson from the "bullets of his countrymen." From that time, he took good care not to place himself again in their way, going, in June or July, to Bermuda, on a more peaceable expedition, in company with William Gutteridge, a relative of his beguiling friend. On the return passage, the vessel was captured by the Lexington, the brig just mentioned, then a successful cruiser, under the orders of Capt. John Barry; an officer who subsequently died at the head of the service. This occurred just after the Declaration of Independence, and Dale immediately offered himself as a volunteer under the national flag. He was received and rated as a midshipman within a few hours of his capture. This was the commencement of Dale's service in the regular navy of his native country. It was also the commencement of his acquaintance with the distinguished commander of the Lexington, whose friendship and respect he enjoyed down to the day of the latter's death. While the brig was out, our midshipman had another narrow escape from death, having, together with several others, been struck senseless by lightning during a severe thunder storm.

Barry made the capture just mentioned near the end of his cruise, and he soon after went into Philadelphia, which place Dale now saw for the first time. Here Barry left the Lexington to take command of the Effingham 23, a ship that never got to sea, leaving our new midshipman in the brig. Capt. Hallock was Barry's successor, and he soon rated Dale, by

this time an active and skilful seaman, a master's mate. Early in the autumn, the Lexington sailed for Cape François, on special duty. On her return, in the month of December, she fell in with the Pearl frigate,* and was captured without resistance, carrying an armament of only a few fours.

As it was blowing very fresh at the moment this capture was made, the Pearl took out of the prize four or five officers, threw a small crew on board, and directed the brig to follow her. By some accounts Dale was left in the Lexington, while by others he was not. A succinct history of the events of his life, written by a connection under his own eye, and which is now before us, gives the latter version of the affair, and is probably the true one. At all events, the remaining officers and crew of the Lexington rose upon the captors in the course of the night, retook the brig, and carried her into Baltimore.†

The English landed several of their prisoners on Cape Henlopen, in January, 1777, under some arrangement that cannot now be explained, though probably it was connected with an exchange for the men taken and carried away in the prize. Among these was Dale, who made the best of his way to Philadelphia, when he received orders to proceed to Baltimore; which he obeyed, and rejoined his brig, the command of which had now been transferred to Capt. Henry Johnston.

The next service on which the Lexington was employed was in the European seas. In March, she sailed from Baltimore for Bordeaux, with despatches. On her arrival, this brig was attached to a small squadron under the orders of Capt. Lambert Wickes, who was in the Reprisal 16, having under his command also the Dolphin 10, Capt. Samuel Nicholson. This force of little vessels accomplished a bold and destructive cruise, making the entire circuit of Ireland, though it was eventually chased into a French port by a line-of-battle ship. Its object was the interception of certain line-ships, which it missed; its success, however, in the main, was such as to excite great alarm among the English merchants, and to produce warm remonstrances to France, from their government.

At this time France was not at war with England, although she secretly favored and aided the cause of the revolted colonies. The appearance of American cruisers in the narrow seas, however, gave rise to so many complaints, as to induce the French government, in preference to pushing matters to extremities, temporarily to sequester the vessels. The Lexington was included in this measure, having been detained in port more than two months; or, until security was given that she would quit the European seas. This

* This ship has been differently stated to have been the Liverpool and the Pearl. We follow what we think the best authorities.

† The prize-officer of the Lexington was a young American, of a highly respectable family, then an acting lieutenant in the English navy. His prisoners seized an occasion to rise, at a moment when he had gone below for an instant, in consequence of which he was dismissed the service; living the remainder of his life, and dying, in his native country.

was done, and the brig got to sea again on the 18th September, 1777.*

It is probable that the recent difficulties had some effect on the amount of the military stores on board all three of the American vessels. At all events, it is certain that the Lexington sailed with a short supply of both powder and shot, particularly of the latter. The very next day she made an English cutter lying-to, which was approached with a confidence that could only have proceeded from a mistake as to her character. This cutter proved to be a man-of-war, called the Alert, commanded by Lieutenant, afterward Admiral Bazely, having a strong crew on board, and an armament of ten sixes.

In the action that ensued, and which was particularly well fought on the part of the enemy, the Americans were, in a measure, taken by surprise. So little were the latter prepared for the conflict, that not a match was ready when the engagement commenced, and several broadsides were fired by discharging muskets at the vents of the guns. The firing killed the wind, and there being considerable sea on, the engagement became very protracted, during which the Lexington expended most of her ammunition.

After a cannonading of two hours, believing his antagonist to be too much crippled to follow, and aware of his own inability to continue the action much longer, Capt Johnston made sail, and left the cutter, under favor of a breeze that just then sprung up. The Lexington left the Alert rapidly at first, but the latter having bent new sails, and being the faster vessel, in the course of three or four hours succeeded in getting alongside again, and of renewing the engagement. This second struggle lasted an hour, the fighting being principally on one side. After the Lexington had thrown her last shot, had broken up and used all the iron that could be made available as substitutes, and had three of her officers and several of her men slain, besides many wounded, Capt. Johnston struck his colors. The first lieutenant, marine officer, and master of the Lexington were among the slain.

By this accident Dale became a prisoner for the third time. This occurred when he wanted just fifty days of being twenty-one years old. On this occasion, however, he escaped unhurt, though the combat had been both fierce and sanguinary. The prize was taken into Plymouth, and her officers, after undergoing a severe examination, in order to ascertain their birthplaces, were all thrown into Mill Prison, on a charge of high treason. Here they found the common men; the whole being doomed to a rigorous and painful confinement.

Either from policy or cupidity, the treatment received by the Americans, in this particular prison, was of a cruel and oppressive character. There is no apology for excessive rigor, or, indeed, for any constraint beyond that which is necessary to security,

* It is a curious feature of the times, that, the French ordering the Americans to quit their ports with their prizes, the latter were taken out a short distance to sea and sold, Frenchmen becoming the purchasers, and finding means to secure the property.

toward an uncondemned man. Viewed as mere prisoners of war, the Americans might claim the usual indulgence; viewed as subjects still to be tried, they were rightfully included in that healthful maxim of the law, which assumes that all are innocent until they are proved to be guilty. So severe were the privations of the Americans on this occasion, however, that, in pure hunger, they caught a stray dog one day, skinned, cooked and ate him, to satisfy their cravings for food. Their situation at length attracted the attention of the liberal; statements of their wants were laid before the public, and an appeal was made to the humanity of the English nation. This is always an efficient mode of obtaining assistance, and the large sum of sixteen thousand pounds was soon raised; thereby relieving the wants of the sufferers, and effectually effacing the stain from the national escutcheon; by demonstrating that the sufferers found a generous sympathy in the breasts of the public. But man requires more than food and warmth. Although suffering no longer from actual want and brutal maltreatment, Dale and his companions pined for liberty—to be once more fighting the battles of their country. Seeing no hopes of an exchange, a large party of the prisoners determined to make an attempt at escape. A suitable place was selected, and a hole under a wall was commenced. The work required secrecy and time. The earth was removed, little by little, in the pockets of the captives, care being had to conceal the place, until a hole of sufficient size was made to permit the body of a man to pass through. It was a tedious process, for the only opportunity which occurred to empty their pockets, was while the Americans were exercising on the walls of their prison, for a short period of each day. By patience and perseverance they accomplished their purpose, however, every hour dreading exposure and defeat.

When all was ready, Capt. Johnston, most of his officers, and several of his crew, or, as many as were in the secret, passed through the hole, and escaped. This was in February, 1778. The party wandered about the country in company, and by night, for more than a week; suffering all sorts of privations, until it was resolved to take the wiser course of separating. Dale, accompanied by one other, found his way to London, hotly pursued. At one time the two lay concealed under some straw in an out-house, while the premises were searched by those who were in quest of them. On reaching London, Dale and his companion immediately got on board a vessel about to sail for Dunkirk. A press-gang unluckily took this craft in its rounds, and suspecting the true objects of the fugitives, they were arrested, and, their characters being ascertained, they were sent back to Mill Prison in disgrace.

This was the commencement of a captivity far more tedious than the former. In the first place they were condemned to forty days' confinement in the black hole, as the punishment for the late escape; and, released from this durance, they were deprived of many of their former indulgences. Dale himself took his revenge in singing "rebel songs," and paid

a second visit to the black hole, as the penalty. This state of things, with alternations of favor and punishment, continued quite a year, when Dale, singly, succeeded in again effecting his great object of getting free.

The mode in which this second escape was made is known, but the manner by which he procured the means he refused to his dying day to disclose. At all events, he obtained a full suit of British uniform, attired in which, and seizing a favorable moment, he boldly walked past all the sentinels, and got off. That some one was connected with his escape who might suffer by his revelations is almost certain; and it is a trait in his character worthy of notice, that he kept this secret, with scrupulous fidelity, for forty-seven years. It is not known that he ever divulged it even to any individual of his own family.

Rendered wary by experience, Dale now proceeded with great address and caution. He probably had money, as well as clothes. At all events, he went to London, found means to procure a passport, and left the country for France, unsuspected and undetected. On reaching a friendly soil, he hastened to l'Orient, and joined the force then equipping under Paul Jones, in his old rank of a master's mate. Here he was actively employed for some months, affording the commodore an opportunity to ascertain his true merits, when they met with something like their just reward. As Dale was now near twenty-three, and an accomplished seaman, Jones, after trying several less competent persons, procured a commission for him from the commissioners, and made him the first lieutenant of his own ship, the justly celebrated *Bon Homme Richard*.

It is not our intention, in this article, to enter any farther into the incidents of this well known cruise, than is necessary to complete the present subject. Dale does not appear in any prominent situation, though always discharging the duties of his responsible station, with skill and credit, until the squadron appeared off Leith, with the intention of seizing that town—the port of Edinburgh—and of laying it under contribution. On this occasion, our lieutenant was selected to command the boats that were to land, a high compliment to so young a man, as coming from one of the character of Paul Jones. Every thing was ready, Dale had received his final orders, and was in the very act of proceeding to the ship's side to enter his boat, when a heavy squall struck the vessels, and induced an order for the men to come on deck, and assist in shortening sail. The vessels were compelled to bear up before it, to save their spars; this carried them out of the firth, and, a gale succeeding, the enterprise was necessarily abandoned. This gale proved so heavy, that one of the prizes actually foundered.

This attempt of Jones', while it is admitted to have greatly alarmed the coast, has often been pronounced rash and inconsiderate. Such was not the opinion of Dale. A man of singular moderation in his modes of thinking, and totally without bravado, it was his conviction that the effort would have been crowned with success. He assured the writer, years after the

occurrence, that he was about to embark in the expedition with feelings of high confidence, and that he believed nothing but the inopportune intervention of the squall stood between Jones and a triumphant *coup de main*.

A few days later, Jones made a secret proposal to his officers, which some affirm was to burn the shipping at North Shields, but which the commanders of two of his vessels strenuously opposed, in consequence of which the project was abandoned. The commodore himself, in speaking of the manner in which this and other similar propositions were received by his subordinates, extolled the ardor invariably manifested by the young men, among whom Dale was one of the foremost. Had it rested with them, the attempts at least would all have been made.

On the 19th September occurred the celebrated battle between the *Serapis* and the *Bon Homme Richard*. As the proper place to enter fully into the details of that murderous combat will be in the biography of Jones, we shall confine ourselves at present to incidents with which the subject of this memoir was more immediately connected.

The *Bon Homme Richard* had finally sailed on this cruise with only two proper sea-lieutenants on board her. There was a third officer of the name of Lunt, who has been indifferently called a lieutenant and the sailing-master, but who properly filled the latter station. This gentleman had separated from the ship in a fog, on the coast of Ireland, while in the pursuit of some deserters, and never rejoined the squadron. Another person of the same name, and believed to be the brother of the master, was the second lieutenant. He was sent in a pilot-boat, accompanied by a midshipman and several men, to capture a vessel in sight, before Jones made the Baltic fleet coming round Flamborough Head. This party was not able to return to the *Bon Homme Richard*, until after the battle had terminated. In consequence of these two circumstances, each so novel in itself, the American frigate fought this bloody and arduous combat with only one officer on board her, of the rank of a sea-lieutenant, who was Dale. This is the reason why the latter is so often mentioned as the lieutenant of the *Bon Homme Richard*, during that memorable fight. The fact rendered his duties more arduous and diversified, and entitles him to the greater credit for their proper performance.

Dale was stationed on the gun-deck, where of course he commanded in chief, though it appears that his proper personal division was the forward guns. Until the ships got foul of each other, this brought him particularly into the hottest of the work; the *Serapis* keeping much on the bows, or ahead of the *Bon Homme Richard*. It is known that Jones was much pleased with his deportment, which, in truth, was every way worthy of his own. When the alarm was given that the ship was sinking, Dale went below himself to ascertain the real state of the water, and his confident and fearless report cheered the men to renewed exertions. Shortly after, the supply of powder was stopped, when our lieutenant again quitted

his quarters to inquire into the cause. On reaching the magazine passage he was told by the sentinels that they had closed the ingress, on account of a great number of strange and foreign faces that they saw around them. On further inquiry, Dale discovered that the master at arms, of his own head, had let loose all the prisoners—more than a hundred in number—under the belief that the ship was sinking. Dale soon saw the danger which might ensue, but finding the English much alarmed at the supposed condition of the ship, he succeeded in mustering them, and setting them at work at the pumps, where, by their exertions, they probably prevented the apprehended calamity. For some time, at the close of the action, all his guns being rendered useless, Dale was employed principally in this important service. There is no question that without some such succor, the *Richard* would have gone down much earlier than she did. It is a singular feature of this every-way extraordinary battle, that here were Englishmen, zealously employed in aiding the efforts of their enemies, under the cool control of a collected and observant officer.

At length the cheerful intelligence was received that the enemy had struck. Dale went on deck, and immediately demanded Jones' permission to take possession of the prize. It was granted, and had he never manifested any other act of personal intrepidity, his promptitude on this occasion, and the manner in which he went to work, to attain his purpose, would have shown him to be a man above personal considerations, when duty or honor pointed out his course. The main-yard of the *Serapis* was hanging a-cock-bill, over the side of the American ship. The brace was shot away, and the pendant hung within reach. Seizing the latter, Dale literally swung himself off, and alighted alone on the quarter-deck of the *Serapis*. Here he found no one but the brave Pierson, who had struck his own flag; but the men below were still ignorant of the act. We may form an opinion of the risk that the young man ran, in thus boarding his enemy at night, and in the confusion of such a combat, for the English were still firing below, by the fact that Mr. Mayrant, a young man of South Carolina, and a midshipman of the *Bon Homme Richard*, who led a party after the lieutenant, was actually run through the thigh by a boarding pike, and by the hands of a man in the waist below.

The first act of Dale, on getting on the quarter deck of the *Serapis*, was to direct her captain to go on board the American ship. While thus employed, the English first lieutenant came up from below, and finding that the Americans had ceased their fire, he demanded if they had struck. "No, sir," answered Dale, "it is this ship that has struck, and you are my prisoner." An appeal to Capt. Pierson confirming this, the English lieutenant offered to go below and silence the remaining guns of the *Serapis*. To this Dale objected, and had both the officers passed on board the *Bon Homme Richard*. In a short time, the English below were sent from their guns, and full possession was obtained of the prize.

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As more men were soon sent from the Bon Homme Richard, the two ships were now separated, the Richard making sail, and Jones ordering Dale to follow with the prize. A sense of fatigue had come over the latter, in consequence of the reaction of so much excitement and so great exertions, and he took a seat on the binnacle. Here he issued an order to brace the head yards aback, and to put the helm down. Wondering that the ship did not pay off, he directed that the wheel-ropes should be examined. It was reported that they were not injured, and that the helm was hard down. Astonished to find the ship immovable under such circumstances, there being a light breeze, Dale sprang upon his feet, and then discovered, for the first time, that he had been severely wounded, by a splinter, in the foot and ankle. The hurt, now that he was no longer sustained by the excitement of battle, deprived him of the use of his leg, and he fell. Just at this moment, Mr. Lunt, the officer who had been absent in the pilot-boat, reached the Richard, and Dale was forced to give up to him the command of the prize. The cause of the Serapis' not minding her helm was the fact that Capt. Pierson had dropped an anchor under foot when the two ships got foul; a circumstance of which the Americans were ignorant until this moment.

Dale was some time laid up with his wound, but he remained with Jones in his old station of first lieutenant, accompanying that officer, in the Alliance, from the Texel to l'Orient. In the controversy which ensued between the commodore and Landais, our lieutenant took sides warmly with the first, and even offered to head a party to recover the Alliance, by force. This measure not being resorted to, he remained with Jones, and finally sailed with him for America, as his first lieutenant, in the Ariel 20, a ship lent to the Americans, by the King of France.

The Ariel quitted port in October, 1780, but encountered a tremendous gale of wind off the Penmarks. Losing her masts, she was compelled to return to refit. On this occasion Dale, in his responsible situation of first lieutenant, showed all the coolness of his character, and the resources of a thorough seaman. The tempest was almost a hurricane, and of extraordinary violence. The Ariel sailed a second time about the commencement of the year 1781, and reached Philadelphia on the 18th February. During the passage home, she had a short action, in the night, with a heavy British letter-of-marque, that gave her name as the Triumph; and which ship is said to have struck, but to have made her escape by treachery. Jones, who was greedy of glory, even fancied that his enemy was a vessel of war, and that he had captured a vessel of at least equal force. This was not Dale's impression. He spoke of the affair to the writer of this article, as one of no great moment, even questioning whether their antagonist struck at all; giving it as his belief she was a quick-working and fast-sailing letter-of-marque. He distinctly stated that she got off by outmanœuvring the Ariel, which vessel was badly manned, and had an exceedingly mixed and disaffected crew. It is worthy of remark that, while two arti-

cles, enumerating the services of Dale, have been written by gentlemen connected with himself, and possessing his confidence, neither mentions this affair; a proof, in itself, that Dale considered it one of little moment.

The account which Dale always gave of the meeting between the Ariel and Triumph—admitting such to have been the name of the English ship—so different from that which has found its way into various publications, on the representation of other actors in that affair, is illustrative of the character of the man. Simple of mind, totally without exaggeration, and a lover, as well as a practitioner, of severe truth, he was a man whose representations might be fully relied on. Even in his account of the extraordinary combat between the Richard and Serapis, he stripped the affair of all its romance, and of every thing that was wonderful; rendering the whole clear, simple and intelligible as his own thoughts. The only narratives of that battle, worthy of a seaman, have been written rigidly after his explanations, which leave it a bloody and murderous fight, but one wholly without the marvelous.

On his arrival at Philadelphia, after an absence of four years, more than one of which had been spent in prison, Dale was just twenty-four years and two months old. He was now regularly put on the list of lieutenants, by the marine committee of Congress; his former authority proceeding from the agents of the government in Europe. It is owing to this circumstance that the register of government places him so low as a lieutenant. Dale now parted from Paul Jones, with whom he had served near two years; and that, too, in some of the most trying scenes of the latter's life. The commodore was anxious to take his favorite lieutenant with him to the America 74; but the latter declined the service, under the impression it would be a long time before the ship got to sea. He judged right, the America being transferred to the French in the end, and Jones himself never again sailing under the American flag.

The name of Dale will inseparably be connected with the battle of the Richard and Serapis. His prominent position and excellent conduct entitle him to this mark of distinction, and it says much for the superior, when it confers fame to have been "Paul Jones' first lieutenant." We smile, however, at the legends of the day, when we recall the account of the "Lieutenants Grubb" and other heroes of romance, who have been made to figure in the histories of that renowned combat, and place them in contrast with the truth-loving, sincere, moral and respectable subject of this memoir. The sword which Louis XVI. bestowed on Jones, for this victory, passed into the hands of Dale, and is now the property of a gallant son, a fitting mark of the services of the father, on the glorious occasion it commemorates.*

* This sword has, quite recently, become the subject of public discussion, and of some private feeling, under circumstances not wholly without interest to the navy and the country. At page 63, vol. 2, of Makenzie's Life of Paul Jones, is the following note, viz.

"This sword was sent by Jones' heirs to his valued friend, Robert Morris, to whose favor he had owed his opportunities of distinguishing himself. Mr. Morris gave

Dale was employed on board a schooner that was manned from the Ariel, after reaching Philadelphia, the sword to the navy of the United States. It was to be retained and worn by the senior officer, and transmitted at his death, to his successor. After passing through the hands of Commodore Barry, and one or two other senior officers, it came into possession of Commodore Dale, and now remains in his family, through some mistake in the nature of the bequest, which seems to require that it should either be restored to the navy in the person of its senior officer, or else revert to the heirs of Mr. Robert Morris, from one of whom the writer has received this information."

That Captain Makenzie has been correctly informed as to a portion of the foregoing statement, is as probable as it is certain he has been misled as to the remainder. It would have been more discreet, however, in a writer to have heard both sides, previously to laying such a statement before the world. A very little inquiry might have satisfied him that Commodore Dale could not have held any thing as the senior officer of the navy, since he never occupied that station. We believe the following will be found to be accurate.

Of the manner in which Commodore Barry became possessed of this sword we know nothing beyond report, and the statement of Captain Makenzie. We understand that a female member of the Morris family gives a version of the affair like that published in the note we have quoted, but the accuracy of her recollections can hardly be put in opposition to the acts of such men as Barry and Dale.

The sword never passed through the hands "of one or two other senior officers," as stated by Captain Makenzie, at all. It was bequeathed by Commodore Barry to Commodore Dale, in his will, and in the following words, viz.

"Item, I give and bequeath to my good friend Captain Richard Dale, my gold-hilted sword, as a token of my esteem for him."

We have carefully examined the will, inventory, &c. of Commodore Barry. The first is dated February 27, 1803; the will is proved and the inventory filed in the following September, in which month Commodore Barry died. Now, Commodore Dale was not in the navy at all, when this sword was bequeathed to him, nor when he received it. Dale resigned in the autumn of 1802; and he never rose nearer to the head of the list of captains, than to be the third in rank; Barry, himself, and Samuel Nicholson, being his seniors, when he resigned.

The inventory of Commodore Barry's personal property is very minute, containing articles of a value as low as one dollar. It mentions *two* swords, both of which are specifically bequeathed—viz. "*my gold-hilted*" and "*my silver-hilted sword*." No allusion is made in the will to any trust. Only these two swords were found among the assets, and each was delivered agreeably to the bequest. The gold-hilted sword was known in the family, as the "*Paul Jones sword*," and there is not the smallest doubt Commodore Barry intended to bequeath this particular sword, in full property, to Commodore Dale.

Let us next look to the probabilities of the case. The heirs of Paul Jones, who left no issue, gave the sword to Robert Morris, says Captain Makenzie, as a mark of gratitude. This may very well be true. But Mr. Morris "gave the sword to the navy of the United States," to be retained and worn by its senior officer. It would have been a more usual course to have lodged the sword in the Navy Department, had such been the intention. That Commodore Barry did not view his possession of the sword in this light, is clear enough by his will. He gave it, *without* restraint of any sort, to a friend who was not in the navy at all, and who never had been its senior officer. This he did, in full possession of his mind and powers, six months before he died, and under circumstances to render any misconception highly improbable.

Can we find any motive for the bequest of Commodore Barry? It was not personal to himself, as the sword went out of his own family. The *other sword* he gave to a brother-in-law. "*Paul Jones' sword*" was bequeathed to a distinguished professional friend—to one who, of all others, next to Jones himself, had the best professional right to wear it—to "*Paul Jones' first lieutenant*." Commodore Dale did leave sons, and some in the navy; and the country will believe that the one who now owns the sword has as good a moral right to wear it, as the remote collaterals of Jones, and a much better right than the senior officer of the navy, on proof as vague as that offered. His *legal* right to the sword seems to be beyond dispute.

In the inventory of Commodore Barry's personals, this sword is thus mentioned, viz.—"*a very elegant gold-hilted sword—\$300.*" The other sword is thus mentioned, viz.—"*a handsome silver-hilted, do. \$100.*"

and sent down the Delaware to convoy certain public stores. The following June, he joined the Trumbull 28, Captain Nicholson, as her first lieutenant. The Trumbull left the capes of the Delaware on the 5th August, 1781, being chased off the land by three of the enemy's cruisers. The weather was squally and night set in dark. In endeavoring to avoid her pursuers, the Trumbull found herself alongside of the largest, a frigate of thirty-two guns, and an action was fought under the most unfavorable circumstances. The Trumbull's fore-topmast was hanging over, or rather through her fore-castle, her crew was disorganized, and the vessel herself in a state of no preparation for a conflict with an equal force; much less with that actually opposed to her. The officers made great exertions, and maintained an action of more than an hour, when the colors of the American ship were struck to the Iris 32, and Monk 18. The former of these vessels had been the American frigate Hancock, and the latter was subsequently captured in the Delaware, by Barney in the Hyder Ally.

This was the fourth serious affair in which Dale had been engaged that war, and the fourth time he had been captured. As he was hurt also in this battle, it made the third of his wounds. His confinement, however, was short, and the treatment not a subject of complaint. He was taken into New York, paroled on Long Island, and exchanged in November.

No new service offering in a marine which, by this time, had lost most of its ships, Dale obtained a furlough, and joined a large letter-of-marque called the Queen of France, that carried twelve guns, as her first officer. Soon after he was appointed to the command of the same vessel. In the spring of 1782, this ship, in company with several other letters-of-marque, sailed for France, making many captures by the way. The ship of Dale, however, parted from the fleet, and, falling in with an English privateer of fourteen guns, a severe engagement followed, in which both parties were much cut up; they parted by mutual consent. Dale did not get back to Philadelphia until February of the succeeding year, or until about the time that peace was made.

In common with most of the officers of the navy, Lieutenant Dale was disbanded, as soon as the war ceased. He was now in the twenty-seventh year of his age, with a perfect knowledge of his profession, in which he had passed more than half his life, a high reputation for his rank, a courage that had often been tried, a body well scarred, a character beyond reproach, and not altogether without "*money in his purse*." Under the circumstances, he naturally determined to follow up his fortunes in the line in which he had commenced his career. He became part owner of a large ship, and sailed in her for London, December, 1783, in the station of master. After this, he embarked successfully in the East India trade, in the same character, commanding several of the finest ships out of the country. In this manner he accumulated a respectable fortune, and began to take his place among the worthies of the land in a new character.

In September, 1791, Mr. Dale was married to Dorothy Crathorne, the daughter of another respectable ship-master of Philadelphia, and then a ward of Barry's. With this lady he passed the remainder of his days, she surviving him as his widow, and dying some years later than himself. No change in his pursuits occurred until 1794, when the new government commenced the organization of another marine, which has resulted in that which the country now possesses.

Dale was one of the six captains appointed under the law of 1794, that directed the construction of as many frigates, with a view to resist the aggressions of Algiers. Each of the new captains was ordered to superintend the construction of one of the frigates, and Dale, who was fifth in rank, was directed to assume the superintendence of the one laid down at Norfolk, virtually the place of his nativity. This ship was intended to be a frigate of the first class, but, by some mistake in her moulds, she proved in the end to be the smallest of the six vessels then built. It was the unfortunate Chesapeake, a vessel that never was in a situation to reflect much credit on the service. Her construction, however, was deferred, in consequence of an arrangement with Algiers, and her captain was put on furlough.

Dale now returned to the China trade, in which he continued until the spring of 1798. The last vessel he commanded was called the *Ganges*. She was a fine, fast ship, and the state of our relations with France requiring a hurried armament, the government bought this vessel, in common with several others, put an armament of suitable guns in her, with a full crew, gave her to Dale, and ordered her on the coast as a regular cruiser.

In consequence of this arrangement, Capt. Dale was the first officer who ever got to sea under the pennant of the present navy. He sailed in May, 1798, and was followed by the *Constellation* and *Delaware* in a few days. The service of Dale in his new capacity was short, however, in consequence of some questions relating to rank. The captains appointed in 1794 claimed their old places, and, it being uncertain what might be the final decision of the government, as there were many aspirants, Dale declined serving until the matter was determined. In May, 1799, he sailed for Canton again, in command of a strong letter-of-marque, under a furlough. On his return from this voyage he found his place on the list settled according to his own views of justice and honor, and reported himself for service. Nothing offered, however, until the difficulties with France were arranged; but, in May, 1801, he was ordered to take command of a squadron of observation about to be sent to the Mediterranean.

Dale now hoisted his broad pennant, for the first and only time, and assumed the title by which he was known for the rest of his days. He was in the prime of life, being in his forty-fifth year, of an active, manly frame, and had every prospect before him of a long and honorable service. The ships put under his orders were the *President* 44, Capt. James Barron; *Philadelphia* 38, Capt. Samuel Barron; *Essex*

32, Capt. William Bainbridge; and *Enterprise* 12, Lieut. Com. Sterrett. A better appointed, or a better commanded force, probably never sailed from America. But there was little to do, under the timid policy and defective laws of the day. War was not supposed to exist, although hostilities did; and vessels were sent into foreign seas with crews shipped for a period that would scarcely allow of a vessel's being got into proper order.

The squadron sailed June 1st, 1801, and reached Gibraltar July 1st. The *Philadelphia* blockaded the Tripolitan admiral, with two cruisers, in Gibraltar while the other vessels went aloft. A sharp action occurred between the *Enterprise* and a Tripolitan of equal force, in which the latter was compelled to submit, but was allowed to go into her own port again, for want of legal authority to detain her. Dale appeared off Tripoli, endeavored to negotiate a little about an exchange of prisoners, and did blockade the port; but his orders fettered him in a way to prevent any serious enterprises. In a word, no circumstances occurred to allow the commodore to show his true character, except as it was manifested in his humanity, prudence and dignity. As a superior, he obtained the profound respect of all under his orders, and to this day his name is mentioned with regard by those who then served under him. It is thought that this squadron did much toward establishing the high discipline of the marine. In one instance only had Dale an opportunity of manifesting his high personal and professional qualities. The *President* struck a rock in quitting Port Mahon, and for some hours she was thought to be in imminent danger of foundering. Dale assumed the command, and one of his lieutenants, himself subsequently a flag officer of rare seamanship and merit, has often recounted to the writer his admiration of the commodore's coolness, judgment, and nerve, on so trying an occasion. The ship was carried to Toulon, blowing a gale, and, on examination, it was found that she was only saved from destruction by the skilful manner in which the wood ends had been secured.

The vigilance of Dale was so great, however, and his dispositions so skilful, that the Tripolitans made no captures while he commanded in those seas. In March, 1802, he sailed for home, under his orders, reaching Hampton Roads in April, after a cruise of about ten months. The succeeding autumn, Com. Dale received an order to hold himself in readiness to resume the command from which he had just returned. Ever ready to serve his country, when it could be done with honor, he would cheerfully have made his preparations accordingly, but, by the order itself, he ascertained that he was to be sent out without a captain in his own ship. This, agreeably to the notions he entertained, was a descent in the scale of rank, and he declined serving on such terms. There being no alternative between obedience and resignation, he chose the latter, and quitted the navy. At this time, he was the third captain on the list, and it is no more than justice to say, that he stood second to no other in the public estimation.

Dale never went to sea again. Possessed of an

ample fortune, and possessing the esteem of all who knew him, he commanded the respect of those with whom he differed in opinion touching the question which drove him from the navy. With the latter he never quarreled, for, at the proper period, he gave to it his two elder sons. To the last he retained his interest in its success, and his care of mariners, in general, extended far beyond the interests of this life.

Many years previously to his death, Com. Dale entered into full communion with the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he proved a consistent and pious member. Under the newly awakened feelings which induced this step, he was the originator of a Mariner's Church, in Philadelphia, attending it in person, every Sunday afternoon, for a long succession of years. He was as free with his purse, too, as with his time; and his charities, though properly concealed, were believed to be large and discriminating. With some it may be deemed a matter of moment, with all it should be a proof of the estimation in which Dale was held by certainly a very respectable part of his fellow citizens, that he was named to be the first president of the Washington Benevolent Society; an association that soon degenerated to serve the ends of party politics, whatever may have been the design that influenced the few with which it originated.

The evening of the life of Dale was singularly peaceful and happy. It was as calm as its morning had been tempestuous. It is true he had to weep for the loss of his first-born son, a noble youth, who died of wounds received in the action between his old ship, the *President*, and a British squadron; but he had given the young man to his country, and knew how to bear up under the privation. He died, himself, in the seventieth year of his age, in his dwelling at Philadelphia, February 26th, 1826; departing in peace with God and man, as he fondly trusted himself, and as those who survive have every reason to hope.

By his marriage with Miss Crathorne, Com. Dale had several children, five of whom lived to become men and women, viz. three sons and two daughters. Of the former, Richard, the eldest, fell, at an early age, a midshipman on board the *President*. John Montgomery, the second, is now a commander in the navy, having served with Warrington, in the last English war. This gentleman is married to a lady of the well known family of Willing. Edward Crathorne, the youngest son, is a merchant of Philadelphia. He is married and has children. The eldest

daughter, Sarah, married T. McKean Pettit, Esq., a judge of the District Court, in Philadelphia, and is dead, leaving issue. Elizabeth, the youngest, is the wife of Com. George Campbell Reed, of the navy, and has no issue.

In considering the character of Dale, we are struck with its simple modesty and frank sincerity, quite as much as with its more brilliant qualities. His courage and constancy were of the highest order, rendering him always equal to the most critical duties, and never wearying in their performance. Such a man is perfectly free from all exaggeration. As he was not afraid to act when his cooler judgment approved, he had no distrusts to overcome ere he could forbear, as prudence dictated. Jones found him a man ready and willing to second all his boldest and most hazardous attempts, so long as reason showed the probabilities of success; but the deed done, none more thoroughly stripped it of all false coloring, or viewed it in a truer light than he who had risked his life in aiding to achieve it.

The person of Dale was in harmony with his moral qualities. It was manly, seaman-like, and of singularly respectable bearing. Simplicity, good faith, truth and courage were imprinted on his countenance, which all who were thrown into his company soon discovered was no more than the mirror of his mind. The navy has had more brilliant intellects, officers of profounder mental attainments, and of higher natural gifts, but it has had few leaders of cooler judgment, sounder discretion, more inflexible justice, or indomitable resolution. He was of a nature, an experience, and a professional skill to command respect and to inspire confidence, tributes that were cheerfully paid by all who served under his orders. The writer of this article has had extensive opportunities of hearing character discussed among the sea-officers of his country; few escape criticism, of some sort or other, for their professional acts, and fewer still, as men; yet he cannot recall a single instance in which he has ever heard a whisper of complaint against the public or private career of Richard Dale. This total exemption from the usual fortunes of the race may, in part, be owing to the shortness of the latter's service in the present marine, and to the limited acquaintance of his contemporaries, but it is difficult to believe that it is not chiefly to be ascribed to the thoroughly seaman-like character of the officer, and to the perfect truth and sterling probity of the man.

RINGING A PEAL, AND RINGING A BELLE:
OR, THE PIPPY CORRESPONDENCE.

BEING A DIARY OF LOVE AND INUNDATION.

1. *Mr. Pippy's Valentine*.—This elegant production was painted on a sheet of paper with a lace border, and presented a singular mixture of sentiment and improbability, viz. a little boy, in a species of undress which the police would certainly prohibit from becoming the general fashion, riding in a car like an enormous periwinkle-shell turned topsy-turvy, upon wheels, and drawn by two pigeons—a proceeding of which every thinking mind must admit the impracticability, since the atmospheric resistance of the birds' wings could never afford sufficient fulcrum to draw so large a vehicle with any momentum, especially with cowslip collars and rose-bud traces. [See proceed. of Chawturmurt Lit. and Scien. Inst., p. 30.] A church with a pointed spire and two windows was seen in the distance, perfecting this tasteful composition of protestant mythology. At each corner were intricate red loops, like mud-worms in convulsions, termed true lovers' knots; and below were eight exquisite and novel lines, of which we present the reader with the *termini*, leaving him to fill them up as he pleases:—"Heart—smart," "languish—anguish," "flame—name," "you be mine—VALENTINE."

2. *Miss Celia Potts to a confidential female friend*.—Oh, my dear Charlotte: What do you think? Mr. Pippy, the young apothecary, who came down here to take our union of fourteen parishes at £20 a year, has sent me a Valentine. Not a common impudent penny one of an old maid, with cats and parrots all about her, but a beautiful picture of a little Cupid—such a love!—riding in a thingemysig, drawn by two what-d'ye-call-'ems, with—oh, my!—eight lovely verses underneath. I know it's from him, because it's scented all over with the best Turkey rhubarb and oil of peppermint, and I found a small piece of pill adhering to the envelope—how a trifle betrays the secret of the heart! My mind is all in a titter-totter—do come and see me. Yours, very sincerely, CELIA POTTS.—Chawturmurt, Feb. 14.

3. *Mr. Pippy to Miss Potts*.—Adored Celia: The auricles of my heart contract with accelerated circulation as I pen these lines. I can no longer conceal that my love is as firmly fixed on you, as with a solution of gum-arabic. Are your affections free for me? and may they be taken immediately, and repeated every four hours with one of the powders?—alas! I scarce know what I write. I have already directed a dozen draughts to the wrong people; one old lady has swallowed half a pot of ring-worm ointment, and Mrs. Jones has been rubbing her little boy's head with lenitive electuary. You alone can write the prescription that shall administer to my incertitude. Ever devotedly yours, PHINEAS PIPPY.

4. *Miss Potts to the confidential friend*.—My dearest Charlotte: We have given a small party, and he has formally proposed. He was very timid at first, but it was the red-wine negus that did it, for mamma very kindly made it pretty strong, and gave him a good dose, immediately upon my singing "I'd marry him to-morrow." He says he has loved me "ever since he first saw me at church in that beautiful cloak." My dear, it was my old pelisse, which I had turned, made into a capucine, and lined with blue Persian; but love gilds every thing by its magic; possibly it converted my last year's straw-bonnet into a Tuscan chip. It is pouring in torrents, and they say if it goes on we must have a flood. He is sitting at his surgery window, looking at me between the red and blue bottles, with a spy-glass. Yours ever, CELIA.—Feb. 20.

5. *Mr. Pippy to his friend Mr. Tweak*.—My dear Tweak: How uncertain is every thing in this world! I was to have been married to-day, to the loveliest of her sex, but the floods have so risen that nothing but the roof of the church is visible. It began yesterday morning, when the canal banks broke, and increased with such rapidity that I was compelled to spend the day on the dining-table, and am now driven to the second floor, with no provision but a flask of lamp-oil and some tooth-powder. The sick paupers of the union I attend have just arrived on a barge, which has got aground on the bridge. The bell-ringers, also, who were practising in the belfrey when the eruption took place, are fast enclosed therein—the doors being under water, and the windows too small to get out at. They are ringing for help, and the sound is awfully painful, as it was to have been my bridal peal. A letter has just been brought by Tom Johnson, in a mash-tub, from my adored Celia; I hasten to read it. Yours ever, PHINEAS PIPPY.—Feb. 23.

6. *Miss Potts to Mr. Pippy*.—Dearest Phinny: Do not, I implore you, think too much of Hero and Leander. Our

rustic Hellespont is far too cold for you to plunge into and swim across, and such a proceeding might excite the gossip of our neighbors. Let us endure this trial with patience. The waters are certainly abating, as the French bed in our back room is now visible, and John has caught three fine eels in the pillow-case, which I send you, as well as my pet Carlo, who will swim back with any answer you may have to send. Yours, very affectionately, CELIA POTTS.

7. [Extract from the *Chawturmurt Gazette*.]—Married, on the 28th inst. Phineas Pippy, Esq. to Celia, daughter of Anthony Potts, Esq. The ceremony, which was delayed by the late floods, was performed as soon as the waters sufficiently fell—the party going to the altar in a punt.—*Comic Annual*.

ROBERT AND FRANK.

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

"COME," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep, let us go and waken him, and he will play with us." "Oh, yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together, toward the hearth, to awake the dog.

Now there was a basin of milk upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood. As they were both playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out; and when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened. Robert spoke first, "So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and sighed. "No milk for supper! why not?" said Frank; "is there no milk in the house?" "Yes, but we shall have none of it; for do not you remember, last Monday, when we threw down the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so, we should have no milk for supper?" "Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all; we will take more care another time; come, let's run and tell mother. You know she bid us always tell her directly when we break any thing." "I will come just now," said Robert, "don't be in such a hurry, Frank—can't you stay a minute?" So Frank staid; and then he said, "Come now, Robert." But Robert answered, "Stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet. I am afraid."

Dear boys, I advise you never to be afraid to tell the truth; never say, "stay a minute," and "stay a little longer;" but run directly, and tell of what you have done that is wrong. The longer you stay, the more afraid you will grow; till, at last, perhaps, you will not dare to tell the truth at all. Hear what happened to Robert. The longer he staid, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down; and at last Frank went without him in search of his mother.

Now, while Frank was gone, Robert was left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone he was thinking of some excuse to make to his mother. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper. I am very sorry Frank would go to tell her about it." Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs. "Oh, oh," said he to himself, "and Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so I may say what I please." Then this cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie.

She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin and the milk spilled, she stopped short and cried, "So, so, what a piece of work is here! who did this, Robert?" "I don't know, ma'am," said Robert, in a low voice. "You don't know, Robert tell me the truth—I shall not be angry with you—I would rather have you break all the basins I have than to tell one lie; I ask you Robert, did you break the basin?" "No, ma'am, I did not," said Robert and he colored as red as fire. "Then where's Frank? did he do it?" "No, mother, he did not," said Robert; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it. "How do you know,"

said his mother, "that Frank did not do it?" "Because—because—because, ma'am," hesitating as liars do for an excuse, "because I was in the room all the time, and did not see him do it." "Then how was the basin thrown down! if you have been in the room all the time, you can tell." Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered. "I suppose the dog must have done it." "Did you see him do it?" said his mother. "Yes," said this wicked boy. "Trusty, Trusty," said his mother turning round; "Fie, fie! Trusty; get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beaten for this." Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother; he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done. "No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank; "what! and is Trusty to be beaten? he did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beaten for it. Let me go to my mother." They both ran toward the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house-door that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty! he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head; but he could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's voice was heard at the window. "Stop, stop! dear mother, stop!" cried he as loud as ever he could call. "Trusty did not do it: I and Robert did it; but do not beat Robert." "Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's voice; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie. "His mother went to the door and unlocked it. "What's all this?" cried his father as he came in; so his mother told him all that had happened. "Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty?" said their father. Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy; saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again." But his father caught hold of him by the arm; "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped till he cried so loud with pain that the whole neighborhood could hear him. "There," said his father when he had done, "now go without supper; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped. See how liars are served." Then turning to Frank, "Come here and shake hands with me, Frank; you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify; you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and every body is pleased with you. And now I'll tell you what I will do for you: I will give you the little dog Trusty to be your own dog; you have saved him a beating, and I'll answer for it you'll be a good master to him. To-morrow I'll go to the brazier's and get a new collar made for him; from this day forward he shall be called after you, FRANK! And, wife, whenever any of the neighboring children ask you why the dog TRUSTY is to be called FRANK, tell them this story of our two boys; let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth!"

they owe to the public at large, and themselves in particular, to exact their extreme rights in all cases whatever; and that the best way of getting on in the world, is never to lay yourself under an obligation to another, if possible; and, at all events, never to lay any person whatever under an obligation to you. An amiable class of people, who invariably lay claim to the approbation of the world on the strength of this very christian disposition, as if they were setting a good example of self-reliance and independence. By the time she had settled all her concerns entirely to her own satisfaction, a long procession started from No. 7 to the parish church; sorrowful peals were rung all day; hackney-coaches, covered with crape, and containing all the personal and commercial friends of the defunct, followed at a slow pace an enormous hearse, ornamented with a multitude of waving plumes; and in a very few days a great square slab of marble, sunk into the wall of the church, surmounted by a figure of charity very thinly clothed, and looking very cold and uncomfortable, announced to all who might be desirous of such information, that Mr. John Hibbert had been the best, the wisest, and most benevolent of men; and that this tribute was paid to his memory by the most grateful and affectionate of daughters. As the epitaph was from the classical pen of Mr. Tyem, and duly charged for in his bill, we may safely enough conclude that all the praises lavished on the deceased were, at all events, not *meant* to be satirical, but rather a propitiatory sacrifice to the tender feelings of the afflicted heiress. As if in expectation of the good effects of this and the other instances of his regard for that most dismal young lady, he took an early opportunity of presenting himself in the little drawing-room, where, attired in deepest sables, she sat like an African Niobe, of somewhat diminutive size, all tears and white pocket-handkerchief. She held out her hand listlessly, as if in the extremity of sorrow, and Mr. Tyem entered at once into the spirit of the scene, and shook it with so wo-be-gone an air, that you might have fancied he also had buried his father and succeeded to £50,000. Whether he assumed these mournful appearances in right of the contingent interests of his son, I cannot say; but it must have been something of the sort that enabled him to be so profoundly touched, for it is an ascertained thing, in all affairs of the kind, that the external demonstrations of grief bear a remarkable proportion to the internal satisfaction; and therefore, a person who is not benefited by a death, has no possible right to appear to regret it.

"I am glad to see you bear this blow so well, Miss Hibbert," he began, in a pathetic tone of voice; "to be sure it was what was to be expected from your excellent sense."

"I don't bear it well, Mr. Tyem: I'm surprised to hear you say I bear it well. I can't bear it at all. Oh dear, oh dear!"

Mr. Tyem saw he had got on the wrong tack.

"Oh, dear Miss Hibbert, your disposition is so very soft and tender. You should not take on so; indeed you shouldn't."

"I don't take on, Mr. Tyem; I'm surprised to hear you say I take on. I am a christian, I hope, and though I can't help regretting poor dear papa—Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Come, come, I see you are making noble struggles to subdue your natural feelings. You mustn't dwell on such sorrowful subjects always. Life is all before you—the admiration of all who make your acquaintance, the affection of some who know you well.—Ah!"

Miss Hibbert buried her face deeper in her handkerchief, to give herself time to think. The tone of voice struck her as something different from what she had ever heard before. Indeed, the combination of such words, as admiration and affection with her name was enough to startle her. "Has this fellow the audacity," she thought, "to fancy he can talk me over?" She felt so convinced of her own ugliness, that she was sure nobody would even pay her compliments, unless for the sake of her money, and therefore speeches of the kind now adventured by Mr. Tyem were so many cautions to her to beware of robbery.

"You have many friends, Miss Hibbert?"

"No, I have no friends. I never had a friend in my life, and never wished to, and that's more," she answered, rather snappishly.

"A noble, independent spirit; I honor you for it. It is only silly creatures that rely on friends—I mean of their own sex, of course. Men—some of them, at least—can enter into your feelings—and—"

"I don't want any body to enter into my feelings; and I can assure you, for your comfort, Mr. Tyem, that I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

The bitter tone and sharp look this was said with, were, perhaps, only a different manifestation of the dutiful grief that consumed her. To ordinary mortals it would have ap-

peared very like an outbreak of ill-nature; but Mr. Tyem's breast was double-steeled. His waistcoat and fine gold chain would have resisted a sharper lunge than that, and he proceeded, in sublime unconsciousness of the impression he was making.

"You will lead a happy life at Willerdon Hall, Miss Hibbert; I envy the families in the neighborhood—you will be *such* an acquisition."

"Shall I?—Oh!"

"Do you doubt it? Your modesty is too great. I'm only afraid your new friends will make you forget your old ones—do you think they will?"

"I told you before I hadn't any friends to forget."

"Oh, but you were wrong—you were indeed—you *have* friends, Miss Hibbert—attached ones—I can assure you!"

"Drew up my father's will, and think you can throw dust in my eyes. Why don't you go to my sister?" she said, breaking out.

"Your sister!—'pon my honor, my dear Miss Hibbert, you astonish me! And if I did draw your father's will—or if I ventured to suggest any thing to him about a preference of one daughter to another—"

"Oho!—don't try to persuade me of that. I knew what my papa meant to do all along; he never could abide Elizabeth, and no wonder; she never loved him as I did. Oh dear, oh dear!"

"I am well aware of that. All the friends of the family are aware of it. The only wonder is, that my deceased friend left her so well off as he did."

"I wonder at it too," said the young lady, laying aside her pocket handkerchief; "a hundred a-year is a very good income."

"It is indeed; and then there's the chance of the estate, and all the property. I think she has a very fair chance."

"What right have you to say you think she has a fair chance?" exclaimed the indignant heiress, in the tone of a hyena interrupted in gnawing a bone. "I consider you very impertinent in saying any thing of the kind—very indelicate and insulting."

"Why—what have I done to offend you, my dear miss? I merely alluded to the fact, that in case of your having no children."

"I have children! what do you mean, talking such detestable language to me, sir? I won't be insulted by you nor any one else, sir. I see your object, sneaking here like a paltry, pitiful lawyer as you are, and talking gross improprieties. If you're no gentleman, I'll show you I'm a lady. Leave the house, sir. Send me in your bill, and if I approve the items I'll pay it; but never speak to me, or show yourself to me again, sir!"

Mr. Tyem saw, in direct proximity with his face, a little red visage inflamed with anger; there was an uneasy jerking about the lady's arms, as if she longed to exercise her nails on his nose, and altogether the voice and attitude were so determined that he saw it was vain to offer the least explanation; so, in a state of great terror and dismay, he rushed from the room, and nearly broke his neck in projecting himself down stairs.

"*She*, indeed!" continued the irritated heiress, whose blood was now fairly up. "*She* have a very fair chance! I'll teach her what her chance is worth!" and, like a hollow shot with the fusee lighted and all ready to explode, she burst into the bed-room of the astonished Elizabeth, who was sitting in an easy-chair, looking more beautiful than ever in her deep mourning, and reading the *Scottish Chiefs*.

The two sisters made as complete a contrast as can well be conceived. Elizabeth, radiant with good nature and the inward sunshine that proceeded from the very desirable quality of her mind—equal to a good conscience itself in its beneficial effects on the complexion—which enabled her to cast off all care and uneasiness whatever; and Susan bursting with rage and spite; the more, perhaps, when she perceived the imperturbability of her thoughtless victim. "I want to know, Elizabeth," she began abruptly, "what your plans are—I'm going to Willerdon Hall next week."

"And am I not to go with you?" asked Elizabeth, closing her book, and putting a ribbon-mark at the scene between Wallace and Helen Marr in the Tower.

"I wonder you can ask such a question. After the way you've always behaved to my poor dear papa, I can't expect you would behave any better to me."

"And where in all the world am I to go?" inquired the bewildered girl, forgetting all about Helen Marr and Wallace. "I have no friend to go to."

"What! no friend, with all the beauty and captivating manners, and all that, that the Formans are always talking about? oh, you must have many friends that will be de-

SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

THE HEIRESS AND HER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER III.

IN about a week, the shutters were all closed in No. 7, and the grief of Miss Hibbert seemed nearly inconsolable, and had such an effect on her temper that she did not scold any body, not even her sister, for three whole days. She sat in her own room, laying out her future plans. Her detestation of her present suburban residence rose into a fury, now that she had it in her power to leave it; and she determined, as soon as the funeral was over, to go down and take possession of Willerdon Hall. She determined, at the same time, to alter her whole course of life: ambition had lain dormant for many years in that very flat and very acidulated bosom; but now she made up her mind to make the most of her situation, and act up to the dignity of her rank. She was one of those individuals who think it a duty

lighted to have you. You have a good income too—a very good income; I don't know how I am to pay it, I'm sure. But papa was always too generous."

"Susan, are you serious in what you are saying now; or is it only said in a fit of passion?"

"A passion!—what makes you fancy I'm in a passion? I'm never in a passion. No. I've been thinking the matter over, and, once for all, you shan't live with me. See what your friends will do for you."

"And do you call yourself a sister, behaving in the way you do?" said Elizabeth, rising up, and assuming the dignity given her by her outraged feelings and growing indignation. "You are older many years, you should be a mother to me; you throw me from you before my father is well cold in his grave—you turn me into a world of which I know nothing, friendless—homeless—destitute—and all for what? I'm sure I have done nothing to offend you."

"Oh no! nothing to offend me; only crossed me in every thing, and shown your hatred to me in all possible ways—that's all. But it won't do; the house is mine now, and I will be mistress of it. I will have nobody with me that takes offence and flies into passions at every thing I do. I won't be treated as you treated poor papa."

Elizabeth was a girl of great beauty, great simplicity, and no pretensions either to abilities or fine education, for she had neither the one nor the other; but she had a right feeling heart, and some little pride of her own, though she concealed it so well. But now, when she saw the object of her sister, she disdained further controversy, and perhaps startled that young lady—who had expected a fierce encounter—with her calmness and dignity, more than if she had burst out into a tempest of indignation.

"I see what you mean," she said, "and shall trouble you with my presence no more. You have repelled me from you when I wished to love you; you have thrown away the affection of a person who would have clung to you, if you had shown that you had any value for her attachment. I leave this house to-day: and as we are never to meet again, remember I lay the blame of this separation on you. If I am unhappy in life, I charge your conscience with the guilt of it; if I die, you shall answer for it. And now we part. It is for ever." She turned away as she said this: and Susan, after vainly attempting once or twice to make some answer, mumbled a few inarticulate words, and tossing her head to conceal her discomfiture, stalked insolently out of the room.

In a week from that time a post-chaise, containing two females, and loaded with a profusion of bags and hand-boxes, drove up to the entrance of Willerdon Hall. A manservant opened the door, and out of the post-chaise stepped a little person, in a sky-blue silk pelisse, with a very red nose, and very little eyes, and an expression of face that said plainly—why, I declare, it's nobody but our sweet friend, Susan Hibbert! The other female was dressed more plainly, and while the people about the house were engaged in emptying the chaise, she went up to the lady of the mansion and said, "Please, ma'am, I means to go back in that 'ere chaise."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I wouldn't stay with no lady as behaves as you does, no, not for twenty times your wages—I never see you before to-day, and I'll take famous good care I never sees you again."

"Why, what could the people at the servants' bazar mean by recommending such an insolent creature to any lady?"

"I don't think as you're much of a one. And so, if you please, I goes back in that 'ere chaise. Don't take out my box, if you please, I'm agoing back again."

"Then you don't go back at my expense, that's all," said Miss Hibbert. "Driver, I pay no back fare for this young woman; she must settle with you for that herself. Here's a shilling for you—you've driven twelve miles."

"A shilling for twelve miles, ma'am? we never gets less than threepence a mile from nobody."

"Oh, then, if you don't like the shilling you needn't take it at all—I will never be imposed on."

"Ye see, ma'am, we boys gets no regular wages; we trusts entirely to the generosity of the gentlefolks."

"Well, haven't I offered you a shilling? Will you take it or not?"

The professional dignity of the post-boy was roused.

"No, ma'am, I won't take a shilling for twelve miles from nobody."

"Then so much the better for me," said the generous lady, "for now I won't give you a farthing—and I've a great mind to write to your master to complain of your insolence. I never was so insulted in my life."

As by this time the luggage was all carried into the hall, Miss Hibbert walked proudly into her mansion, where she had previously sent down two maids and a footman; she shut the door with her own fair hands, with a force that showed she was determined to maintain a vigorous defence against any attempt at a siege, leaving the new-come maid and the post-boy—an old man, by-the-by, of about sixty—looking at each other with an expression of considerable bewilderment.

"Well, I never see sich a critter no where," said the abigail.

"She's reg'lar vicious, and no mistake," said the unfortunate Jehu, as if in chorus. "But step in, young woman. I'll take you back to our hotel—and I'm blest if you aint a real lucky one to get out o' the hands of sich a varmint."

The scene at the hall door had a wonderful effect on the spirits of the domestics inside. They had been laughing and joking all the morning, but whether it was from respect for the dignity of their new mistress, or some other cause, they laughed and joked no longer. You would have thought they had all of a sudden been found guilty of murder, and were that moment on the eve of execution.

(To be continued.)